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Bethanian

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THIS ISSUE

The Bison Grows New Horns
Pacifism . . . An Assault on War
New Faculty, Poll, Victory Song

EXTRA DISTANCE IN HIS DRIVES— EXTRAS IN HIS CIGARETTE

YES, LARRUPING
LAWSON LITTLE—NATIONAL
OPEN CHAMPION—PREFERS
THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES
THE "EXTRAS"—
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS



I TURNED TO CAMELS
FOR
EXTRA MILDNESS
AND FOUND SEVERAL
OTHER SWELL EXTRAS, TOO,
INCLUDING EXTRA SMOKING.
SLOWER BURNING
SURE IS THE TICKET
FOR
STEADY SMOKING

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WATCH OUT, PAR—here comes *Little!* No, Lawson Little is never content unless he can better par... in his golf... in his cigarette. "I want *all* the mildness I can get in my cigarette," he says. "Camels burn slower and give me extra mildness. And Camels also give me something else I never found before—flavor—that doesn't tire my taste." Yes, Camels give all the qualities you want plus an extra measure of each. The extra flavor of costlier tobaccos preserved by slower burning. The natural mildness and coolness of costlier tobaccos plus freedom from the irritating qualities of too-fast burning. And on top of *extra pleasure*—Camels give extra value (see panel at right).

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EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

One Minute Lecture Course

"The only thing you have to do to be original is to be honest. Because everyone is different from everyone else."—May Sarton, American poet who spent several days on the Bethany campus.

* * *

"Bantu women in Africa are not allowed to eat leopard meat because men of the tribe say that the women are fierce enough without it."—Mariah Smith, telling one of Professor Booth's classes about primitive religion.

* * *

"The only thing I see on the table is indigestion."—Jesse Simpson, looking over the Phillips Hall cafeteria table on a blue morning.

* * *

"The director of a play that is still in production should be the embodiment of the still absent audience."—Elissa Landi, actress on the lecture course.

* * *

"Education that causes us to doubt everything but our own emptiness is a failure."—Mr. Stevenson, speaking in chapel.

* * *

"There are pink slips in educational institutions as well as in industrial plants."—President Cramblet in first convocation of 100th session of college.

MOVIES . . .

November 1—"Saturday's Children"

November 8—"An Angel From Texas"

November 15—"They Drive By Night"

November 22—"River's End"

November 29—"Flight Angels"

December 6—"Sea Hawk"

December 13—"Money and the Woman"

THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

Before giving credit for its pictures, *Bethanian* this month must give much credit to Mr. John C. "Jack" Stafford, father of freshman Betty Lou Stafford. For many years a police photographer at Steubenville, O., Mr. Stafford knows photographs, photographer's problems. His loan of a 5x7 Eastman view camera has aided equipment-poor *Bethanian* no end.

On the cover: Epitome of the spirit that a winning football team can bring to a college campus is attractive Jennie Umbel, first drum majorette in Bethany's history. For three and one half years Jennie strutted for prize winning Connellsville, Pa. High School band. Now she struts for Bethany.

Page two: Top, George Larrimore. Middle, Fred Swearingen. Bottom, George Larrimore.

Page three: Top, Irv Shlansky. Bottom, unknown.

Page four: Top, Dave Huntsberger. Bottom, Don Brinkworth.

Page seven: *Bethanian*.

Page eight: All photos by Dave Huntsberger.

Page nine: Stanley Brown.

Page ten: John Costanza.

Page eleven: Top, George Kossuth. Center, Dave Huntsberger.

Page twelve: Top, Dave Huntsberger. Bottom, left, George Larrimore; right, Betty Lou Stafford.

Page fifteen: Stanley Brown.

Page seventeen: Cartoon by William Loper.

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PACIFISM

An Assault on War

STEVENSON PRESENTS
A STRONG CASE
FOR NON-VIOLENCE
IN INTERVIEW
WITH LEWIS DEER

Not an objector to the present war only but an objector to the whole military system and theory of life now prevailing in the world is Dwight E. Stevenson, minister of the Bethany Memorial Church and instructor in philosophy at the college.

"It is generally conceded that war is evil," says Mr. Stevenson, "and it seems obvious to me that nations will never repudiate war until individuals do so."

That repudiation of war is something more than idly sitting by while others fight Mr. Stevenson well realizes. "Pacifism should never be confused with passivism," he points out. "Pacifism does not make a claim that there is never a cause for resistance. Nor am I of the 'peace at any price' opinion. My stand is that war as a means of resistance is obsolete and useless, and I think history will bear me out. As a pacifist I believe in an offensive of love. The life of Christ is an example of this offensive put into everyday living. His sermon on the Mount is His statement of the principle. When a man does turn the other cheek, walk the second mile, or give his cloak when only his coat is asked, he seizes moral control of the situation."

One of the fundamental beliefs necessary to be a true pacifist, in Mr. Stevenson's opinion, is the unswerving belief in the ultimate victory of moral forces over physical forces. Without a religious foundation that is firm enough to enable him to pay the price of his convictions—with his life if necessary—no person can be a real conscientious objector.

Realizing that his stand is viewed by some as unpatriotic, Mr. Stevenson pointedly says:

"I see no reason why the militarists should have a monopoly when it comes to defining patriotism. I too love America. My definition of patriotism includes the idea that those things that contribute to the good, the advancement, or the stabilization of my country are patriotic, while those things that contribute to its insecurity or downfall are unpatriotic. Since war causes the death of my fellow citizens, loss of property and wealth, and leads to economic and moral chaos, I believe it is my patriotic duty to dissociate myself from the war system."

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Having been an "active pacifist", for ten years, Mr. Stevenson, who dislikes the term "pacifist", is prepared to show cases in history where non-violent, non-militaristic defense was successful. In 1867 a Catholic landowner named Francis Deak led the Hungarians in such a campaign against the invasion of the Austrian Emperor Franz-Josef. By refusing to pay taxes, take seats in the legislature, buy Austrian products, or in any way cooperating with the Austrian invader, the people of Hungary made it economically impossible for Franz-Josef to maintain his domination of their country. Mr. Stevenson believes that by such methods any of the small countries of Europe could have resisted the German invasion. "In their case," he says, "military resistance was suicide, whereas non-violent resistance could have saved them."

Another example of the success of the non-violent resister is that of India, where under the leadership of Gandhi, the common people have forced the British officials to acknowledge their rights. Non-military and non-cooperative, Gandhi's resistance to British control has won surprising victories.

Mr. Stevenson points out that Gandhi has formulated two rules which must govern the lives of all persons who attempt to use the pacifist method of resistance. The rules are:

1. Never permit yourself to anger or fear.
2. Tell the absolute truth at all times.

The militarist adopts the second part of the first rule and instills in the soldiers the rule of never showing fear. The second rule is in contrast to the militarist rule of favorable propaganda during war times.

The whole plan of pacifism as Mr. Stevenson explains it hinges on the belief that every man will react favorably to an appeal to his better nature. If men can now be taught to hate the enemy by pointing out that the enemy hates him, it should be possible to teach men to love each other because they are loved.

"I believe in Christianity," concludes Mr. Stevenson, "and to my way of thinking, at least, the principles of Christ must certainly repudiate war and point to a better way."

The Bison Grows New Horns

By Sanford Steinman

In the early '20's Bethany College boasted a football team capable of standing up to the best in the country. The Bisons of that day had a hard fighting, enthusiastic bunch of athletes who played--and mayhap were paid--to win. With a spirited student body behind them, the Bison trampled such teams as Ohio U., Detroit U., Rutgers, and Carnegie Tech. Even Army, Navy, and Georgetown clashed with the Bison. The gridders had everything required for a smooth, well-oiled machine. Yet year after year, no matter how spotless the record might be, one flaw blotted it. Bethany College football teams were unable to take the measure of Washington and Jefferson.

Not since 1910 had the Bisons gored the Presidents. It was then that Bud Bishop, from Wellsburg, drop kicked a field goal at Washington to give Bethany a slim 3-0 victory. In the following years, the Bisons were tough, for in 1921 W. and J. went on to the Rose Bowl, after defeating Bethany only 14-0. But the Bisons were not tough enough.

By 1924 the lean years set in, and along with the perennial failure to beat W. and J. the Bisons began to slip into gridiron oblivion. Large enrollment colleges began to put out the topnotch teams, and with the decline of the Bison record, the bottom fell from beneath student moral support. Attendance at games slumped drastically, any attempt at a rally was a fiasco, and the average student was indifferent to Bethany's gridiron efforts. Apathy shriveled up the teams, and where only larger schools once beat Bethany, the Bison became a pushover for Marshall, Grove City, Thiel, and West Virginia Wesleyan. A dehorned Bison, like its Wild West prototype, seemed on the way out.



Top: In the Glenville opener Hart drives through hole made by Myers, on ground, and Kuhns, at right. Middle: Left to right, Hesser, Gordon, White, Donics, and Cicco ready to battle W. & J. Bottom: Stitt away for a long run against Salem.



Aftermath; President Crummett and Green and White band lead victory parade along Main street.

When the 1939 season rolled around, and the team started out by beating Westminster, a few students—freshmen—blinked their eyes and almost became excited.

At the homecoming game against W. and J., the players showed plenty of pep, and were rewarded by a good turnout at the gate. But the Bison was not quite ready. W. and J. was outfought, but in two momentary Bison lapses the Presidents scored to win, 12-0. Worst effect of this game was that it tugged in the already sleeping student body. When the Bison finished the season with a .500 average, public opinion felt that this was pretty good—for a Bethany team.

This year there is a new spirit on the campus. It is as admirable as it is surprising. And a new team of Knightmen has hit its stride.

Currently, the Bethany squad is a veteran one. On the ends of the line are two seniors, Walter "Bud" Kuhns and Chet Gordon. Newcomers George Brady and Jack Cicco are waiting to jump into the regular end shoes. At the tackle positions, which caused Coach John Knight considerable worry last year, are two big men, John "Tiny" Morrill, and Walter "Dode" Myers. Both weigh 230 pounds, as does reserve tackle Dick Roberts. Freshman Clayton Pletz is developing into a workmanlike tackle.

Little need be said about Alan Dowler and Bill Wells, senior guards. Both are experienced battlers. Center, supposedly the weakest spot in pre-season analyses, has developed into a stronghold manned by Jim Duff and Frank Donics, with Martin Reiter and Don Kramer awaiting the call.

Returned for their last season with the Green and White are Tom Cullison and Dick Jackson. Cullison, one of the smartest players in the conference will be sporting his fourth grid letter this year. Other veterans are Archie Conn, steady blocker, tough Ed Harris, and knee action Stan Stitt. Best of the new backs is Chuck Hart, burly triple threat who has blasted student apathy with an ox-



Hanging in the trophy room in Irvin Gymnasium is this picture of the only other Bison herd to beat W. & J. The player who kicked the field goal that gave Bethany the 3-0 victory three decades ago was Bishop, sixth from the left in the second row. This early team, coached by one J. M. Townsend, is remembered for two other things: the number of low score games played, and the accidental death of a West Virginia player in Bethany's second game with W.V.U. that year. Scores that year included Geneva 8, Bethany 0; W. & J. 0, Bethany 3; W.V.U. 0, Bethany 0; West Virginia Wesleyan 0, Bethany 0; W.V.U. 8, Bethany 0.

McCoy Wells, Shuttleworth, Riggs, Umbenhower, 2nd Kerfoot, Gordon, Asst. Coach
Rudy Bowers, Henley, Capt. Bishop, Saunderman, E. Harmon, Last, Errett, Smith
Bradford, Ritter, Merryman, J. Chapman, Watson, Kemp, T. Stanley



The Bison herd of 1940. First row, left to right: Henderson, back; Siegelbaum, guard; Jackson, back; Gordon, end; A. Dowler, guard; Hart, back; Wells, guard; Donics, center; Cicco, end; Herrick, tackle. Second row: Simeral, back; Kubns, end; Harris, back; Albrecht, guard; Shriver, back; Stitt, back; Cullison, back; Duff, center; W. Dowler, guard; White, guard;

Kramer, center; Connell, end; Coach Knight. Back row; Assistant Coach Stumpp; Reiter, center; Brady, end; Myers, tackle; Hesser, back; Roberts, tackle; Pletz, tackle; Morrill, tackle; Barnes, tackle; Conn, back; Erbe, tackle; Pomerance, back; Wilson, manager.

like drive and an educated toe. Slightly less of a powerhouse is Freshman Jack Hesser.

Now half finished, the Bison season started off happily, with a 14-7 win over Glenville State, who humiliated us 30-7 last year. Then came the sweet 14-0 victory over W. and J., after 30 years of yearning. Then the Bison trampled Salem, 33-0 and beat Westminster.

The spirit, not the one of Biblical times, but the spirit that people always ask for at pep

meetings, has descended on the Bethany campus. The rally and torchlight parade following the W. and J. game was without precedent in modern Bethany history. Zest may even overflow and invade the classrooms. But win, lose, or draw from now on, the team knows that the students are behind them. As yet there has not been a slackening of spirit. Why should there be? For has not the Bison regained his horns?



Part of the W. & J. strife was a kicking duel. This panaram shows a Bison back booting one down the field.

"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

THE DEAN LOOKS AHEAD



DEAN F. H. KIRKPATRICK

"Humanities must not be submerged by science . . ."

Before deserting Bethany for a sabbatical leave that has been hamstrung by the war in Europe, Dean F. H. Kirkpatrick plunked down before students the results of much thinking about the nation's defense plans and their probable effect on Bethany College.

Dean Kirkpatrick, whose long laid plans to study industrial psychology at the University of London have been stymied, spoke with good authority. Along with half a hundred prominent educators he was called to Washington this summer to help coordinate education with the national defense program.

Briefly, the Dean's conclusion's were:

1. Intercollegiate athletics should be curtailed or abolished and an extension of the physical education program to all students should be made immediately.
2. Curriculum should be studied, with a view toward introducing new courses (perhaps one called "Pre-Military"), and eliminating some non-essential courses. "But," warned Dean Kirkpatrick, "the humanities must not be submerged by sciences and social studies." He also

recommended more courses in international relations, foreign languages, and problems of democracy.

3. Colleges must educate the emotions and emphasize mental hygiene.

4. In preparation for the severe financial adjustments that always follow a war, Bethany must plan for careful business management. Here Dean Kirkpatrick recommended sale of non-producing capital investments, reduction of Bethany's indebtedness and administrative costs, and vigorous campaign for new endowment.

5. Students must fight to prevent their patriotism from being molded into standardized forms dictated by pressure groups.

6. American youth, accustomed to discuss, to investigate, to debate, to question, and to have plenty of margin for self-expression and personal expression, will find these mental habits being upset by the discipline and obedience demanded in military training.

7. Colleges must help students examine critically and objectively the background, issues, and social psychology related to the war. Students must be made to realize that the war is only a symptom of a profound cultural change.

8. Bethany must demonstrate, by precept and example, that democracy can still satisfy the basic, living demands of people living in the twentieth century.

ONLY ONE SENIOR FELLOW THIS YEAR

Only senior fellow appointed this year is Miss Mimi Strain, in the English department. Ordinarily several seniors are awarded fellowships, by the committee on honors, after department heads have nominated the student.

Mimi (actually Myfanwy) has compiled an enviable academic record since she graduated from Follansbee, W. Va., high school in 1937. She spent her first college year at Bethany, but transferred to

Riverside Junior College, Riverside, Cal., for her sophomore year. On the coast she was graduated with honors. Back to Bethany for her junior year, Mimi was named "outstanding junior woman" by the Pittsburgh-Bethany Alumnae club. Now comes the fellowship.

BUT MANY ASSISTANTS

Because professors get tired of correcting papers, and answering the same questions over and over again, colleges have long plucked the most alert students out of the classrooms, given them the title of "assistants", and put them to work in their major field as aides to the professors.

No exception to this practice is Bethany, where more than two score of the better students are this year boosting their academic prestige and income by doing routine work in the departments of instruction.

Largest group of assistants are in chemistry, where Professor Dawson and Mr. Reynard need much help in the large laboratories. Assistants for this year are Edward Harris, Roy Hoffman, James Huntsberger, Peter Johnson, Frank Long, Irvan Roche, Jack Ryan, Hilda Sarver, Harold Siegelbaum, Jack Simeral and Ray Sheline.

Second largest group slated to be listed as assistants in the college catalog next spring are librarians Sue Beth Archer, Jean Berggren, Margaret Ehinger, Betty McIntyre, Rosemary Roberts, Betty Schuller, Mary Jean Weir, and Elizabeth White.

Current biology department assistants are Joseph Caliguiri, Irving Glassman, Esther Mackey, Martin Reiter, and Dorothy Reynolds.

Limbering student muscles in physical education are Janice Evans, Margaret Hallock, Betty Narrigan, and Ray Thompson.

Two departments, admissions and personnel and English, have three assistants each. In the first are George Albee, Gladys Armor, and Louise Gettys. In the latter are William Rutter, Robert Showman, and Norris Whitock.

Young experts in motion and energy studies are William Callendine and Robert Fritz, of the physics department. In history are Edward

(Continued on Page 17)

FRESHMEN ON THE STAFF

Hesitating to rove an analytical eye over the six newest members of the college staff, *Bethanian* this early in the year contents itself with thumbnail sketches of the freshmen on the faculty.

Cassius W. Gould, instructor in music, has the degree of B. Mus. from Oberlin College, 1933, and M.



MR. CASSIUS W. GOULD

A. from Oberlin in 1934. He also attended Northwestern University. Mr. Gould formerly taught at Connecticut State College and Millersburg Military Academy. He shares conducting the Green and White Band with Dean Weimer, teaches theory, piano, and organ, and is planning to mold new instrumental groups.

Edward R. Bowden, instructor in business administration, was graduated from Grove City College in 1937 with B. S. degree. Thence to noted Wharton Graduate School of Finance at the University of Penn-



MR. EDWARD R. BOWDEN

sylvania, for a M.B.A. earlier this year. Worked in New York City brokerage office and in accountancy at Cooper-Bessemer Corporation in Grove City. In college he was on interfraternity council, sang with glee club.



MISS MARY C. VAN PELT

Miss Mary C. Van Pelt, R.N., college nurse and supervisor of the infirmary, graduated from Norton Memorial Infirmary, Louisville, Ky. Then, like Nightingale, off to the East, where she was supervisor of a hospital in Kuwait, Arabia, from 1920 until 1940.

James W. Alexander, instructor in English, graduated from University of Georgia in 1934 with A.B. The next year he took his M.A. there. Later in Europe, he studied in



DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER

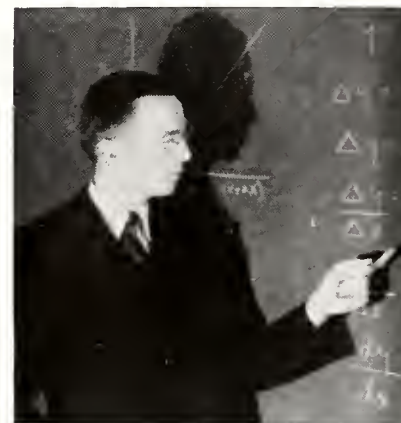
Perugia and Padua in Italy, in Grenoble in France, these on an exchange fellowship. Back in America, he completed work at University of



DR. JOHN W. REYNARD

Virginia, won Ph. D. there. He is an excellent pianist, knows Latin and Greek, having once taught the latter at Georgia.

John W. Reynard, instructor in chemistry, graduated from Muskingum College in 1935 with A.B. Then to Ohio State University, where he took M.A. in 1938, Ph. D. in 1940. Because he was a good student and circulation manager of the college newspaper, was inducted into an honorary journalism fraternity, is still looking for someone who belongs to it.



MR. WILLIAM H. SPRAGENS

William H. Spragens, instructor in mathematics, graduated from University of Kentucky with A.B. in 1935. In 1938 took his M.S. there. His wife graduated from the University of Illinois, where he has completed residence work for his Ph. D. Second semester, when Dr. Allen takes his sabbatic leave, Mr. Spragens will also teach physics.

Athletic Fronts

HARRIERS CROSSED UP

Although the Bison harriers suffered their first defeat in three years against Westminster, a touch of humor flavored the upset.

More than one factor interfered with the cross-country runners. The New Wilmington course is only two-thirds the length of the Bethany course, making the race a relative middle distance run for the Green and Whites.

After striking out into the woods the Bisons lost the trail. Boy Scouts who were stationed along the trail gave garbled directions, sending the Bisons struggling over barbed wire and rail fences.

The Bison squad held second and fourth places among the first five at the finish line, with Morgan and McCord at the pay windows. Edwards, of Westminster, led the field.

Coach Boettcher explained the blot on cross country's escutcheon by saying, "If we had been pressing Edwards as closely as we should have been, we wouldn't have lost the trail."

BEEES IN PLASTIC BONNETS

Plastic football helmets, like the ones that were tried out by University of Minnesota and Northwestern University, are unsatisfactory because they make too much noise when players crack heads at each other, says Coach John Knight.

Coach Knight should know, for as early as last spring he examined the lightweight, translucent headgear. He even considered equipping the Bisons with the Flash Gordon headgear. But when players complain that sound echoed in the helmets like shouting in a barrel, Coach turned thumbs down.

NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER

Bethany is beginning to make use of the 1000 acres of land mentioned so prominently in catalogs and bulletins.

Of major importance among the new recreational facilities is a five mile cross country and bridle trail which opens up several hundred acres of woodland adjacent to the new Rine Athletic Fields. Starting on Rine Field, the trail rapidly

drops off the east, down to the banks of Buffalo Creek. Here it turns south, following the creek through beautiful woodland.

After following the winding creek for a mile, the trail, which is ten feet wide at the narrowest place, turns west. Several hundred yards later it turns abruptly north to climb a hill directly south of Rine Field. A person walking or riding the ridge of this hill for three quarters of a mile can see the surrounding country for miles. From the ridge the trail drops gradually away to the southeast, following the slope along thick woods which it skirts for a mile. Back again in the valley of the Buffalo the trail turns west, swings easily to the south, then east, and finally north in a wide circle that ends again on Rine Field.

Important addition to the equipment of a college that stresses individual recreation is the new auxiliary game field being completed adjacent to the gymnasium. Special, hard surface on the new field will bring outdoors such sports as handball, volleyball, captain ball, and

other related games, heretofore only playable in Irvin Gymnasium.

Eventually the field will contain a smooth roller-skating rink that can be flooded and frozen for ice skating in the winter. Plans call for the equipping of all of this area with electric lights, so that the entire area can be used for night recreation.

ARCHERY LEADS TO W.A.A.

Most popular of sports with freshmen coeds headed for membership in Women's Athletic Association is archery.

Arrows fly almost daily toward targets tripoded behind Oglebay Hall, as the girls count up points, trying to amass 100 points required for entrance into W.A.A., then 1000 points required to win a letter.

While regular class activity does not count toward point totals, girls have plenty of opportunity, because points are given in tennis, swimming, ping-pong, aerial darts, badminton, cycling, hiking, skating.

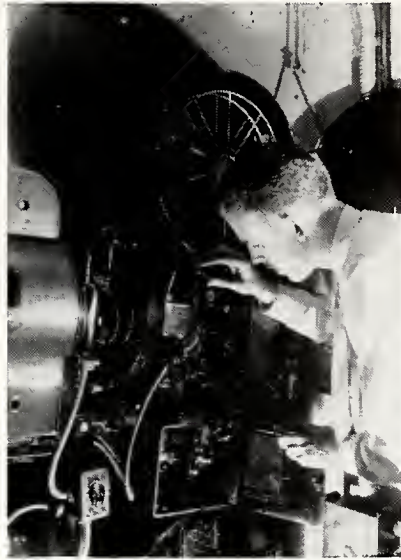
If as much interest is shown in other sports as in archery, President Janice Evans would have little reason to doubt that this year will be W.A.A.'s best.



Each girl's eye counts toward membership in W.A.A. for Jennie Umbel, Evelyn Baxter, Shirley Weatherman, Jean Goe, and Evelyn Van Strien.

Theater

TALKIES LEARN TO TALK



Operator Dave Huntsberger adjusts new motion picture projector.

Bethanians who for 14 years groaned in their Friday night movie seats because they could not understand half of what the leading man was whispering to the leading lady, have now begun to ease back in their seats, partially convinced that Commencement Hall does contain new motion picture equipment.

Musicals, once taboo because the old rebuilt projectors and wheezy sound system could not reproduce high notes, bass notes, or the flow of overtones in a full orchestra, can now be booked with the assurance that they will be at least listenable. "But don't expect wonders," warns House Manager Strasser, "because Commencement Hall's high Gothic walls and low balcony were not designed to throw electrically created sound waves clearly."

Built for a commercial theater seating 1,800, the equipment is more than adequate for the Hall, where an audience of only 600 would bring out the "SRO" signs.

Complete RCA sound equipment, with double amplifiers, an attachment for playing phonograph records, and four large speakers, were in the purchase. So large are the

conical black plywood speakers that only two need be used to direct the sound from behind the new screen. The speakers can be wired either singly or in a series. Conceivably, one of the speakers might be mounted in Phillips Hall lounge, another in Cochran Hall lounge, a third in the gymnasium, and Bethanians in each of the three places could dance to records played in the projection booth.

Other items in the purchase that rejuvenated movie-going on the campus are two Simplex projectors with 10½ inch reflectors in the lamp housings, 30 ampere rectifiers and two four-inch lenses.

FIRST PLAY TO BE COMEDY

Does the selection of "You Can't Take It With You", as the first stage play of the year indicate another gala year for Bethany theatergoers?

Last year, Miss Marian Hendrick, then an enthusiastic newcomer to Bethany, wore thin the boards on Commencement Hall's stage with a succession of plays that included "Night of January 16th", "Personal Appearance", "Death Takes a Holiday", and a dozen one act plays or excerpts from plays.

A Bethespian production, "You Can't Take It With You" depicts the absurd, almost slapstick, situations into which a joyously eccentric family of New Yorkers allows itself to drift.

No matter how well cast the play will be, upperclassmen are sure to miss actor Thomas Jones, who this year is studying his drama at Carnegie Tech. As well as other Alpha Psi Omega's Ruth Braem and Lillian Henkle, transferred and graduated, respectively.

The cast contains Joanne Schott as Penelope Sycamore, Rita Cleary as Essie, Mimi Strain as Rheba, Robert Fulmer as Paul Sycamore, Jack Baumgartner as Mr. De Pinna, Gerald Ferguson as Ed, Delivan Barnhart as Martin Vanderhof, Mary Louise Sessler as Alice, Roy Heckel as Henderson, Jim Huntsberger as Tony Kirby, Charles Bell as Kolenkov, Jane Edmunds as Gay Wellington, George Davis as Mr. Kirby, Jane Campbell as Mrs. Kirby, Sara Gelof as Olga. Peggy Geyer is assistant director.

Publications

DEBT BURDENS MAGAZINE

Publications, which at Bethany means the *Bethanian*, has a bothersome dog nipping at its heels. The dog is labeled "debt." Loosed on the magazine by two previous *Bethanians*, the mutt became a real threat a month ago when Bursar Newton W. Evans said that "Debt" must be appeased.

On the college ledger, *Bethanian's* account, in red, amounts to more than \$450.00. And Bursar Evans rightfully claims that publications has reached its debt limit, must now stop adding to the debt and start slicing it down.

Faced with these red figures, *Bethanian*, like any sensible corporation, decided to cut expenses and increase revenue during 1940-41, applying part of the savings to the debt.

Money spent by the *Bethanian* goes almost entirely to four places: cover company, photographer, engraver, and printer. Contracts this year give the money respectively to S. K. Smith Co., Chicago; Zamsky Studios, Philadelphia; Robert Rawsthorne Co., Pittsburgh; Carnegie Union Printing Co., Carnegie, Pa.

First step toward financial stability, cutting expenses, meant merely spending less at several or all of the companies producing the magazine. Largest saving is being made on covers, which had taken too high a percentage of the total budget in 1938 and 1939. Cover-binders cost approximately 72c apiece last year, while *Bethanian* for this year limited itself to 46c apiece for covers. Contracts for the three major services were all substantially lower than either of two previous years.

Second step toward financial stability, increasing revenue, came with nearly a 100 percent increase in extra subscriptions over 1939. This was the result of a planned direct mail campaign.

Advertising, other major source of income, will amount to at least \$700.00 or else Business Manager Wayne Burdud gets no full scholarship. This new idea was submitted to the SBOG by the business manager himself.

(Continued on Page 17)

"Visitors on the Campus . . ."

LECTURER A BETTER ACTRESS

When Miss Elissa Landi made a short visit to Bethany's campus October 3 to lecture she did not give the impression of being a snooty stage or motion picture star. Neither was she a moody playwright. She could easily have been either as she has played in some thirty film productions, many stage presentations, and has also written two plays and five books.

through the crowd with a pen and autograph book.

Asked if an actress can ever get away from acting, Miss Landi replied, "A true actress, yes; a ham, no." She went on to explain that those who act all the time are merely fulfilling a desire to show off—"leaking at the seams," she called it—and if they would get into some activity that would satisfy



Actress Elissa Landi answers queries for Miriam Cox and Bert Decker.

Miss Landi's audience was amused at her arithmetic when she estimated the distance between the rear row and the stage of an ancient Greek theater but more than forgave her when she illustrated a point by recreating a scene between herself and a Russian woman just learning to speak English.

At a short informal reception after the lecture, Miss Landi sat and answered questions for a group of admiring students who clustered around her. When asked what question she was asked the most she said, "What do you like the best, stage or screen?" then lisping into baby-talk added, "May I have your autograph, Miss Landi?" Two minutes later a newspaperman from Wheeling asked her the first question just as a little girl pushed

that desire they would not be putting on an act all the time.

Miss Landi also tried to be helpful to students interested in writing. When asked "How do you go about writing a play? What idea comes first, the plot, the theme, or the characters?" she did not hesitate. "Oh, the characters, of course," she said, and then went into detail. "A writer should always be looking for things that show character in people, some little characteristic or incident that tells just what sort of a person he or she might be, how he or she would react to certain situations. Imagination begins to weave those situations into a plot, suspense is weaved into scenes to give drama, a theme may slide in, and there you are with a story."

QUEST FOR VERSE



POET MAY SARTON

Wrote a "Victory Song" for Bethany
(See page 15)

When Miss May Sarton, young American poet, came to Bethany to visit and lecture, she soon made it obvious that her trip was no commercial matter but an adventure. Although her father is a distinguished professor teaching the History of Science at Harvard, Miss Sarton, never attended an American college, having lived half her life abroad, and considers her tour a chance to get an unbiased view of American college life. He lectures are merely to provoke discussion, to draw out poems and plans for poems, to talk over creative problems with students and teachers of poetry. Her big aim seems to stimulate college students to write poetry.

Claiming that a poem is the perfect fusion of an emotional experience and a mastery of technique, Miss Sarton gave much advice to writers: study the best in the older poets, do not try to publish immediately, do not let rejections discourage you, write on subject you really know intimately, search for the right image for your idea, look long and intently at your subject, make subject demand the form, not the form the subject.

Miss Sarton's Bethany audience enjoyed her four poems which she read to them Sunday evening, October 13, especially the last one which had no political significance. The first three did, and were, by her own admission, not her best. The audience differed however concerning her ability as a poetry critic.

Greekdom

FRATERNITIES PLEDGE

After a hectic Rush Week of many dinners, little sleep, a few tears, and much satisfaction, Bethany's five fraternities and four sororities added the following to their rolls as pledges:

Alpha Xi Delta: Eleanor Achterman, Ellajane Bishop, Jane Campbell, Susan Carnahan, Betty Elder, Jean Goe, Mary Jane Helfer, Marjorie Hunter, Dorothy Ralston, Miriam Reno, Betty Shadle, Betty Shaffer, Gwendolyn Taylor, Shirley Tidwell, Suzanne Wood.

Kappa Delta: Gloria Broderon, Virginia Downes, Betty Field, Marjorie Haines, Betty Lou Hood, Evelyn Jones, Betty Salmon, Betty Lou Stafford, Nina Jean Stone, Frances Thomas, Gertrude Whitney, Blanche Peters.

Phi Mu: Margaret Abel, Gloria Bass, Margaret Blanck, Mary Lou Domres, Eleanor Gilmore, Jean MacLeod, Ruth Rutherford, Mary Louise Smith, Martha Stuart.

Zeta Tau Alpha: Betty Mae Adleman, Jean Belknap, Mary Virginia Bolton, Marjorie Campbell, Miriam Cox, Margaret Flatley, Jean Goodwin, Patricia Harvey, Elinore Hetherington, Ruth Hutton, Martha Kittle, Jacqueline Knobloch, Jane Land, Jane Linn, Lois Linn, Betty Grace Love, Barbara Noel, Jane Mayers, Ruth Rial, Rosemary Stewart, Jeanne Styer, Eleanor Throckmorton, Jennie Umbel, Peg-

INTERESTING BETHANIAN

ROBERTS AN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT

Dick Roberts is a feller who writes like this here about feetsball and sich. In spite of his classical background (ahem!)—five years of Latin to keep him from turning out "journalese" — quite enjoys talking down to the rest of us farmers. Besides being Prof Roberts' little son, he is also his pappy's walking experimental education laboratory. Why does Dick, a journalism major, take such killers as physics and math? Because then when he grows up he will have his brain all exercised without learning the names and addresses of all the people in the telephone book.

Dick is interesting not only to his father, but also to us as a note of color on the campus. Though he writes like Mortimer Snerd, fresh from the country with the hay still in his hair, Dick is quite the boy in such organizations as the football team (understatement, we hear the team is the organization.) For his whizzy work in the game against W. & J. Dick was given French fried potatoes, a bucket of milk, and Ivory soap, his favorite food.



DICK ROBERTS

gy Wallace, Jane Walls, Shirley Weatherwax, Mary Jane Weir.

Alpha Kappa Pi: Dean Couselman, Joseph Ducoeur, Franz Rohr.

Beta Theata Pi: Donald Brinkworth, Donald Boyd, Jack Baumgartner, Arthur Beard, Robert Fulmer, William Halley, Roy Heckel, Byron Henderson, Ted Herrick, John Weimer, William Yauch, William Young.

Kappa Alpha: Fred Albrecht, William Dowler, James Drum, Robert Frontz, Orion Keylor, Thomas Peterson, Robert Stealey, Donald Young.

Phi Kappa Tau: George Bartram, Bruce Beck, Albert Cerveris, Jack Cicco, Dick Colan, William Cullison, Frank Donics, James Duff, Charles Ford, Robert Husband, Sam McCutcheon, Edward Shriner, Jack Wright.

Sigma Nu: Robert Alexander, James Barnes, Charles Browne, Robert Craig, Richard Glass, Robert Golbey, Charles Foy, Raymond LeStrange, Creighton Murphy, Harry Murphy, Steve Nunn, James Sem-bower, Thomas Willoughby.



Left: Three freshman coeds dress up for Panhellenic Tea during Rush Week.

Right: Sigma Nu Commander Edward Elsasser jots down smoker appointments while Stophel looks on.

Board of Governors

\$3,800 BUDGET PASSED

With a surprising lack of argument, Student Board of Governors, divided up its income from the student activities fee into six major appropriations at the Board meeting of October 16.

Board members who sat through last year's tempestuous budget sessions, when argument lasted for weeks, could scarcely believe their ears when representatives ayed motion after motion after only scattered comments. The budget is very similar to the one adopted last year.

Only excitement came when Social Committee Chairman Don Rosensteel complained that \$750 was not enough to enable the committee to adequately fill 16 dates allotted it for all-college functions. The \$750 was the amount suggested for the Social Committee in the proposed budget submitted by Vice President George Davis.

Promptly, *Bethanian* Business Manager Wayne Burdue, present though not a board member, suggested that \$50 be deducted from the *Bethanian* appropriation and transferred to the Social Committee. Then came another suggestion that \$50 more be given the Social Committee from the \$70 offered to debate but unaccepted. Both suggestions were moved and approved by the SBOG, giving Social Committee \$850 to work with, most in many years.

	1939-1940	1940-41
Publications	\$2400	\$2250
Social Com.	750	850
SBOG	275	275
Orchestra	75	75
Band	200	200
Interest groups	200	130

Totals	3900	3800
--------	------	------

In 1939-40 the band was allotted \$200 in the budget, but an additional \$50 was given it later in the year, the money coming from the Interest Group Fund.

The \$130 appropriated for the Interest Groups this year is divided as follows:

Bethesian Club, \$50; International Relations Club, \$35; Radio Club, \$30; Ministerial Association \$15.

Included in the appropriations for Publications each year is \$400 given to the Board by the college. For many years this money has been used by the Board to provide scholarships for the editor and business manager of the college publication.

Since any unused appropriation reverts to the college at the end of the year, except in Publications, where the account is open and runs from one year to the next, the Board decided to require each organization receiving an appropriation to report any balance in the spring. Then, the Board hinted it would apply these balances toward improvements, to the Student Activities Office and elsewhere, rather than allow the money to revert to the general funds of the college.

HOW SBOG SPENDS ITS SHARE

Student Board has spent \$116.50 of the \$295 allotted it for the current year, according to SBOG President Lyle Mayne.

Major part of the expenditures went for Sodbusters, first all-college social function of the year, which is always sponsored by SBOG. Most of the remainder went for the W. & J. Victory Dance, which SBOG would gladly pay for every year if it could.

Total expense account of Sodbusters was \$78, \$60 for Niles Carp's Orchestra, \$18 for minor expenses. Cost of the extremely informal Victory Hop was \$30 for band and \$2 for incidentals.

Other SBOG expenses so far have included \$4.50 for supplies and \$2 for secretarial work.

W. & J. COUNCIL TO VISIT SBOG

As an aftermath of the paint smearing episode at Washington and Jefferson, SBOG President Mayne invited the W. & J. Student Council to come to Bethany for a joint session with the Bethany Student Board.

While no definite date for the meeting has been set, a reception committee composed of William Wells, chairman; and Betty Murphy, Frances Dvorak, and Jack Pryor, is planning for the event.

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VICTORY SONG

BETHANY BEATS W. AND J. AT FOOTBALL

*Bring on the band, boy, beat on the big drum,
Blow on the brasses, boys, here they come;
The beautiful, the energetic, the strong,
The jazz babies, the fighters, the supremely young,
Ready to rock the world, the darlings, the champs,
Eyes burning like thousand-watt lamps,
Hands clapping, feet beating with furious joy,
Throats ready to yell it—Here she comes, Boy!
Watch the girl in the green and white sweater,
The style of her, the line of her—Get her!
Watch the Dean lead the band, the vim of him,
Watch the President holding that pigskin,
Sainted brown relic that helped the team win,
Watch the smiling coach yelled off his feet,
Warn, "There's another game coming but well, this
was sweet."*

*Yes, Victory was sweet and loud in Bethany today,
O victory came in with cows and buffalos,
O victory was everywhere in the air today,
Vibrant in hands and spines, electric in toes,
Reeling out of the gold mouths of the brasses,
Beating and bursting out of the grand big drums,
And the air was charged with stories of forward passes,
Victory, victory is here, Yes sir! here it comes
Marching up the aisle, dancing down the hall,
O what a prond day, what a grand day, what a story
When the college stopped and nothing was done at all
But victory was done, yes victory was well done that
day of glory!*

*Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, the light and the
dark,*

*I give you Victory. I give you this immortal spark,
But let me before I leave you for more dejected places
Ask you one question, you of the triumphant faces—
What would happen to the world, would kingdom come
If this energy, this vitality, this power, this big drum,
This clan, this thousand-watt lamp of yours were flung
Into a great world-beating America-making song?
What would happen if for once you suddenly gave
Victory to the defeated, the poor, the sick, the brave,
If with that team-work, that gusto, that clan that
savoir-faire*

*That style you went out and cleaned up a mess here or
there,*

*Re-built a town, had an idea, wrote a poem or play,
Would the college, tell me, declare another holiday,
If you all went out with the Dean at the head
And worked another kind of miracle instead?
Believe me, America is in your hands like that pigskin
To be cherished and fought for and only maybe win.
Gentlemen, life is in your hands, a tough sweet game
Permit a poet to hope that you will make victory its
name,*

*But Victory for the many and Victory to give and share
With the defeated, the down hearted, the backs against
the wall, everywhere!*

October 8, 1940

MAY SARTON

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SANDWICHES, SOFT DRINKS

Opinion on the Campus

"DRAFT THEM!" SAY THE GIRLS

Women at Bethany College are more in favor of peace time conscription than are the men, according to a personal interview survey made by Mr. Bowden's class in statistics.

Sampling men and women in each of the four classes, the interviewers got answers to four questions. The

present crisis?

Nearly everyone agrees about this question. Where 107 said, "No fighting on foreign soil!", only 20 did not seem to care whether we went abroad or not to die.

Third question: Shall we aid England by all means short of sending men across?

The answer here was three to one in favor of sending all aid to Eng-



Survey showed that Bethany students favor peacetime conscription nearly 2 to 1. Above picture records significant October 16, when 57 Bethany College men, including nine staff members, registered under the Selective Service Act. Shown around the near table are Mr. Barlow and Mr. Hettler, who aided in registering, Mr. Rexroad, local high school principal in charge of registration, and Bethanians Jack Cicco and Lyle Mayne.

number of students in each class questioned was determined by the size of the class in relation to the total enrollment of the college.

First question: If Germany wins the war, will she invade North America?

Twenty-eight said within ten years.

Sixty-four said never.

Thirty-five said after ten years.

Women are afraid the invasion will come soon. For every man who said the invasion will come within ten years, there were four women who agreed with him.

Second question: Are you opposed to our fighting on foreign soil in the

land except men.

Men and women agreed on this answer almost perfectly. For every three men who said, "Send all aid short of men," there was one man who said, "Send little aid." This ratio was the same among women who were questioned.

In asking each of the four questions, interviewers found some students who were undecided about what to say. In every case, however, these fence-sitters were only a small minority of the total polled.

Students who made this survey were George Brady, Chester Gordon, Ralph Pryor, Morrison Ratcliffe, Betty Schuller, William Weaver, and Elizabeth White.

"WE WANT WILLKIE" BUT WON'T GET HIM, SURVEY SHOWS

In the last few years journalist-statisticians have developed methods of gauging the public pulse with near certainty. Apeing the professional press, *Bethanian* tried scientific sampling on the Roosevelt-Willkie front. The results were very similar to the results of the Roosevelt-Willkie election held in chapel recently.

While this does not prove the accuracy of *Bethanian's* survey, it does show which candidate is favored, and how heavily, which is really what we want to know. Certainly the chapel vote and the magazine survey both were not wrong.

Chapel results gave Willkie 252 votes, Roosevelt 92. In percentages this gave Wendell 73 percent, F.D. R. 27. The *Bethanian* survey, entirely by personal interview, gave Willkie 74 percent, Roosevelt 17, and undecided 9 percent.

Of the students questioned by *Bethanian*, only 39 percent will actually vote next week.

Despite the overwhelming support for Willkie among Bethany students, a majority of them think that Roosevelt will win anyway.

Asked, "Do you think Roosevelt will win?" 52 percent of students replied, "Yes." Thirty-five percent said Willkie will win. Thirteen percent were unable to guess which candidate would be elected.

WHY DON'T THEY

Well, why don't they?

The American magazine wonders about it, and frequently Bethanians do.

For one thing, Dr. Leitch wonders why they don't conduct a tour during Freshman Week through the college buildings and the village. It would forever do away with the upperclassman who had not been in the tower or out to the Campbell Mansion. Consider the tale of a Junior girl I know. It became so easy for her to follow her nose from classroom to classroom in her own department that she had her first visit just the other day to the typing room. She has still no idea how to get to Prof. Knight's office.

Why don't they allow students to use typewriters in examinations? After writing rapidly for two hours—some do—the student's arm is

(Continued on Page 17)

(Continued from Page 16)

capable of little more than wagging a weak wave at acquaintances. Then, too, think of the relief for professors in having typewritten exams to read. I insist it could be arranged.

Why don't they have an open forum or question box in the *Bethanian*? It would furnish a place more far reaching than bull sessions for students to air their wonders and complaints. There'd be poor opinions mixed with intelligent ones, but that doesn't make the plan prohibitive, does it?

Why don't we take a lesson from a nearby college which has an annual book drive? The librarian compiles a list of reference or recreational books which the library needs. Organizations or individual students contribute, and the name of the donor is recorded on a bookplate in the front of the book.

Why don't the members of Interfraternity and Panhellenic Councils really live up to their avowed purpose of promoting inter-fraternity good feeling? Wouldn't round tables on chapter scholarship, making pledges study, student-alumni relationships etc. be helpful.

(Continued from Page Eight)

Elsasser and Gordon Seidel.

Lone assistants in their respective departments are Lewis Deer, in Biblical literature; Florence Nicholas, modern languages; Milton Parker, education; Barbara Schutt, student health service; Ray Simmons, economics, and Margaret Stein, orientation.

ALUMNI BULLETIN REVAMPED

Several thousand alumni a week ago received through the mail the first issue of a thoroughly revamped *Alumni Bulletin*. First issue published since April last, the new *Bulletin* should do much to make former students conscious of their experiences on the hill.

Under the direction of Mr. Hettler, alumni secretary, Bill Rutter, senior English assistant and perennial experimenter in campus publications, redesigned the format of the eight page magazine. Articles by class secretaries and Professor Roberts appear in the current issue.

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DUSTING BETHANY'S FILES

Freshmen, who this year are unhampered by freshman customs, might be interested in some of the quaint rules and regulations prescribed by the faculty of Bethany College at the opening of the first session in November, 1841. Among the by-laws were the following:

No student shall introduce, keep or use within the precincts of the college, weapons or arms of any kind, or gun-powder, or keep a servant, horse, or dog.

No student shall permit any disturbing noises in his room, or introduce, keep or use any spirituous or vinous liquors, or any cards, dice or implements of gaming.

Smoking cigars, or any other use of tobacco, is at all times strictly forbidden within the college precincts.

The use of musical instruments is interdicted before dinner, after ten o'clock at night, and on Lord's days.

The bells shall be rung every morning throughout the collegiate year at dawn. The students shall rise at this signal.

The dress of the students shall be uniform and plain, a dark gray or black color, at a price not exceeding six dollars a yard. It is recommended by the trustees that Kentucky jeans be selected as the cloth for common wearing apparel.

The steward is charged with responsibility for the cleanliness of the inn (the Steward's Inn, where many students lived) and grounds, and the practice of keeping or raising hogs within the precincts is forbidden.

REUNION IN PHANTASY

*In anticipation I saw her on the
farthest hill*

I leaped five roaring chasms,

She led me farther still.

I trampled forests,

Recarved a lake,

Brushed aside a piled cloud;

Then, gained her side,

Spoke of my love,

But she vanished—without a sound.

—Balmord.

KULTUR

With all our barbaric tendencies there is still a sign in the field of culture that the world is not quite so bad as it was during the last war. One of the first results of the feeling between the United States and Germany during World War I was the dropping of the teaching of German from the curriculum of high schools and college.

The three modern languages taught at Bethany are Spanish, French and German. Comparing this year's enrollment against last year's we find that the number studying French has declined sharply while enrollment in Spanish has increased heavily, in German slightly.

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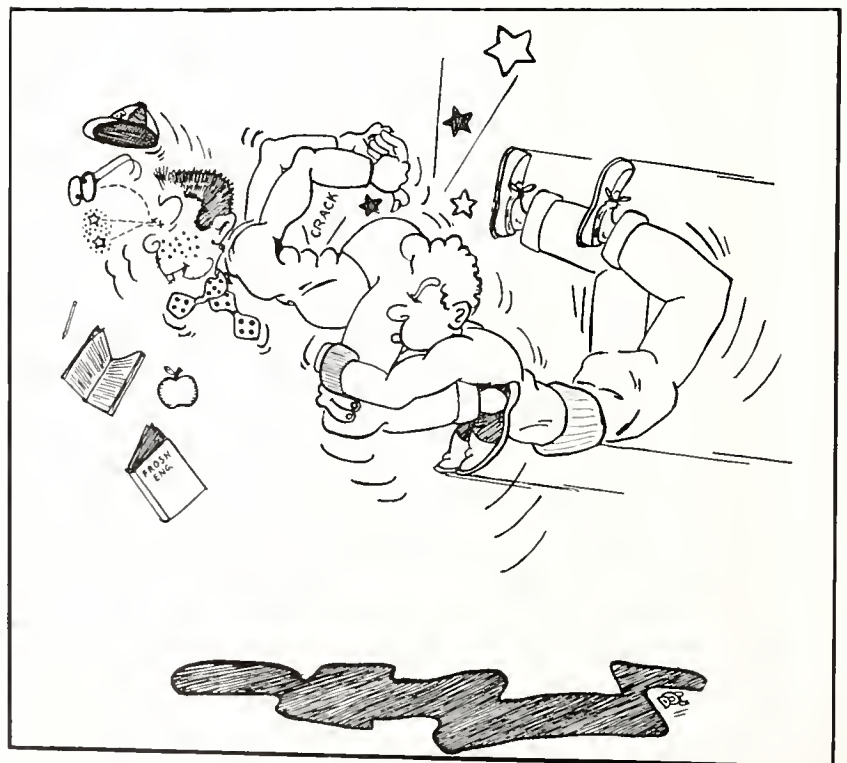
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"Hi-Ya, Pal. Don't we have a smoker date with you, chum?"

Editorial

Bethany College—all American colleges—have a new responsibility toward students. It should be carved over the main entrances on every campus, "Learning is more important than any war."

Where a few years ago realists screamed that colleges were cloisters, and college students were campus provincials, now the college student is in danger of being warped into a person of prejudices by the clamor of headlines.

The contemporary world-chaos is beginning to fog up intellectual vistas on the campus. The jingoism of a stupid press and stupid politics is conditioning bias so that it passes off for opinion.

Many students really believe that the United States must fight a war. They are not certain whether we must fight Germany, Japan or Russia. But we must fight someone. It is inevitable. It is the fashion—the world-spirit!

Just what the colleges must do to head off this fatalism is not clear. But certainly they should continue to go about their business of education with full energy. And the college should also be realistic. Students should be counseled to go ahead with their academic training. They should be warned against self-appointed distributors of "Americanism" who are running loose these days.

There may be need for patriotic service, but there is no need to get excited about it. In the meantime, we should be resolved to give our first attention to the development of strong manhood and womanhood—strong in body, mind, and character.

Bethanians should remember President Cramblet's advice: "You Have a Job To Do."

There is no need for a blackout of intellectual and moral ideals.

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Bethanian

XXII No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1940



THIS ISSUE

Sadie Hawkins Day
History Tells Us
Bison Basketball Schedule

One Minute Lecture Course

"A paper should be like a woman's dress, long enough to cover the subject, and short enough to be interesting." Professor Green quoting another professor in reply to a student's question, How long a paper do you want?

* * *

"By the time you are finished with this course, the national debt will have reached 70 billion. It is 45 billion now." Professor Crobaugh, lecturing to class on Principles of Economics which will end next May.

* * *

"If I were she, I would be afraid the catch wouldn't work." Dorothy Reynolds, commenting on a fellow who put his pin out for the third time.

* * *

"Thanksgiving needs to be revived, not by an act of Congress, but by a revival of spirit in all of us." Reverend Stevenson, speaking in chapel day before Thanksgiving.

* * *

"Literature is not escape. It is life." Rabbi George B. Lieberman, Eoff Street Temple, Wheeling, during an excellent chapel talk November 6.

* * *

"It is a characteristic of the era of science that a skepticism skeptical of everything but its own skepticism gives way before the dominant mode of thought of the time." Dr. Roscoe Pound, Harvard, speaking on presentation of Phi Beta Kappa charter to Northern W. Va. Alumni Association.

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THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

THIS MONTH'S COVER

On the cover this month we have a picture which suggests the parallel between the present state of affairs in Europe and a game of chess. Certain subtleties will be apparent to the chess player, which may be overlooked by the uninitiated.

Credit for the cover picture is divided as follows:

Idea, John Topping

Chessmen, Pete Johnson

Map, Bill Rutter

Dave Huntsberger made the photograph.

Page five: All photos by Stanley Brown.

Page ten: All photos by Dewey Varndell, Jr., Uniontown, Pa.

Page seven: Delivan Barnhart

Page eight: John Costanza

Page twelve: Dave Huntsberger.

Page eleven: Stanley Brown

Page thirteen: Irv Shlansky

Page fourteen: All photos by Irv Shlansky

Page eighteen: Cartoon by Mary Lou Sessler.

"After all is said, the individual is the real bastion against any organization whose purpose is to suppress the individual." Charles McCamic, president of Northern W. Va. Alumni Association of Phi Beta Kappa chapter, in charter acceptance speech in Commencement Hall.

* * *

"A man unwilling to train himself for a job does not deserve to have one." Joseph Guin, chapel speaker for National Forum organization, reminding Bethanians how great the United States is.

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Fur on the Face

A. Beard Takes a Tweak at Mustaches

Sleek old Tom twiddled the glossy black hairs about his mouth to a sharp point and idled up to the she cat. With a moist, loving glow in his eyes he gently, hesitantly, made advances with his soft pink tongue. It touched her warm damp nose, her soft, furry ears—

"Spat!" (A scratch.)

"Me-owww--"

"Damn your whiskers, Tom. I'm ticklish." Tom learned the hard way. They call him Scarface now.

Those strands of hair on upper lips have caused many unhappy moments, even in human lives. "Do you know why we were never married?" she prattled. "It was his fault. He always got chewing gum stuck on his mustache. One day my transformation stuck to some gum. Then he knew I was bald. I'll die an old maid. If I only had had hair on my head and he had none on his upper lip."

I have heard many descriptive names for whiskers in general and to be a little more specific, mustaches. They have been called misplaced eyebrows, pump-handles, soup-strainers, tooth-brushes and everything else. I'll concede that a mustache may resemble anything. That gives me the privilege to say it looks like a horse's tail (the brushy part). The man that wears one therefore appears horsey. This does not mean he goes in for polo, either. (That last crack was to keep you on the tail or trail.)

"Why do you have a mustache?" is a question I have asked scores of men.

The slick college sport with a waxed upper lip told me it added oomph to his osculation. Hmmm—

maybe. "But who likes a mouthful of wax?" asks the coed.



Adds Oomph to osculation



Fills in space.

A prof with no lantern jaw remarked that a mustache filled in the space under his nose a little bit. He needs it. It cuts down the amount of wide open space in the mouth.



Saves food from contamination

The negro cook at a fraternity house has sinus trouble and hates handkerchiefs. He says, "Boss, dat fuzz sho has saved many a' deesh from contamination." He may be right, but at this point I can hear a loud scream for the sanitary commission.

One student who eats at the Eta Iota Lambda fraternity and is consequently undernourished, chews his mustache for calories. I have been considering sending him some old socks to make a stew, though this would be pulling the wool over his teeth, something I don't approve of.

Mustaches aren't the least bit new. So the novelty of them can't be the attraction. You can change each to match your attire as you can a tie. They make a young person old, an old person decrepit—and a corpse a holy sight. Have they any material value? No. They are not large enough to stuff a mattress. They can't be sold for junk. Then what in—oh well!



Can be chewed for nourishment

What's the use? You tell me.

Have they artistic value? A lady on a billboard seems to need something. What is it?

More sex appeal? Perhaps she needs a frilly collar on her dress. Or maybe a rose in her hair. No, that's not it. Step back a few steps.

Ah—add a mustache. Something was lacking, but now—. That's the answer to my queries. "Put a mustache where something is lacking." Now maybe we know why some men wear mustaches.

HISTORY TELLS US

A HISTORY MAJOR
CHRONICLES AN
EXPANSION TO SOCIALISM

By Bert Decker

No form of government has been static. Even if legislative bodies do fail to pass new laws for any length of time, the interpretations of existing laws usually change over a period of years. The development of mankind, industrially, agriculturally, commercially, economically, has been followed by a corresponding development in the legal regulations of man in those fields. History reveals that we have tried many kinds of social control from tribal communism to the forms of government today.

Government has grown better. Tribal dictators maintained their authority by sheer physical prowess; present dictators are forced to convince with ideas and ideals as well as force. Present day democracies are more democratic than Athenian democracy. Athens was really one-third slaves, one-third foreign residents without a vote, while the Athenian vote was controlled to some extent by rich, influential cliques. One reason for better governments is the spread of authority—the placing of sovereign power in the hands of a bigger percentage of the people. The abolition of slavery, the Magna Carta, nineteenth century industrial liberalism, woman suffrage—are all indications of that spread.

Reason has ruled. This despite the fact psychologists have tried to tell us mind has become a mere "survival product" enabling men to obtain desired ends. They say our subconscious mind supplies us with good reasons for doing that which we desire, and that we rationalize bad desires. But we still have the ability to recognize these rationalizations, to distinguish fact from illusion, to reason to a happy and secure life, and to prefer the values that exalt the rational and humane qualities of man. Man with his lusts, his brutalities, his craving for power, has remained man. But his laws, his conventions for controlling those

desires, his governments, grow continually better.

Another changing force in history is the spread of loyalties. The Greek was loyal to his small city-state, rarely to Greece as a nation. The vassal pledged himself to his lord before his king. Many of our American revolutionists believed in states rights as stronger than federal sovereignty. Now we have a stronger feeling of loyalty to our nation than we do to our city or our state.

Still another expansion is the growth of education. While only the feudal lord and clergy had enough leisure to educate himself, the development of industry and commerce gave the newly rich middle class leisure and wealth to edify itself and its children. Time saving machines have brought high standards of living to the masses. With education comes a broader realization of the rule of reason. More men realize that individual behavior is the determinant of the resulting society. More citizens are determined to aid themselves by bettering society.

We are still expanding. Can we logically deny that we are not? Can we fail to see the continuous spread of authority, the influence of the working masses, the power of the labor unions throughout the world in their respective governments? Can we fail to see that the labor laws passed by the United States government are but one more step in the spread of authority? Can we not see how the consumer's unions are themselves whittling a big stick to exert pressure on the lawmakers? Was there ever so great a trend towards internationalism, the last step in the spread of loyalties before interplanet transportation? It is obvious that we are slowly but surely evolving to a new social order, to some form of international socialism.

Sadie Hawkins Day

Dog Patchers Bring
High Jinks to Campus



While the Bison football team was defeating Heidelberg College way over in Tiffin, Ohio, on November 2, bounteous Daisy Mae of Dogpatch (Irene Hutchison) wistfully waited underneath the maple tree until—



Pompous Mayor of Dogpatch (Professor-Mayor Sumpy himself) read the proclamation, "whereas, whereas, and therefore be it known, that open season on Dogpatch men now begins."



Dogpatch gals caught Dogpatch fellows, and Marrying Sam's hitched couples for a swig of cider. But what happened to wistful Daisy Mae? Why she chased handsome Lil Abner (Red Neumann) and ketches him good and tight. That night Bethany Dogpatchers ended their first Sadie Hawkins Day by carousing in Irvin Gymnasium.



BLACKOUT

By Ruth Braem

EDITOR'S NOTE: For many weeks the author of "Black-out" was unknown. The play, with two others evidently written by the same person, lay unclaimed in the wire basket on Professor Roberts' desk. Finally, Joe White recognized the plays as ones written by Miss Braem. Professor Roberts then recalled that the author, who is now studying radio acting and writing at Emerson College, Boston, mailed him the plays for criticism this summer. At that time Miss Braem had been awarded a scholarship at the Radio Drama Workshop Milwaukee. She spent two years at Bethany, entering in the fall of 1938.

Scene:—

As curtain rises a siren is heard.—A lonely business street can be barely distinguished as all lights are suddenly turned out.

A young girl instead of seeking the nearest air shelter walks the street feeling her way by the touch of the rough brick and stone of the buildings against her hands and body.

There is also another one who dares to remain in the dark—a brusque young man who is in haste to get to his destination. He though is clumsily going about it for he's lost. He barely knows his way about in this district at ordinary times let alone in blackness. In a restless hesitant manner he rounds a corner to collide into the young girl.

He—I beg your pardon, Sir, it's so confoundingly dark.

She—It isn't a Sir—Sir, that you bumped.

He—Why don't tell me. It's a young lady. Will you accept my apologies again. But may I ask why you happen to be out? It's dangerous you know.

She—If I may be so impertinent, Sir, I think perhaps I should ask what you are doing out. I seem to be managing a little better than you.

He—(laughs)—So you are—Say you couldn't help me find my way could you? To be truthful I don't only run into lovely young ladies, but I'm lost.

She—I should be glad to lead you to where you are going. Name your destination, Sir.

He—You really can? Miracles, I guess, will never cease. I'm heading for Waterloo Station.

She—Very well—follow me. You're an American are you not? A foreign correspondent?
(Start walking)

He—An American—yes. I guess that's obvious but what makes you think I'm a reporter?

She—Just plain surmising. For what other reason would an American be here now?

He—For many reasons I would say. You see I was merely posing as a reporter—.

She—Posing—? At least I am close.

He—Yes, I had to get into England somehow but I'm afraid it was all in vain, because the authorities have discovered my real identity. Tonight I must leave and I haven't accomplished what I came over to do.

She—You must feel very discouraged.

He—If my mission had succeeded someone would have been made very happy. If I could only find but why should I bother you with my troubles? Why here I've been talking to you and I don't even know who you are.

She—And I don't know you but let's keep it that way. It seems to fit in with the situation.

He—Say, I hadn't thought of it that way. Superficial things such as names don't count. In the dark just the substantial things seem to count.

She—Yes, I should know (cynical manner), but here you are, just walk straight down.

He—Thank you so much. But I would like to know who you are.

She—Just remember me as the Girl in the Blackout. Good-night.

He—Good-night. Amazing how she's going in such a hurry.

(He turns into the station as lights go on, while we see the girl walking the other direction and we realize she is blind. Altho her hearing and feeling senses are extra keen she failed to hear the cablegram the young man sent off as soon as he arrived at the Waterloo station.)

His voice— To Mr. Wallace, Hampfield, New York, New York.
Could not locate your blind niece. Must come home at once.

Sorry,
Clinton Claybrook

(Curtain closes with sound of siren.)

"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

"WHO'S WHO"

Each year since 1934 several thousand outstanding students in American colleges and universities have been sketched in "Who's Who" among Students in American Universities and Colleges."

Demanding no fees or dues for membership, the volume recommends to the business world prominent upperclassmen from more than 550 colleges. Supposedly one of the highest honors a student can obtain, its invitation signifies scholarship and leadership in all phases of college life.

Because no complete list of collegians invited to "Who's Who" is available until the book itself comes

WHY DO WE DROP OUT?

Not enough students accepted for admission at Bethany continue until graduation, according to figures compiled by the Admissions and Personnel office. Why they do not continue is important to the college. In the main, these reasons are:

1. Financial reasons.
2. Lack of industry or capacity for vigorous academic work.
3. Some want only a two-year course.
4. Some find environs or educational resources unattractive.

BETHANY ENROLLMENT SINCE 1936

	Oct. 2 1936	Oct. 10 1937	Oct. 10 1938	Oct. 2 1939	Sept. 28 1940
Seniors	39	61	55	56	31
Juniors	67	61	70	44	72
Sophomores	95	104	82	119	109
Freshmen	161	127	171	168	153
Unclassified, P.G.	11	6	10	9	10
Early Withdrawals	4	5	1	2	1
	377	364	389	398	376

off the press early next year, *Bethanian's* roster of invitees may be incomplete. But here they are:

Jane Edmunds, Hilda Sarver, Jean Short, Mimi Strain, John Costanza, Tom Cullison, Lyle Mayne.

PROFESSORS ON WAR CALL

In case of war or other national emergency, four Bethany professors may be called into government service of some kind. Along with thousands of other American chemists, physicists, engineers, and psychologists, they have been asked to file credentials with the National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel, which will be jointly administered by the National Resources Planning Board and the Civil Service Commission.

The Bethany specialists are Dr. Allen, Professor Dawson, Dean Kirkpatrick, Dr. Leitch.

UNACADEMIC HOMECOMERS

Because old grads usually recall more of the frivolities than the academic experiences of their college years, Homecomings are notorious for the amount of celebrating that goes on between the lines of the official program.

Thus while a football game was scheduled for November 9, Bethany's first Homecoming in her second century, no plans had been made for the Bobcat or Bison gridders to start slapping each other's muddy faces, nor had Athletic Director Knight planned to have the spectators take part in the game.

While the town slept, Moo Moo, Moo hung a twenty foot sign from the Tower, another unofficial event.

Despite such added attractions, Executive Secretary Hettler did greet scores of alumni at official Point Breeze headquarters. And after brunette Joanne Schott was crowned Queen Beth Ann II, a packed house tittered at the Hendrick show, "You Can't Take It With You." After the play, Club Bison, with no cover, packed in customers.

Next day, Sunday, Reverend Stevenson restored dignity with the united worship service at the church and in the afternoon President and Mrs. Cramblet welcomed many Homecomers at the Heights.



Joanne Schott as Homecoming Queen Beth Ann II

Athletic Fronts

HARRIERS END SEASON

Jinxed by their brand new cross-country course, the Bison harriers finished the 1940 season behind Westminster and Slippery Rock runners in the Tri-State Conference Run November 23.

Jim Edwards, Westminster runner, beat out Bison John Morgan, just as he did earlier this season when Bethany ran at New Wilmington. (See October *Bethanian*) Edwards ran the four miles in 22:12, setting a new record for the course.

Westminster's 31 points gave her the race. Slippery Rock harriers, including men who placed fourth and fifth, piled up 35 points. The Bisons had 54. Thiel College's lone runner came in sixteenth, hence did not figure in the scoring.

Before the climatic intercollegiate championships, Boettcher's runners had lost to Westminster, 23 to 32, to Ohio University, 18 to 36. In the next two meets, Bethany nosed out Hiram, 26 to 29 and continued with a string of victories over Carnegie Tech, winning 23 to 32. Morgan, who has never placed worse than second this year, won both of the races.

HOW KNIGHTMEN CARVED BEST GRID RECORD

Bethany College finished its best football season under Coach John J.

Knight, winning six games and losing two. In 1936 Bethany had a similar record, but the season wasn't marked by such outstanding victories. Coach Knight has completed his eleventh and most satisfying year at Bethany.

Every campus fan has his reason of why Bethany won but here is how they won.

An underdog Bison eleven pulled a surprise in upsetting a supposedly strong Glenville State team, 14-7, to start the season on its way.

In the next game Bethany performed a stunt that hasn't been done by a Bethany team since 1910. Need it be said that W. & J. was defeated 14-0?

Along came Salem and the Tigers were tamed 33-0. In this game Chuck Hart missed his first attempted conversion in six tries but later in the game added his seventh successful placement.

The following week, Bethany weathered the year's first snow and froze out Westminster 9-0, and then added Geneva to its list of victims by a hairbreath score of 14-13. By beating Geneva for its seventh straight win (including the final two games of last year) Bethany tied the longest winning streak ever held by a Bison squad, and sports

writers began to wonder how much longer the herd would continue its stampede.

With the pressure on, the Bison came from behind to topple Heidelberg from the ranks of the nation's undefeated, winning 13-7. This game broke all existing winning streaks at Bethany.

Sports writers' wonderings were brought to an end, when West Virginia Wesleyan won the Homecoming game 19-7. The largest crowd, since way back when, was on hand to witness Bethany's first defeat. Bethany lead for three quarters but withered in the last period, yielding two touchdowns. Despite the close score and Bethany's thrilling goal-line stands, there apparently wasn't enough excitement for the crowd. When several Bethany and Wesleyan players got into a tangle, part of the crowd poured out on the field, delaying the game.

A badly crippled and lackadaisical Bison even went on to close the season by dropping its second game, losing to inspired Fairmont State, 6-0. Bethany was unable to weather the snow this time and was shutout for the first time this season.

Bethany had one of the state's leading scorers in big Chuck Hart, who scored 63 points. Season results showed:

Won 6. Lost 2. Scored 104 points to opponents' 52.

Additional Sports on Pages 9 and 18



Part of the starting lineup for the Bethany-Ohio State cross-country run. Left to right—Harry Murphy, Starter Leroy Strasser, in suit, Wib Cramblett, Ohio runner, Tom Committe,

John Weimer, Craun of Ohio, who won the race, John McCord, unidentified runner, Max Luikart, Ohio runner, John Morgan, who placed second, Jim Stoner, Leo Shlickerman.

PRESIDENT COOKS WORLD SERIES DINNER

Enthusiastic National League baseball fan, President Cramblet has had little reason to be happy when World Series time rolled around in recent years. But this year he was much pleased when the Cincinnati Reds of the National League beat the Detroit Tigers four to three.

So on October 22 the President, along with Professors Booth and Sumpstine, cooked for the fourteenth annual faculty World Series dinner at the town Masonic Hall.

Inaugurated 14 years ago, by eight men, the dinners now attract as many as 60 men, though attendance was slightly off this year.

Theoretically, the supporters of the losing World Series team should

A good part of the last season was spent in experimentation, and although Coach Knight refuses to make any pre-season statements, the hope of another successful season in a major sport should spur him to considerable effort. The team will probably follow the typical Bethany pattern of speedy ball handling and a fast break.

Several changes are being contemplated in this year's schedule.

RIFLE CLUB FORMED

Organized primarily to provide instruction for students in the use and care of firearms, Bethany's new Rifle Club also will enable men and women to compete equally in the same sport.

Already using the recently completed range in the ravine in the rear of Irvin Gymnasium, the Rifle Club is negotiating for matches with Pennsylvania State College, West Virginia University, and Ohio University. Some of the matches will be by telegraph, some will be shoulder-to-shoulder.

Although independent at present, the club will soon be affiliated with the National Rifle Association, and will be eligible for competition in the Hearst National Rifle Tournament. Sponsored by Physical Education Professor Boettcher, who long hoped for a rifle range for the college, the club has enrolled some 50 enthusiasts.

Aware that the average gun owner often gets careless with his firearm, the Rifle Club is insisting on the strictest application of safety rules for members.

Officers of the Rifle Club are John Weimer, president; Fred Swearingen, vice president; Julia Wakefield, secretary; Stewart Moore treasurer; Dave Huntsberger, publicity manager.

Instruction in handling and shooting technique will be directed by Boettcher, former U. S. Army instructor and coach of Reserve Officers Training Corps team at Lafayette College. Assisting him will be Roy Hoffman, experienced in Citizens Military Training Camp, Fort Hoyle, Md., Bob Fritz, graduate of Linsly Military Academy, Wheeling, and John Weimer, winner of a "Turkey Shoot" held annually on Big Wheeling Creek.

Before anyone can use the rifle

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

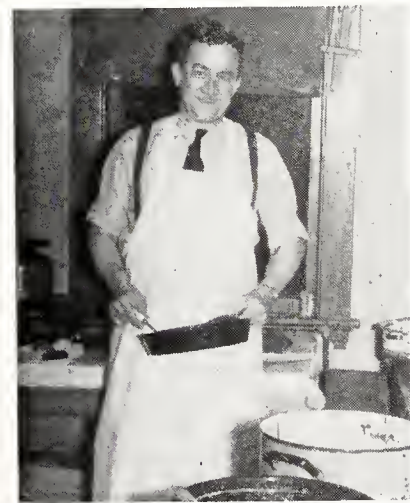
Dec. 14—Hiram at Hiram, O.
Dec. 17—Mt. Union at Alliance, O.
Dec. 20—Capital U. at Bethany
Jan. 6—Salem at Bethany
Jan. 8—W. & J. at Washington, Pa.
Jan. 11—Glenville at Bethany
Jan. 14—Geneva at Bethany
Jan. 17—Westminster at Bethany
Jan. 27—Alderson-Broadbush at Philippi, W. Va.
Jan. 28—Davis & Elkins at Elkins, W. Va.
Jan. 29—Fairmont at Fairmont, W. Va.
Feb. 6—W. Va. Wesleyan at Bethany.
Feb. 8—Alderson-Broadbush at Bethany
Feb. 10—Geneva at Beaver Falls, Pa.
Feb. 13—Davis & Elkins at Bethany
Feb. 20—Salem at Salem, W. Va.
Feb. 21—W. Va. Wesleyan at Buchannon
Feb. 22—Glenville at Glenville, W. Va.
Feb. 26—Fairmont at Bethany
Mar. 1—Westminster at New Wilmington, Pa.
Mar. 5—W. & J. at Bethany.

range, one of the following range guards must be on duty:

Fritz, Hoffman, Betty Narrigan, Swearingen, Ray Thompson, Wakefield.

RIFLE RANGE RULES

1. When off firing line no bolts in rifles.
2. Always point guns front.
3. Load only one shell in your gun at a time.
4. Shooting will be conducted only when Range Guard is on duty.
5. Guns must be empty at all times except when firing.
6. In carrying guns to and from range, bolts must be out or guns broken.
7. If not on firing line, you must stay in the ready seats.
8. Keep *serious* at all times.
9. Courtesy must be extended at all times to other members of the club and to others who are shooting.
10. Obedience is needed.
11. Shoot only at target section.
12. Be careful in approaching range.
13. Blanket permission for shooting exists.
14. Until further notice any calibre gun is permitted but no pistols.



Prexy cooks at World Series dinner.

cook the dinner, serve it, and clean up afterward. But culinary-skilled Dr. Cramblet cooks every year, win or lose. Incidentally, each fan pays for his own series dinner.

EIGHT LETTERMEN DON COURT TOGS

With the conclusion of a highly successful football season the spotlight is now focused upon Bethany's basketballers. Despite last year's drab record, the future looks anything but dismal for the Bisons. The team is a veteran one sprinkled with just enough new blood to give it that necessary extra drive. Returning lettermen are Dick Jackson, Harold Taylor, Norm Fair, Jack Pryor, Bud Kuhns, Tom Cullison, George Callendine, and Bill Neuman.

Theater

"YCTIWY" OKEH



Tony Kirby (Jim Huntsberger) loves Alice Vanderhof—But Alice is afraid that Tony could never fit in with her screw-ball family and friends—

Which includes such good hearted eccentrics as Dutchess Olga (Sara Geloff) and Kolonkov, the dancing master (Charles Bell).

Homecoming, May 9, brought with it the annual Bethespian Homecoming show, this year, "You Can't Take It With You."

The show was directed by Miss Marian Hendrick assisted by Peggy Geyer.

Delivan Barnhart, as Grandpa Vanderhof, deserved a big round of applause. He played the part so sincerely that one could almost hear the creak of his aged bones and he made one think of him as Vanderhof and not as the Barney we all know.

Charles Bell, freshman and new comer to the Bethany stage, did a good job of his interpretation of the Russian ballet impresario. He was

funny without being ridiculous.

Gerry Ferguson and Rita Clary gave a delightful portrayal of the naive, inadequate young printer and his ballerina wife. They were constantly in character and added a spot of color to the show with their piano playing and dancing.

Mary Louise Sessler and Jim Huntsberger were natural and real as the beleaguered young lovers.

Joanne Schott was quite convincing as the scatterbrained mother; Bob Fulmer and Jack Baumgartner equally so as the father and perpetual guest.

Jane Campbell and George Davis were just aristocratic and arrogant enough to create the illusion of the

wealthy, snobbish parents who objected to their sons marriage for social reasons.

The supporting members of the cast deserve special mention for the fine way they handled minor roles and got the most out of them. Mimi Strain and Wilbur Crambler were excellent as the young colored couple and came close to stealing many of the scenes in which they appeared. Jane Edmunds was hilarious as the drunken actress. Roy Heckel, another freshman, did all he could with the part of the income tax collector and did it well. Tom Poston, Bob Golbey, and Bob Vierhusen had walk-ons as department of justice men.



Tony's aloof mother (Jane Campbell) and fidgety father (George Davis) can not appreciate the Vanderhof brand of happiness. But philosophical Grandpa Vanderhof (Del Barn-

hart) brings the clashing factions, and of course Tony and Alice, together. An then he thanks God in his "Now, I'll tell you, Sir." style.

Music

BETHANY GETS A MARCH

"When I came to Bethany, I thought that this school ought to have its own original college marches, adapted to its own characteristics and needs," stated Mr. Cassius Gould when explaining what inspired him to write his new composition, the "Bethany Centennial" which will be ready for the public at the next band concert.

The piece, for which he composed the words as well as the music, is written somewhat after the plan of Goldman's "On the Mall". The first part is strictly for the band alone while the trio is to be sung. It is of customary march length.

Band members were quite alarmed when they were first introduced to the "Bethany Centennial" in the ominous key of six flats. However, due to difficulties caused by this keying, Mr. Gould has revised it into the concert key of only one flat.

Only five hours were needed by the composer to write the march, but he estimated that forty hours were required to arrange it for instrumentation.

When asked her opinion of the piece, June Fiess, senior member of the band, said, "The Centennial" is a beautiful march and rather unusual, but it has a difficult clarinet part." (June is a clarinet player).

Another senior member, trumpeter Don Rosensteele, said that he liked the number because, unlike most band pieces, "Centennial" had a chorus that could be sung as well as played.

The words, written by Mr. Gould to be sung to the trio section of the march, are as follows:

"Come friends and give a cheer for
Bethany,
Best in the land—
Always we will love her
As in brotherhood we stand.
Our hearts united in one destiny
Service to do—
Loyal and allegiant
In the lives we pledge to you."

INTERESTING BETHANIAN



JANE EDMUNDS

This is an allegory. The old shoe is "Spike" Edmunds, who does a good job of her three activities—sleeping, dancing, and fluffing—even if she did get in on a pass.

The old shoe was plenty sharp—sharp enough to take life with a grain of salt, so that everything was always happy, and the whole world was always darn smooth.

All the chum shoes of our friend liked to gather round to listen while it expounded in its inimitable style about life and love and stuff. The small chums felt real happy then, because the old shoe had a great and optimistic sole.

EDMUNDS PROFILED AS A SHOE

Once there was an old shoe. It was a happy shoe because it had spent many days dancing in the Inn and many fine nights sleeping—under the bed. But unfortunately the old shoe had to stand up under the strain of much fluff. Definition: All that is not sleeping and dancing.

On Tuesday nights it was president of the Alpha Xi Delta's. On Saturday nights it was—well, it was in "You Can't Take It With You". It changed its name and sang hymns on Sunday morning. But all this is fluff.

WAGNER, STRAUSS AND CARUSO

Because the social committee was thoughtful last spring, Bethany now has the nucleus of a fine phonograph record library. In the hope of building such a record collection, the committee spent the last of its funds for 14 recordings of classical compositions and songs by famous artists, and for 25 popular dance records.

Available to any organization or individual on the campus, the musical disks are now being cared for by Professor Carter.

Classical selections, formulated by Mary Jane South '40, include "Tristan and Isolde", by Wagner; the "The Firebird Suite", by Stravinsky; "Egmont Overture", by Beethoven; "Bolero", by Ravel; "Overture to Orpheus and the Underworld", by Offenbach; "Claire de Lune", by Debussy. There are also two Strauss waltzes, two songs by Kirsten Flagstead, two by Caru-

so and two songs recorded by the Vienna Boys Choir.

From these new records, and others owned by the college and by Professor Carter, Phillips Hall girls, aided by Barbara Schutt, house president, choose a concert each Wednesday evening.

Next month the stock of popular records will be doubled when several dozen more dance records will be purchased.

MORE EARS FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC

All Bethanians who enjoy and appreciate good music now have an opportunity to hear it regularly. The Concert Club, a new organization on the campus, resulted after much planning by Sara Gelof and Professor Carter.

During the first program on November 6, about 25 students listened to recordings from "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakoff at the
Continued on Page 17

Science

SPECTROGRAPH

Bethany loses the convenient use of one of its most valuable pieces of scientific apparatus in a few weeks.

The expensive Hilger E-1 spectrograph, which has been an important part of physics laboratory equipment since Follansbee Bros. Steel Co. loaned it to the college in 1936, is to be returned to the steel mill.

The steel company is installing its own laboratories for the analysis of metals, and will need the spectrograph regularly. So that the steel company will get efficient use of the instrument, Mr. John Ball, Jr., chief metallurgist of Follansbee Bros., has been studying spectrographic technique with Dr. Allen's class in spectrographic analysis, catalogued as Physics 67.

The spectrograph leaves just as students are beginning to master this most modern means of analysis. The steel company has offered students the use of the instrument in Follansbee, but Dr. Allen fears that it will be too inconvenient for students to accomplish much.

While the spectrograph is still here, students Frank Belluardo, Joseph Caliguri, William Callendine, David Huntsberger, Peter Johnson, Irvan Roche, Dick Wallace and John Whitehill are learning all they can about it.

So wide spread is the application of the spectrograph becoming that it is already much used by modern crime detection experts. What the spectrograph does is to photograph the spectra given off by elements and their compounds. Each element has its own characteristic spectrum map, different from that of every other element. As Dr. Allen says, "Each element writes its signature on the photographic plate, and there is never any forgery in spectroscopy."

By using spectrographic analysis, New England police discovered which automobile out of hundreds had struck and killed a man. The scientific officers analyzed a speck of paint found on the coat of the dead man, and then found the automobile with paint exactly like the speck.

In another case, spectrographic analysis of coffee a woman prepared

for her husband showed traces of lead, antimony, and sulfuric acid. The woman then confessed that she had put battery juice in her mate's coffee.

And at Bethany the spectrograph has done interesting things. At the request of Alumnus Dr. Mitchell, class 1915, who believes that variations in the change of the content of the blood may be connected with changes in the condition of the blood, the Bethany spectrograph has been used to analyze blood samples.

And last year the spectrograph proved that small quantities of metals from the foil wrappers on cheese penetrate the cheese.

Another time traces of gold were found in dirt taken from the little stream behind the gymnasium. Amount of gold present was small, but it did actually exist.

Dr. Allen is hopeful that the college will be able to purchase a small spectrograph of its own sometime in the near future.

MOORE GETS FIRST LICENSE

So stringent are the new regulations on amateur radio broadcasting

that Stewart Moore, Radio Club president, had to wait 16 weeks after taking his final tests before the Federal Communications Commission sent him his license.

Moore, who is now the first Bethany student to get an amateur's ticket while in college, has just received a federal license to operate station W8VHG, at his home on North Front street, Wheeling. He took his last tests in July.

Earlier this fall a new federal ruling demanded that all amateurs be fingerprinted, and file a birth certificate, absolute proof of citizenship, and a passport photograph, at the F.C.C. office in Washington. This information had to be collected from each of the 56,000 amateurs already registered before the F.C.C. would consider any new applicants for licenses. That is why it took so long for Stewart to get his license, he explains.

Moore first became interested in short wave radio when he came to Bethany as a freshman last fall. He joined the Radio Club and immediately began to consider qualifying as an operator.

He learned to send and receive code at 65 characters a minute, the receiving being the most difficult. It takes the average person 15 minutes a day for six months to work up this required speed.



John Whitehill fuses a piece of clay to see if its spectrum will reveal any rare metals.

HOW MANY HORSEPOWER HAVE YOU?

Did you ever wonder whether or not you had any power? And if so, did you ever pause to speculate as to what your muscular potentialities might be in terms of horses? Bethany's physics department has a method of finding personal horsepower, applicable to all students. The method is this, and the department assumes no responsibility whatsoever for injuries or liabilities incurred during the process.

First, take your little ruler and measure the height of the steps in Freshman Alley, paying no attention whatsoever to the appropriate remarks cast by unappreciative passers by, and grinning timorously at scowling profs who wonder why. Then, eat dinner and weigh yourself, as weight is important to the magnitude of your horsepower. The next step is all important; secure a stop watch, and bribe someone to stand at the head of the steps and clock your ascent. Back off to about the flag pole, take a deep breath, and race madly up the stairs three times, taking the average as the time. The physics equation states that the power in foot pounds per second may be calculated by dividing your weight times the height of the stairs by the time in seconds it takes you to run up the stairs. To get horse power, simply divide this figure by 550.

RESEARCHERS HONORED

Professor H. D. Dawson, head of the chemistry department, and Dr. J. W. Reynard, instructor in chemistry, have both been elected to membership in the Ohio State University chapter of Sigma Xi, national honorary fraternity of natural sciences.

Past research and indications of future accomplishments are the main bases used by the fraternity in selecting members. Professor Dawson has done extensive research on the catalytic oxidation of carbon, having prepared his doctorate thesis on this subject.

Formal initiation of Professor Dawson and Dr. Reynard into Sigma Xi in December will give Bethany five members in the science fraternity. Already enrolled in Sigma Xi are Dr. Allen, Professor Sumpstine and Dean Weimer.

GOVERNMENT OUTWEIGHS BUSINESS

Bethany students, in Mr. Bowden's public finance class, are of the opinion that such governmental regulation is good. On the question, "Is private enterprise more efficient than governmental enterprise?" they said, "No." The decision was reached after a debate on the subject.

In concluding their argument the negative side offered the following opinion: the value of the innumerable services offered by government enterprise far outweighs the profit motive of private enterprise.

Members of the teams were; negative, Paul Bowers and Scott Kaler; affirmative, Richard Jackson and Harold Blank. Acting as judges were Jean Short, Ralph Pryor, Morrison Ratcliffe, Raymond Simmons and Mr. Bowden.

* * *

THE AMEBA

*Ameba, Oh you funny thing,
You living mass of jelly,
I do not see how you can eat
Because you have no belly.
How can you walk, Oh little one?
You have no legs to stand on
For all I see are funny bumps
All gathered on at random.
I see you flow, with greatest ease
Across your little ocean;
You seem to do it perfectly,
Though slightly in slow motion.
Some people too, are just like you;
They have no leg to stand on,
And when they see, a problem come,
They've nothing to lay hand on.
Tune "Yankee Doodle."*

Chorus

*Laboratory, keep it up,
Science is just dandy;
See how life is carried on,
While all the world is handy.*

* * *

VITAMINS AND FROGS

"The effects of a vitamin 'E' deficiency on frog tadpoles" is the subject of the research problem on which Mrs. Williams Spragens, wife of Bethany's new mathematics instructor, is planning to work this year. Mrs. Spragens has a room in the biology department in which she will conduct her experiments.

Our lady scientist, who recently obtained her Ph. D. degree from the University of Illinois, is also preparing her thesis, which is on the same topic as her research, for publication.

Campus Visitor



DEAN ROSCOE POUND

"Fashionable modes of thought . . ."

Unheeded by most Bethanians was the appearance on October 19 of Dr. Roscoe Pound, retired dean of Harvard Law School and one of America's foremost authorities on jurisprudence.

Dean Pound came to Bethany for the presentation of the charter of Phi Beta Kappa to the Northern West Virginia Alumni Association of the fraternity.

Speaking on "Philosophy and Life", Dean Pound lectured with an abstruseness that would have smothered a classroom of Bethany students. He told how the meaning of philosophy varied through the centuries. "To the Era of Authority in the twelfth to sixteenth centuries it was logic; to the Era of Reason in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was following the boundless faith in reason that came in at the Renaissance, and a like boundless belief in the individual man as a moral, economic, and political unit which came in with the Reformation and the discovery of the New World. To the Era of History, the nineteenth century, it was metaphysics, as demonstrated by the idea which was unfolded or realizing in evolution."

Later he said, "The fashionable modes of thought of the moment are Neo-Kantian relativism, Marxian economic determinism, Freudian psychological realism, and Einsteinian relativist phenomenism."

Opinion on the Campus



Top—Roosevelt booster Betty Jo Joliffe shakes with Willkie booster Jean Short at Boettcher's unique political open house before election.

Middle—Left to right in foreground, Herbert W. Traubert, candidate for sheriff, James W. Paull, candidate for state senator, and Dean B. R. Weimer, candidate for school board, at Democratic rally at Masonic Temple October 30. All were elected.

Bottom—Election night watch party at the Heights.

SURVEY ANALYZING OUR POLITICAL MOODS

In an attempt to gain some sort of a cross section of student knowledge and opinion on political matters, Dr. Woolery's political science class has set up a program of questionnaires designed to allow the student to express himself and yet keep the results specific enough to be tabulated. Indicating that the idea of such a questionnaire is of value, it is interesting to note that Dr. Woolery has received numerous requests not only for the results of the questionnaires, but also for the questionnaires themselves from numerous professors in this field in other colleges. If such a survey could be carried out in a great number of colleges and the results tabulated, they would be a fine index of college student's awareness and conception of the political life of the United States.

These inquiries, nine in number, will be circulated among the student body from time to time throughout the school year. To date, two have already been presented, on "The President" and "The Congress." Upon tallying the inquiries it was found that, while in one or two cases there was an overwhelming "yes" or "no" answer, as a general rule there was a rather close division of opinion indicating diversity of opinion and also that the inquiries would need to be carried out on a much larger scale to show any definite conclusions.

Further topics to be considered and placed before the student body are "Democracy," "Rights of the People," "The Constitution," "Suffrage," "Government and Business," "Government and Labor" and "Totalitarianism." Each topic is assigned to a committee of two to draw up the original propositions. It is then passed to a committee of four for revision and addition or omission and finally is presented to the class for the final draft. The cooperation of the student body, to the extent of treating these inquiries seriously, will result in data invaluable to workers in the political science field with resulting benefits to students themselves.

Almost forgotten in the last presidential campaign was the question of governmental efficiency in regulating and controlling private business.

I.R.C. DELEGATES PESSIMISTIC

Milton Parker, Donald Regier and Bert Decker, Bethany's delegates to the International Relations Clubs convention held at Murray College, Murray, Kentucky, November 16 and 17, were impressed by the awareness of the rest of the delegates to the trend of the times. The trio got the impression of "Young America" not only vitally interested and concerned with what was happening to their world, but eager to serve and save their democracy. Delegates, from a score of colleges in Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia, grimly admitted being aware of forces that are dragging us to war. Mournfully they discussed the suppression of civil liberties, and the crumbling of our principles of democracy. They could see no reason for the United States going to war, were convinced that Hitler could not invade us, and realized that for the Yanks to go over there to save democracy would mean taking democracy away from us here. The delegates discussed the failure of democracy in Europe after the first world war and came to the conclusion that we could not force democracy down Europe's throat even if we did go over and defeat Hitler.

When Mr. Clyde Eagleton of New York spoke to the delegates, telling them Hitler did not need to invade us, that he could ruin us economically, one of the delegates declared that our foreign trade which is only eight percent of our entire trade is not worth the billions of dollars and the millions of lives it would take to retain it by warfare.

Home at Bethany, the three delegates reported that little can be done to keep United States out of war. But depression that will follow war and the social indignation caused by the depression may provoke reforms that will forever eliminate war.

This is the third year Bethany has sent delegates to a national conference, which is sponsored by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Eight years ago Dr. Woolery, head of the political science department, brought I.R.C. to the campus. Since then its influence has spread. With the books that the club receives from the Car-

Continued on Page 18

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BETHANY'S MUCH LOVED PRESIDENT

Perhaps the best loved of all presidents of Bethany College was Archibald McLean, fourth president. Mr. McLean had attended Bethany as a student and after graduating with honors he became the minister of the Christian Church of Mt. Healthy, a suburb of Cincinnati. After a successful ministry of ten years, he accepted a position as corresponding secretary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society.

In his new work as secretary Mr. McLean traveled extensively, visiting colleges and churches, preaching to them the missionary message. At various times he visited Bethany as a chapel speaker and as a visiting minister at the Bethany Church. Always he was received with acclaim by the students. Once a Bethanian always a Bethanian was the motto Mr. McLean lived by. At a banquet once in referring to Queen Elizabeth's declaration that if her heart were opened, "Calais" would be found written in its center, he said, "If my own heart were opened, 'Bethany' would be found there."

Mr. McLean had served as a trustee of the college for several years, when President W. H. Woolery contacted typhoid fever and died within a few days. When asked to take the presidency, Mr. McLean did so to meet the emergency. However, he did not resign the secretaryship of the Missionary Society as he planned to return to it as soon as the trustees of the college should appoint another man to the presidency. So pleased were the trustees with Mr. McLean's executive ability and his spontaneous popularity with the students that they persuaded him to remain on as the administrative officer. So he did for two years. From contacts with him in regular chapel services and classroom lectures, the student body came to look to him as the leader, the captain whom they would follow.

In two years the weight of the presidency and the secretaryship became too much for Mr. McLean so he felt bound to resign one of his positions. After much consideration, and over the vehement protests of the students he resigned from his college position.

So great was the students' love and devotion to Mr. McLean that when he came back to visit Bethany a few years later, they declared a holiday. They rounded up the horses in the surrounding community and rode down the Bethany pike—a mounted escort—to greet their ex-president.

This is the greatest display of respect and loyalty and devotion ever recorded of a Bethany student body towards one of its leaders.

ELIASSEN HEADS VISUAL EDUCATION

For the next year Dr. Eliassen will head the important Visual Education Section of the West Virginia State Educational Association. Dr.

Eliassen, after serving as chairman of the Visual Section at the state convention in Huntington early this month, was elected president.

Also at the state meet were Dean Weimer and Miss Sparks.



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ANOTHER PLAY CAST

From the light comedy of YCTI-WY, Bethespians creep over into the shady realm of mystery when they present Elizabeth McFadden's three act "Double Door" December 7.

In the cast of this second major production this year are Tom Committe, Rip Van Bret; Anna Laura Burke, Louise, the maid; Elinore Hetherington, Anne Darrow; Janice Furdum, Victoria Van Bret; Morrison Ratcliffe, Mr. Chase; Don Rosensteele, Dr. John Sully; Dale Sowers, Telson, the butler; Eleanor Waterhouse, Caroline Van Bret; Jane Williamson, Avery, housekeeper.

* * *

CONVERSATION

*I do not care what you prefer
For breakfast, lunch, or dinner,
Or what the various diets were,
That made you stout or thinner;
Nor, speaking frankly—do I care—
What is your rising hour,
Nor what you weigh in underwear,
Or if you take a shower;
And sometimes, often, I opine
This line of talk I spill you
About the habits that are mine
Does not exactly thrill you.
Were all this personal blither cut—
A major operation—
Life would be much less boring,
But—
We'd have no conversation.
—Jane Campbell*

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MORE EARS FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC

Continued from Page 11

home of Professor Rush Carter.

Informality of this Concert Club may be illustrated by its floating membership and its lack of officers. Every musically-minded Bethanian is considered a member.

The plans for the future, as they were worked out by the executive committee of Jane Douglass, Marjorie Finney, and Tom Grimm, include listening to the Saturday afternoon opera on the radio, attending as many of the concerts in Wheeling, Pittsburgh, and other nearby cities as possible, taking charge of some of the Sunday evening recitals at Phillips Hall, and presenting more recorded programs at Phillips Hall, Gateway, and other campus residences.

Interest shown in this type of music by the new club may be an indication of a gradual drop in popularity of "swing" and "jazz" music.

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Editor's Letters

Dear Editor:

The *Bethanian* is particularly pleasing to me because of its departmentalized make-up and its "Timesque" writing. One of our troubles with the *Bethanian* in the past has been its lack of flexibility and organization of material. You have overcome that difficulty nicely.

Your pictures are good except for the posed one on page 12. Any one knows that a photographer would never happen on a nice girl like Miriam Cox sitting with a guy like Decker. And as for Miss Landi looking so interested in him, all I can say is we must remember she is an actress of some ability.

I am glad to see Bethany is going in for poetry and May Sarton. Speaking of writers, I thought I was going to take a course here from Sinclair Lewis, but he got tired of playing professor and quit. From his one lecture I heard I would say he probably ran out of lecture material and decided it was easier to write a novel on the shallowness of American colleges.

Sincerely yours,

Kenneth Underwood.

Note: Above comment on the October issue of BETHANIAN comes from Madison, Wis., where Mr. Underwood is studying on a scholarship in the School of Journalism of U. of Wisconsin. Ken edited the BETHANIAN when it metamorphosed from an annual into a monthly magazine two years ago.

Dear Editor:

I wish to speak as a reader, not as the Journalism major that I am, or as any other type of person. I would like to suggest that you change the policy of your magazine.

I realize that this is a drastic step, an unprecedented step, but I feel that this would be for the good of the student body, the faculty, and all readers of the *Bethanian*. I want to suggest that the editor change the policy to one of humor. Humor! HUMOR!

In this troubled and morbid world of today, we need humor, and more humor. Pick up a newspaper and what do you see? WAR! MURDER! KIDNAPPING! Why not give us a change? We don't want serious articles, we don't need them. What we want and do need is HUMOR!

Signed,
D. M. Barnhart.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Dear Editor:

I would like to renew a suggestion I made some time ago when you were connected with the *Bethany Beacon*, concerning the establishment of Sunday evening musical programs. Perhaps the students and the music department could offer us a Sunday evening concert of light music. Surely there is enough talent on the campus so that a weekly informal gathering in the chapel would not overburden merely a select few, and certainly the presence of musical talent in our faculty members should not "blush unseen." These gatherings would preferably be not examples nor attempts to demonstrate outstanding musical ability but rather just meetings of those who enjoy music for its own sake.

Yours truly,

Martin Reiter

I.R.C. DELEGATES PESSIMISTIC

(Continued from page fifteen)

negie Institute, a shelf has been started in the library. Here can be found reports from the Foreign Policy Association, Summary of International Events, and books like Bisson's "Policy in the Far East."

On the first and third Mondays of the month the I.R.C. meets at Cochran Hall at 7:15 to quibble over current happenings. Pleased with the largest membership in recent years, President William Laird says:

"With a large percentage of social science majors from the two upper classes enrolled in I.R.C. and the usual number of freshmen and Sophomores interested in foreign affairs, the club hopes to present an instructive, educational, and practical program this year."

INTERMURALS REGROUPED

Outstanding feature of the new "professional league" intermural basketball groupings is that the set-up preserves the competitive spirit, yet it cuts down the bitter feeling that occasionally arises between individual players during interfraternity games.

Inaugurated to extend the intermural program, the league consists of teams of men playing together because they have the same academic majors. Thus is provided an opportunity for students with common interests to play side by side, where previously acquaintanceship had been kept on a casual basis by the closely knit fraternity groupings.

Site of the games is the new outdoor basketball court. Together with the present interfraternity system, intermural basketball will have both an indoor and outdoor league.

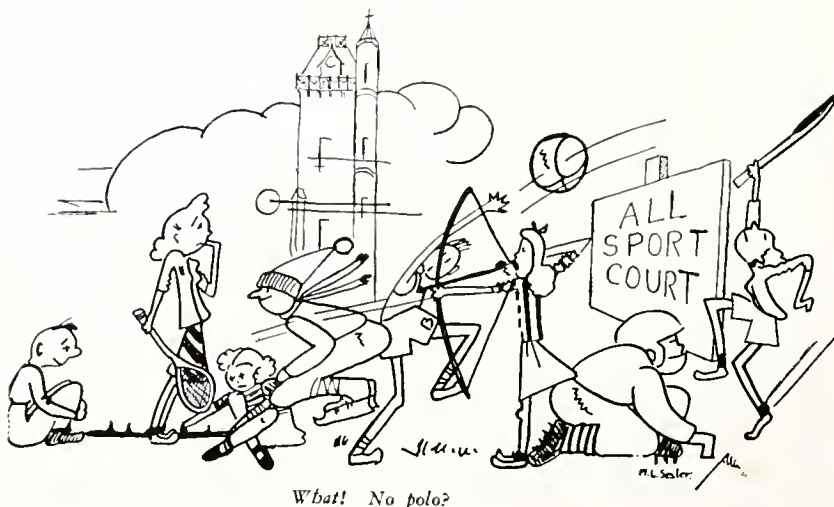
Success of the "profession" teams lies entirely in the willingness of the players to rechannel competitive spirit away from fraternities and still getting satisfaction from the game.

* * *

MENTAL CROSSROADS

*This is only a little crossroads,
There are only three ways to go,
Yet I stand undecided.
If this were the hub of a thousand
crossroads,
What chance would I have to know?*

—Balmord



What! No polo?

Editorial

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On the first day of November Lyle Mayne, president of the Student Board of Governors, spoke on the problems of student governing at Bethany. He spoke of the lack of true administration cooperation brought about in part by the student refusal or inability to participate with responsibility in student government.

Mayne's speech was an effective one, and it was unusually well received by the students. The present SBOG president is not a defeatist, certainly, and intends to extend the provinces of student government as far as it is reasonable. But what are these provinces? And what does the SBOG define as its peculiar duties?

There are several loyalties facing the students. One is to themselves—the student body; the other is to the whole college. Those two loyalties are often hard to reconcile, but they are both important.

With a governing board consisting of students elected each year, there is a quick turn-over of personnel. With such a quick turn-over and with the large percentage of new members each year, the board has been unable to do much of real constructive work. The board seems to have been limited in its perspective to budget problems. The constitution of the board has also been limited in its concept, for it is concerned mainly with a mechanical construction of a working board and has not dealt with the social significances of the SBOG. The constitution does not say what the board is to do beyond "discussing" problems.

Yet we can only conjecture on why the board is not a dynamic force of leadership in the student body. Part of the reason may be as Mayne says, the lack of responsibility on the part of the students. But after all, the students cannot act as a unit—that is why they elect a board. What the board is determined to do, we feel it can do. With Lyle publicly stating his belief in the potentialities of the SBOG as a true democratic force in the college, we watch the actions of the board with interest.

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Bethanian

XII No. 3

DECEMBER, 1940



HIS ISSUE

Woman's Medical School
Co-eds Have Charms
Zeta Tau Alpha

One Minute Lecture Course

"Any student with two years of college Spanish should have no trouble getting along in Latin American countries." Dr. Graham explaining the practicality of Spanish courses.

"The time will come when balancing the budget will be as important as balancing a tea cup." Professor Roberts, lecturing to Freshman Orientation class.

"If stone sphinx could think, I wonder what they would think of the speeding mechanized caravans fighting across the Egyptian Desert." Dr. Gray, commenting on the British rout of the Italian forces in North Africa.

"Some people are so broadminded that they are flat." Dr. Leitch lecturing to Freshman Orientation class.

"The present war is between rival empires, not between democracy and dictatorship." Dr. Woolery, tossing current history at chapelgoers.

"Democracy in France lay gagged and bound long before the war with Germany broke." Pierre Van Peassen, speaking on "Crisis in Western Civilization," at Wheeling, November 25.

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THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

ON THE COVER

Hopeful that a Christmas snow will blanket the campus by the time the December issue reaches readers, Bethanian catches winter fluff and white, on the branches of the evergreens at the right of the entrance to Main Building.

Page three—Bethanian

Page four—All photos by Dave Huntsberger

Page five and 6—All photos by Dave Huntsberger

Page seven—Illustration by John Topping

Page ten and eleven—All photos by Stanley Brown

Page twelve—Stanley Brown

Page fourteen—Dave Huntsberger and Irwin Shlansky

Page fifteen—Stanley Brown (on location).

Page fifteen — Irwin Shlansky (Horton)

Page sixteen—Irwin Shlansky

Page seventeen—Bethanian

MOVIES

January 10—"City of Conquest"

January 17—"Knut Rockne"

January 24—"Dispatch from Reuters"

January 31—"Tugboat Annie Sails Again"

"When any student can out-boller me at a basketball game, I will stop talking about the greatness of Alexander Campbell." Professor Green when twitted about his loud cheering spirit.

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Woman's Medical School

By Caroline Butchko

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Caroline Butchko, who graduated from Bethany last spring, is now studying medicine on a scholarship at Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia. During her junior year at Bethany Miss Butchko was named the "outstanding junior woman"

In our class at Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, which was the first college in the world regularly organized for the medical education of women, there are forty-one young women intent on becoming physicians. In the school are one hundred sixteen girls who have come to Philadelphia from many parts of the United States and other parts of the world as Japan, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Germany.



MISS CAROLINE BUTCHKO

Our first year of work, as that of all medical schools of which I know, is designed to make the human body as understandable as possible, "transparent", as the head of our anatomy department, Dr. Hartwig Kuhl-

enbeck, expressed it. To this end, we study anatomy in as many ways as possible; first, according to the curriculum, we have gross anatomy. Here, by actual dissection, we see as much anatomy as our skill, theoretical preparation, the assistance of three excellent instructors, and two hundred sixty laboratory hours, will permit. We have regular lectures as we go along in which the essential features of the part we are dissecting are enumerated and significant developments and applications are discussed.

Then, we also have microscopic anatomy so that we can find out what this muscle or that nerve we saw during dissection really is or once was, for in this category we study embryology as well as histology. Later in the year we will delve into some neuro-anatomy. However, I do not want to give the impression that we skip from one course to another. The important point is that we do study anatomy and I

have not yet ceased to marvel at the excellent correlation and perspective which exists throughout the department.

I might mention that in our study of embryology we use Arey's "Developmental Anatomy", which was our text for that course at Bethany so that I find my college background especially illuminating in this respect.

I should say something about our "bone study." This is always a source of great amusement to the upperclassmen for on the first day or perhaps the next of anatomy lab, each freshman or a pair in some cases, get a "box of bones" from the lab. Each week thereafter for a while and sometimes twice a week until about Christmas vacation the Freshman medical student is answerable with the other three of her dissection group during a fifteen minute "practical" for the significant features of the bones assigned. So to all pre-meds, I say heartily, "When Dr. Weimer passes a vertebra or perhaps a right femur your way in comparative class, really look at it, for you will undoubtedly meet one again."

But so much for anatomy except that all this has meaning only as each of us is able to bridge the deep gap from the inert to the living and apply always what we see and study to our growing conception of a living person.

To further help us do this and understand what the body really is, how it functions, and how things affect it, we study physiological chemistry for two trimesters and start physiology the last trimester. In the former, with which we have already had experience, a firm background in chemistry is invaluable for the field is so vast and so increasingly important and the course so comprehensive that it is really a hindrance to have to stop to check upon fundamentals which should have been mastered in previous days.

I might include a bit of wisdom or such that I have accumulated during my months at medical school. By simulating the profundity of the Chinese, I could formulate a proverb that might express it:

"Thorough background in basic pre-med courses makes happy and fruitful the freshman year in medical school!"

I do not think this can be stressed enough

(Continued on Page 19)

Co-eds Have Charms

By Jane Williamson



Wakefield's jewelry is empty rifle cartridges, Mariah Smith's, ivory elephants, Betty Shadle's safety pins.

Bethany co-eds manage to dig up odd pieces of jewelry that would bring a gleam of intoxication into the eyes of an ancient medicine man. Some of the curios are made by the girls. Some are discovered in pawn shops (you can even find fraternity pins there) or in those

little shops around the corner that you can never find.

Unusual bracelet and necklace set is the one which Judy Wakefield wears. She made it out of cartridge shells—empty ones, we hope. It is a wonderful thing if you can make your

(Continued on Page 20)



Angeline Bonessi has a many-spangled gold charm from Europe. Alice Daniels can fill her ring with poison. The author likes a silver fish on a chain.

Behind the Scenes

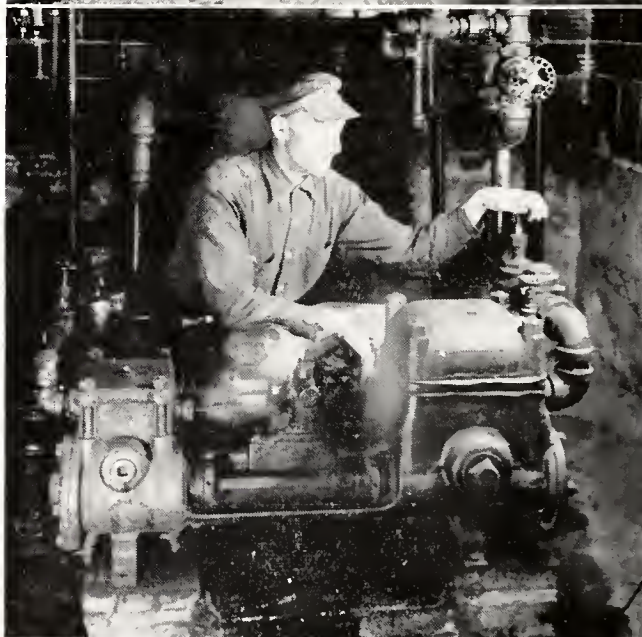
LENSMAN HUNTSBERGER
INVESTIGATES COLLEGE MACHINERY

"If she'd a let go, there wouldn't 'ave been a window left in Bethany and I wouldn't be telling you about it now," said Mr. Bob Buchannon reminiscing about his experiences working in the heating plant that keeps all the students comfortably warm during the winter months. He was referring to the time, several years back, when during a very cold season the steam pressure was up around a hundred pounds and someone turned off the valve on the hill causing all of the pressure to back up in the boilers. "They were shakin' like they were going to tear themselves loose and I had to go up on top to let off the safety valve," he continued. "But see this chain, well we can let her off from down here now."

Some 55-60 thousand bushels of coal are used every season, or 150 to 600 tons a month depending on the weather. The boilers, two of them, deliver 350 horsepower apiece, hold 3500 gallon of water. Every day 2,000 gallons are lost on the hill, a great percentage in escaping steam.

1,000,000 gallons of water every four days passes through the pumps at the pumping station, to make that water usable and safe it requires an addition of 12 pounds of liquid chlorine, 380 pounds of soda ash, and 210 pounds of filter alum. The plant is almost entirely automatic, the operator is needed only for daily tests of the water and to see that everything is functioning smoothly.

The chemicals added to the water serve three purposes: Chlorine has a



Top—Coal goes into the stoker to heat the college. Middle—This powerful pump drives steam through the pipes. Bottom—Soda ash helps purify the water.

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from Page 5)

germicidal effect, soda ash softens the water and controls its acidity. The alum removes mud that may be suspended as tiny particles in the water.

The filter tank contains sand which removes the bacteria as the water seeps through. For added safety, the filter is washed every day.

Almost lost among the myriad pipes and valves of the steam room across the hall from Professor Carter's studio is "Old faithful", the motor generator set that is on a pension since the advent of the new motion picture equipment, since the new machines supply their own direct current. "Old Faithful" need now do nothing more than light an occasional spotlight for the stage or supply a little "juice" for the physics labs. With the approaching loss of the Hilger E1 spectrograph, the demand will be even less, however if need be the old five kilowatt generator can still give out.

The girls in Phillips Hall take the machines for granted, never giving them a thought, but if they were to go bad the co-eds would soon feel the effects. Machines keep the milk cold, preserve the food, give ice water, and even dry dresses and this and that.

The ice plant, located in the hall, has several functions. It cools the drinking water for residents, controls the temperature of three large storage rooms and manufactures ice used in the kitchen and in the organic chemistry laboratories. The plant uses liquid ammonia as a cooling agent and forces the vapors through the pipes at a pressure of about 150 pound. In actual ice production amounts to about half a ton a day.

The hall also contains a small steam plant of it's own upon which the kitchen must rely when the heating plant is not in operation.

During the winter it is not used unless the weather is particularly cold. Then it helps to heat the hall. It's greatest activity is during spring and fall.



Top—In the background is a filter tank. The valve controls the flow in the pipe leading into the tank. Middle—Mr. Hawley shuts off the valve in the special Phillips Hall steam plant. Bottom—This motor-generator can supply current for the physics laboratories.

Pulp of the Month

A PRESENT for T. N. T.

By Dave Huntsberger

Nick Thompson looked out upon a grey void of thick, clinging fog and hoped that it would get thicker, thick enough to make visibility zero, but he knew it wouldn't. Hadn't Terhill, the meteorologist, said the skies would be clear before midnight, and wasn't the old boy always right? Thompson glanced at his watch, then returned his eyes to the fog. It was 10:30, should be clearing up soon; yes, it was. Even as he watched it thinned. The rising wind was whipping the fog to shreds, another half hour and it would be clear.

Somewhere outside a starter whined shrilly, a motor coughed, sputtered, sprang into roaring life, another, still another. The room was throbbing with their roar; the staccato purr of fighters, the heavy deep-throated rumble of bombers; the call of machines to men who could unleash their power and send them hurtling through space like silver comets. The machines were ready and eager.

Thompson turned and surveyed the men in the room with him. Tense, pale faces, strained in the shaded lights, stared back at him. He knew what went on behind those pale masks and burning eyes, knew too well what they were thinking.

"Well, come on Nick Thompson, tough Nick Thompson," they were thinking, "this is your Christmas party, let's get started, let's deliver your Christmas presents and get it over with."

That was the hell of it. They blamed him, because he was the squadron leader, blamed him for orders he relayed from higher up. This wasn't his idea of a pleasant way to spend Christmas Eve, but H.Q. had said to deliver, so deliver he must. Presents for across the water. God, what gifts. He could see them now, nesting under the wings of the planes, could see them dropping off and down, bringing not happiness or even tears to the recipients—only oblivion.

"Smile", he said, "don't tell them you hate it as much as they do. You can't tell them that Tough Nick would rather let the people sit



A stinging blow sent him reeling against the plane.

around the fire by a lighted tree and laugh and be happy, than crouch huddled together, tight lipped, waiting for blasting death in steel containers. You can't let them know you have a heart."

Nick smiled, a crooked, hard, humorless smile "O.K., boys," he growled, "let's go." He turned and stepped into the cold night air.

As he strolled down the line of waiting planes, young Tommy Milford, his bomber-gunner, fell into step with him. Young Tommy should be at the university, laughing, being a young fool, but here he was growing prematurely old, fighting, killing.

They reached the plane, Tommy started to mount the wing but turned back abruptly: "Damn it, Captain," he rasped, "don't send us over tonight. It's hard enough any night but Christmas Eve——."

"Shut up kid," Nick snapped, "We've got our orders and we'll carry them out or die in the attempt. This is war, not a Sunday Social. It's no place for softies. Get in that crate."

"Orders, orders," the kid shrilled, a hysterical note creeping into his voice, "always orders. Go out and kill. Blow them to bits. You don't care, you love it, you damned butcher, you——." Insane laughter bubbled in his throat, but it never came out. He reeled

against the side of the plane, his face stinging from a quick, sharp slap.

"Get into that plane or I'll pound you to bits."

Tommy, pale, angry, but with his senses returned, crawled silently into the rear cockpit. Nick stepped in forward, closed the cover, adjusted the phones and microphone of his two way radio.

"All set?" he barked.

"Ready", came the reply from each plane on the line.

"Let 'em go."

Down the runway they went, one after the other springing into the air, circling once, then darting eastward.

High in the cold, clear, night air, engines purring smoothly, swiftly winging his way over the wind tossed channel, Nick flew automatically. Thoughts chased one another and played leap frog in his brain. Thirty minutes more they would be over the little town nestling under the hills. A little town, with little people, not soldiers, but laborers, women, children, whose only crime was working in or living near, his objective, the armament plant. Sure, the plant was his objective but you can't tell a bomb to hit where you want it to. You just let 'em go and they fall where they will.

The kid probably hated him, all the men did. He was tough Nick Thompson, the heartless killer, who killed for pleasure. He deserved it. By all standards he was tough. He ran his outfit with an iron hand literally and figuratively. He didn't drink to keep his nerves up, he didn't have nerves, that's what they thought. They heard that he had joined the R.A.F. because a man he'd fought with in the states had died. The man had died, but who would believe that it was a weak heart and not Nick Thompson's strong arm that did it? No one. He had done a lot of fighting over here and had a lot of medals to show for it. He had fought against odds and won, because he was tough.

Christmas Eve, how he wished that he had a family to spend it with, someone to give a present to. How would it feel to receive a present from someone. He had forgotten, it was such a long time.

A blast rocked the plane. He snapped off his thoughts and became a machine, part of

the plane. They were over the continent now and anti-aircraft units were cutting loose. Lights weaved across the sky searching for the plane. Shell burst filled the air but he gave them no thought, merely began to weave back and forth across the sky, his squadron following. The battery was left behind, but there would be more many more. Sometimes they got a ship; more often they didn't. The enemys pursuits were more to be feared. They were fast and deadly and there would be a lot of them. Some of the boys wouldn't be at mess tomorrow. They would eat Christmas dinner in Hell.

"By God, they won't," Nick shouted. He grabbed his mike. "Turn back," he said, still shouting, "we're not messing up any parties tonight and if H.Q. doesn't like it they can lay their own eggs."

Turning swiftly the flight sped back the way it had come.

When the plane stopped rolling Nick just sat. He saw the men waiting and was afraid to face them. But, blast it, he couldn't sit there all night. Slowly he climbed down and turned to meet them. He could read many things in their faces, and it embarrassed him. He had to say something but his tongue wouldn't function. He turned on his heel and strode to his quarters.

Not long after Tommy entered without knocking. He was ill at ease but Nick couldn't bring himself to help him out. Both stared silently at the other.

"Nick," blurted Tommy, "the fellows asked me to thank you and to tell you that if you get in trouble with H.Q. they'll back any reason you give and they want me to ask if you'll come to a little party over in the barracks and they want me to give you this." He thrust a small package into Nick's hand and bolted out the door.

Slowly, with trembling fingers Nick untied the package. It held a wrist watch but more, it held a card. He held it to the light.

"For T.N.T., the softest tough guy in the world, from his boys."

"By damn, I'll show 'em whether I'm tough or not."

But he waited till his eyes were dry.

Why College?

A Parent of a Bethany College Student Here Tells What He Hopes a College Education Will Give His Children

Hector, with the premonition that the day would witness his death, stood by the walls of Troy, raised his son in his arms and prayed to the only gods he knew, "May men say, 'He is a greater man than his father was.'" Marjorie K. Rawlings in "The Yearling" put this age-old parent wish in a somewhat different and more homely form. In the last chapter of her recent best-seller, the father, broken in health and impoverished, tells his young son, in effect, "A man don't want to see his kids git their guts tore out like his was."

This wish on the part of parents, that their children may have greater opportunities, more ease and comfort, more happiness than they themselves enjoyed, has perhaps been one of the greatest factors in the steady increase in college enrollment in America.

To make any statement as to the attitude of a parent toward the college, or as to his desires or expectations, would lead to a generalization which might be far from fact in individual cases. The educational background and experience of the parent, his financial standing, his social attitude, the amount of sacrifice, if any, necessary to provide the college experience for his children are all conditioning factors.

It is no doubt true that the most obvious reason for providing a college experience for a boy or girl is to better equip them for earning a livelihood and to aid them in attaining financial success. Consciously or subconsciously the parent realizes that financial success should be translated into a higher standard of living. Again consciously or subconsciously, the parent realizes that man does not live by bread alone.

Every physical side of life has its limitations. A man's physical stature is a thing over which he has little, if any, control. He can wear only one suit of clothes at a time. There are physical limits to the gustatory delights of the epicure or gourmet. The parent expects or hopes that the college experience will provide the incentive and the ability to grow in other directions—mentally and spiritually. That along with the ability to earn a livelihood, there will be the ability to experience and appreciate those things which go to make up the cultural side of life.

At a risk of too much generalization one might say that the parent hopes that the boy or the girl will be able and happy to know and appreciate the art of Raphael, Da Vinci, Goya, El Greco; of Verdi, Wagner, Bizet; of Massfield, Keats or Sandburg; to be able, like the individual who, when asked, "How can you live in Goshen?" can reply, "I do not live in Goshen. I eat there, I sleep there, sometimes I work there, but I live in Athens, where Plato taught, where Phidias carved, and Epictetus wrote."

Each parent hopes that the college or university will help equip the boy or the girl to fill a position of responsibility and honor, or even more, to make a contribution to the betterment or welfare of mankind.

CHRISTMAS SEALS



Help to Protect
Your Home from
Tuberculosis

Sorority of the Month

ZETA TAU ALPHA

Theta Chapter of Zeta Tau was installed at Bethany College March 9, 1905. Since that time it has carried out on Bethany's campus the purpose of Zeta Tau Alpha which is "the intensifying of friendship, the fostering of the spirit of love, the creating of such sentiments, the performing of such deeds, and the moulding of such opinions as will conduce to the building up of nobler and purer womanhood." The fraternity became a member of the National Panhellenic Congress in 1909, being the 13th to be admitted. At the present time there are 79 chapters in Zeta Tau Alpha.

Active in administrative positions on the campus are Jean Short, president of the Association of Women Students, and Kate Anne Drake, Betty Murphy, Jane Land, and Esther Mackey on the board. Jean Short and Betty Murphy are representatives on the Student Board of Governors. Joanne Schott is a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet in the capacity of vespers chairman and Jane Linn and Eleanor Throckmorton are freshman representatives on the cabinet.

Judy Wakefield is secretary of the Rifle Club and Jane Douglass is president of the Concert Club. Jane Land was recently elected vice-president of the freshman class and Jennie Umbel was elected secretary. Faith Eidemiller is the social chairman of Phillips Hall, and is also a representative on the Panhellenic Council.

Zetas have been active in the drama groups on the campus thus far this year with Mary Louise Sesler and Joanne Schott as the female leads in the Homecoming Play "You Can't Take It With You" and Elinore Hetherington in a leading role in the Bethespian play "Double Door." There are various members of Zeta who belong to Bethespian and Virginia Wood is a member of Alpha Psi Omega honorary dramatic fraternity.

Peggy Wallace writes the weekly column on Bethany campus life which appears in the Wheeling Sunday paper. Joanne Schott was elected Homecoming Queen in the fall. Dorothy Winfield is a member of Panhellenic Council and Joanne Schott is treasurer of the Council.

Active supporters of the Bison football team were Zetas Jennie Umbel, first Bethany College drum majorette

"Cherrie" Armor, head cheerleader, and cheerleaders Irene Hutchison, Ruth Rial, Lois Linn, Bette Grace Love, Jane Walls, and Shirley Weatherwax.

In the college choir are Zetas Kate Anna Drake, Betty McIntyre, Jeanne Goodwin, Ruth Hutton, Jane Douglass, Peggy Flatley, Martha Kittle and Jane Mayers. Betty Murphy and Mary Louise Sesler had special honors conferred upon them by the Women's Association for outstanding scholarship. Jean Short recently received a special honor when she was named to "Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities" recently.

Alumna Marybelle Carman is hostess at the Zeta house. Miss Carman contributes much to the lives of the girls and helps make Theta chapter a happier and more closely united organization.

One of Theta's aims for the coming year is to live up to its ideals and to help create a closer intersorority feeling on the campus.

Officers are: Joanne Schott, president; Grace Henkle, vice-president; Betty Murphy, treasurer; Margaret Stein, secretary; Betty McIntyre, guard; Gladys Armor, social chairman; Dorothy Winfield, rushing chairman; Virginia Wood, house manager; Kate Anna Drake, scholarship chairman; Jane Douglass, historian; Gwendolyn Borden, librarian; Irene Hutchison, song leader.



PREXY JOANNE SCHOTT



Zeta officers Murphy, Stein, Schott and Henkle consider weighty problems.

SINGERS AT TWILIGHT

*Sing to me at twilight, O ye singers,
Sing me to sleep with your songs,
Let me revel in your songs, O singers,
Let me forget all my wrongs.
Give me rest from sadness, O ye singers,
Give me the rest I desire,
Bring me peace and rest and sleep,
O Singers,
Sooth all my sorrow and ire.*

—Florence Nicholas

CHRISTMAS SEALS



Help to Protect
Your Home from
Tuberculosis

ACTIVES

Seniors

Dorothy Winfield
Betty Jane Joliffe
Jean Short
Virginia Wood

Juniors

Sue Beth Archer
Gladys Armor
Gwendolyn Borden
Ruth Halter
Grace Henkle
Betty Murphy
Joanne Schott
Margaret Stein
Judy Wakefield

Sophomores

Marjorie Blackmore
Betty Jo Burgess
Jane Douglass
Peggy Deibel
Kate Anna Drake
Faith Eidemiller
Irene Hutchison
Esther Mackey
Betty McIntyre
Dorothy Minor

PLEDGES

Gay Addleman
Jean Belknap
Grace Benedict
Mary Virginia Bolton
Marjorie Campbell
Miriam Cox
Peggy Flatley
Jeanne Goodwin
Patricia Harvey
Elinore Hetherington
Ruth Hutton
Martha Kittle
Jacqueline Knobloch
Jane Land
Jane Linn
Lois Linn
Jane Mayers
Bette Grace Love
Barbara Noel
Ruth Rial
Mary Louise Sesler
Rosemary Stewart
Eleanor Throckmorton
Jeanne Styer
Jennie Umbel
Peggy Wallace
Shirley Weatherwax
Mary Jane Weir
Jane Walls
Nellie McIlvain

MOTTO

"Seek the Noblest"

COLORS

Turquoise blue and steel gray

FLOWER

White violet

PUBLICATION

Themis



Top—Songleader Irene Hutchison draws melody with "ZTA Sweetheart" song. Middle—This is how the Zetas respond to Hutch's direction. Bottom—Zetas gather informally around Joanne's desk.

"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

ARE COLLEGE STUDENTS CRITICAL THINKERS?

The first report from the Cooperative Experiment being conducted by twenty-one educational institutions of which Bethany is one, has reached the Bethany campus. Dr. Louis M. Heil of Chicago University



DR. LOUIS M. HEIL

ty gave three lectures to the Bethany faculty, two on December 3, and one on December 4. Dr. Heil's reports were the results of the critical thinking tests given last spring to the students of the twenty-one colleges.

In the first lecture on Tuesday Dr. Heil gave the aims and purposes of the tests, and stated that the tests were given in an attempt to determine where the students fell down in critical thinking, and how to correct their failings. He divided thinking into the three usual methods; inductive critical thinking, deductive critical thinking, and critical thinking in analyzing argument. From the test results, Dr. Heil claimed that most students go beyond the data and judge a thing true or false without having sufficient evidence that it is either. He also said that they are apt to generalize too often from one detail.

The techniques of constructing the tests were discussed in the second lecture by Dr. Heil. In discussing this aspect of the testing Dr. Heil admitted that although the experimenters had tried to be as scientific as possible, the principles upon which they based the tests were perhaps none too valid, that perhaps they too did not have sufficient data

to judge critical thinking, that perhaps they, like the students, were fumbling in the dark.

In the third lecture Dr. Heil discussed the grading of the tests, and the faculty tried to compare their opinions of certain students' critical thinking—or lack of it—with the results of those students' tests.

On asking members of the faculty for statements concerning the tests, the *Bethanian* found many diverse opinions. Some Professors thought it was "good stuff". One professor said that mere knowledge of how to think critically was not enough, and that a method had to be devised to make critical thinking a habit with the student. "It is a long way 'round to get at a little problem," remarked another professor, "It is difficult to teach students to think, but more difficult to find out if you did teach them to think, but good students learn to think critically in spite of our educational system, while bad ones do not no matter what we do."

Another professor claimed that some students might do badly in the tests because they are not familiar with the terms. He went on to explain how a farmer lad would most likely know more about the rotation of crops than a city boy would. Still another faculty member said, "Too many variables," meaning that the tests could not be judged any too accurately as they were set up in merely the best way known.

Another member of the faculty thought that the reports of Dr. Heil hinted that colleges have a tendency to teach too many facts and not enough techniques. Still another professor thought that the whole cooperative experiment was a waste of money. "Two thousand dollars is a lot of money to search for better teaching methods," he said, "when there are plenty of professors on Bethany's campus who know how, and who would improve their teaching methods if they only had financial backing to improve them." He was refuted by a student who claimed that nothing ventured, nothing gained, and Bethany should be willing to sacrifice with the rest of the colleges in a persistent search for the truth.

GERMAN TRANSLATORS

The use of languages to a major in the field of chemistry is well shown by the work in translation from German to English that is being done by three Bethany chem majors. The three, Hilda Sarver, Pete Johnson, and Irving Roche are enrolled in Professor McKenzie's advanced German course, where scientific German is studied. As a part of the course each student is required to do study of one subject completely. That is each must read a series of articles on different phases of the subject under consideration.

Since all three are chem majors it is quite natural that Dr. Reynard should become interested in this study. So through his efforts Mr.

(Continued on Page 20)

COMPREHENSIVE EXAMS GOOD, SAY GRADS

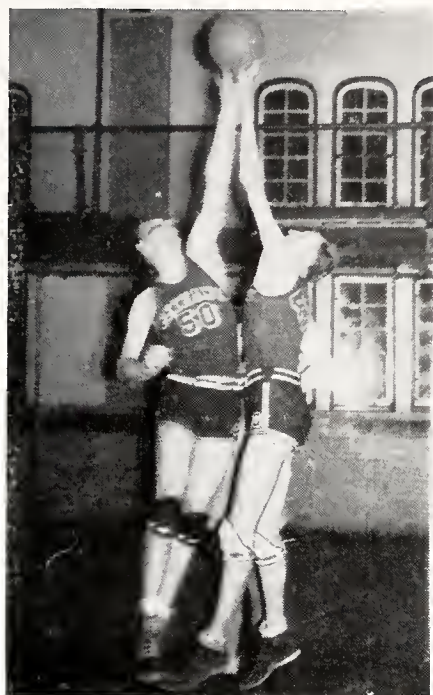
A definite majority of Bethany alumni who have graduated within the past seven years think that the senior comprehensive examinations are worthwhile and should be continued. Out of 325 graduates sent questionnaires on this subject, 142 have replied. Facts gained from this survey form a basis for an article by Dean Weimer, which appears in the November issue of the "Association of American Colleges Bulletin."

One hundred and thirty-five of the graduates spent an average of 6.3 hours per day reading during the two week reading period which precedes the examination. Ninety-five of the group replying said they spent 2.9 hours on completing term papers while 122 averaged 3.8 hours per day on recreational activities.

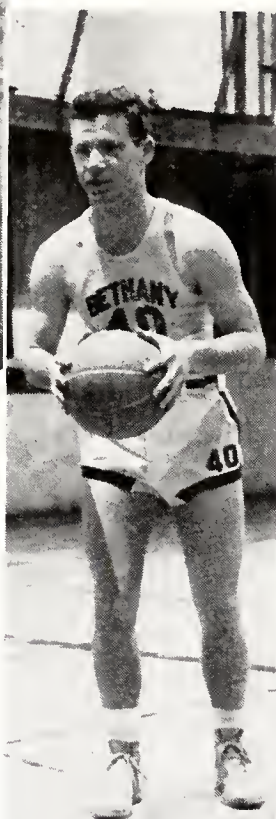
As to the type of examinations given, 30 favored the objective examination and 67 the essay type. Twenty-two answers indicated that the examination should be a combination of both types.

The comprehensive examinations were introduced to Bethany students in 1933 after an extensive study, by the faculty, of the college curriculum. It was pointed out that a senior comprehensive examination should prompt students to scan more carefully their various courses and try to correlate them. It was also felt that the examination would serve as a evaluation of the effectiveness of the college and its program.

Athletic Fronts



BISONS PRACTICE



The season opened with a 50-18 win over Hiram College on December 14, same as last year. Bison fans hope that the remainder of the season will not be like last year's, when the Bisons lost 19 in a row.

Shown at practice are top left; centers Bob Alexander and Don Wolf; top center, veteran Tommy Cullison; top right, Bill Neumann; bottom left, George Callendine; bottom center, Charles "Seaty" Hubn; bottom right, manager Dick Wells (note the feet).

Theater

"DOUBLE DOOR" REVIEWED



Left—Sowers as Neff. Right—Rip Van Bret (Tom Committe) is happy with his new bride (Elinore Hetherington), while Carolyn (Eleanor Waterhouse) looks on.



In the mad scene, Victoria Van Bret (Janice Purdum) frightens her house staff.

One of the smallest Bethany audiences ever known was thrilled and chilled at the first all-Bethespian Club play, "Double Door" Saturday night, December 7.

After working for only two weeks under adverse conditions, the entire cast came through with a

very entertaining performance, although not a finished one.

The play progressed through two mediocre acts with the audience well aware of small slip-ups. In the first act, a hand was seen coming from the "empty" secret vault to receive a box of pearls from Vic-

toria Van Bret (Janice Purdum). In another scene when John Sully (Don Rosensteele) refused to kiss his newly-married former sweetheart, Ann Van Bret (Elinore Hetherington) an enthusiastic balcony fan gave forth with "Kiss the girl, you fool."

Although there were other slips, all due to a too-short rehearsal period, one of the greatest compliments was paid Janice Purdum, who played the part of a tyrannical cold, cruel, austere patriarch of the Van Bret family. At practically every one of her entrances on the stage after the play really began, she was "hissed". The personality of her character was interpreted so well that the majority of the audience would have enjoyed shooting her. Her final hysterical scene when she went insane was enough to chill the blood of the stoutest males.

The best performance of the evening was given by Eleanor Waterhouse as Caroline Van Bret, who was under the iron rule of her sister, Victoria, until the final act, when she broke down in a hysterical scene and disclosed her sister's cruelty and the secret of the "Double door".

Elinore Hetherington, a newcomer to the Bethany stage, caught the hearts of the audience with her marvelous playing of the part of Ann Van Bret, former nurse who married into the family during the play. Her love scenes were tender, while her scenes wherein she fought the domineering Victoria, were very strong and showed splendid transition of character.

The part of Rip Van Bret, weak brother of Victoria who finally becomes strong, was played by Tom Committe. His character was weak until in the second act he took a determined stand against his sister and his whole ancestry, claiming, his right to live his own life. From there until the final curtain he was stronger, and his acting was never more sincere.

Don Rosensteele, as Dr. John Sully, added to the tempo of the play in his fast lines, quick cues, while Dale Sowers as Kent, Victoria's attorney, added his part as the conservative balance wheel of the play. Jane Williamson, as Avery the housekeeper, gave a very sincere

(Continued on Page 17)

"JOE COLLEGE" MOVIE

Joe College come to life in a new interpretation Thursday night, December 12 when the Bethespians released their first full length movie of the year appropriately titled "Joe College." It was the first feature length picture ever released by any group on the campus and is another precedent setter of the year. A full length picture was filmed last year but was never released because of the fact that the camera was out of focus during the filming of the entire production.

Written, filmed, and edited by Delivan Barnhart and under the direction of Miss Marian Hendrick, "Joe College" deals with the arrival at college of a typical country hick and his actions, always wrong, after his entrance. His troubles start with his roommate, a wealthy, sophisticated football star who belongs to the snootiest fraternity on the campus. Joe tries to join the football team but can't; he tries to join a fraternity but none of them will have him; then he falls for a beautiful co-ed, but his roommate wins her from him. Finally Joe gets his chance when a rival school tries to kidnap Bill before the big game and Joe proves to be the hero by saving his roommate. Of course this leads to a happy ending with the "hick"

(Continued on Page 18)



Cameraman Del Barnhart "on location" for a scene in "Joe College."

Visitors on the Campus

FOUR-ENCORE TENOR

"You 'sat on your hands too much,' or I would have sung another song."

To the puzzled students that gathered around tenor soloist Russell Horton on December 5, he ex-



PIANIST CORLIN. TENOR HORTON

plained that "sitting on one's hands" means not applauding enough, even though Bethany's audience got four encores for his concert. For all their "handholding" however, he enjoys presenting programs to college students, for they express America's growing interest and appreciation of good music.

Asked if his naval costume number from "Madame Butterfly"

wasn't listed under feminine audience appeal, the concertist smiled, said he always included the costume in his evening program of foreign, folk, and well-known songs.

For his opinion on current musical events, Mr. Horton seemed to feel that music's great need is good English translations of foreign operas, for wider appreciation of Wagner and other masters. Together with more plausible dramatic interpretation, these 'rennovated' operas might become accepted box office for motion pictures. At least, his experience in movies and Hollywood made him think so.

Entirely trained in America, the tenor naturally felt that musical education has no great loss in this recent war. As a result of the conflict however, "American singers will be more demanded and encouraged. Today one steps from college music departments, to training schools, to the Metropolitan. This is great opportunity."

Professor Carter then valeted the gentleman into his coat and led him away to a ham and egg supper. Mr. Russell was a very hungry man.

THE MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER

Outstanding on the list of Bethany alumni in the field of entertainment is Mr. Wallace, the magician who entertained in chapel on December 6. A master of the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't art, Mr. Wallace also showed unique abilities with his prestidigitations with a walking stick, to say nothing of the display of these same abilities with playing cards. (See Albee or Addleman for particulars.)

Much as the audience liked to be fooled, the hit of the show was not Mr. Wallace's display of magic but rather his display of his most charming daughter and her wonderful memory. The daughter is a student at the Wellsburg High School and most certainly should have no trouble remembering assignments of lessons. Blindfolded, she sat on the platform while three girls (Jean Berggren, Grace Benedict, Evelyn Barrett) thought of

(Continued on Page 16)

COME ON, SUCKER!

*Come on, Sucker, grab a gun!
The bugles are tootin', the drums
have begun.*

*We'll paddle across and bayonet a
Hun*

*And win this war . . .
As before.*

*Some of us, sure, will fall by the
side*

*But some will be heroes, and gees!
What a ride!*

*What's college, a job, or even a bride
To winning a war . . .
As before.*

*The Senate will vote us all a new gat
And urge us to kill every Fascistic
rat*

*And Morgan will buy a new silk
top hat*

*And win this war . . .
As before.*

*This "short of war" method is just
about through*

*You can't slug a guy and not get
slugged too*

*If you help in a fight you're soon
in the stew*

*And winning this war . . .
As before.*

*American Sucker, each minute
you're born*

*A poor little lamb with fleece to be
shorn*

*Mislead by the rams, atrailing the
horn*

*To win this war . . .
As before.*

*American millions must sail o'er
the sea,*

*Both dollars and men until we are
free.*

*Read all the papers! Are you blind?
Can't you see,*

*We must win this war . . .
As before?*

*Oh, some of us sure are bound to
get back,*

*'Tho some will be warped or a leg
they will lack,*

*And some will remain, bloody bones
in a sack,*

*But we'll win this war . . .
As before.*

*Sure the graves will fill up, but hell,
this is war,*

*If you want to have profits, you got
to have gore,*

*So lower the coffins, we'll sell all
the more,*

*And win this war . . .
As before.*

*We'll win, it is certain, a one-sided
bet,*

But we'll also win a "mal a la tete"

INTERESTING BETHANIAN

Chuck Bell thinks he would like to be a politician someday, but he seems to do all right for himself without politics. Not so long ago he was elected president of the Freshman Class. Now he spends a good deal of time wondering just what can be done with the office—he calls for action. No figurehead is Bell! As chief enthuser of what is generally thought to be the most enthusiastic class in the college, Chuck wants to do things—and he does. He yelled himself hoarse leading the cheers this fall, especially at the victory march after the W. & J. game; he turned into a Russian for Homecoming week-end in "You Can't Take It With You." And all with the good old Bell vigor and wit.



CHUCK BELL

Food—just any kind of food—interests Chuck. But especially does he like Clark Bars.

Along with being a politician, Chuck will probably go into industrial chemistry, but heaven help the laboratory if he forgets and starts cheering for dear old W. & J. (oops, Bethany) or tries his baller impressario act right in the middle of a small experiment with nitric acid and g'lycerine. Hm! Fifth columnist!

In depressions and sorrow, it's pitiful, yet

We'll win this war . . .

As before.

Oh, biggest of suckers, thy name is Yank

You'll leave your remains in a shot-torn tank

But don't expect pay from a British bank

For winning this war . . .

As before.

—Decker Did Dis

MAGICIAN'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 15)

twenty-five different objects which Mr. Wallace wrote on the black board, each with a number. When all twenty-five had been called, Miss Wallace, still blindfolded, gave the name of each object as its number was called. That done she then began at the top and named each object in order and finally she began at the end and named each object in reverse order.

ELEVEN NEW MAGAZINES

Eleven new magazines are now available to Bethanians at the Carnegie library. Through the Carnegie Foundation in New York City, Bethany, together with several other colleges, received the gift subscriptions.

With the gift went two stipulations. First, the library must not decrease the number of magazines it subscribes to. This is so that the gift will mean an increase in the number of magazines arriving at the library. Second point was that the library must report on the use of the magazines at the end of the year.

The new periodicals:

American Scandinavian Review, Journal of Adult Education, Kenyon Review, Menorah Journal, Occupations, Opportunity, Poetry, South Atlantic Quarterly, Southern Review, Vital Speeches, American Mercury.

Opinion on the Campus

WHAT WOOLERY BELIEVES



DR. W. K. WOOLERY

Rather pessimistic in his interpretation of the current world situation in a chapel talk December 4, Dr. W. K. Woolery made sure that students understood that his gloomy predictions were merely his own opinion.

In the first place, he said, "the present war is between rival empires, not between democracy and dictatorship." He explained that England and the United States are hated by many nations not because they are democratic, but because they are plutocratic. Few days later, Adolph Hitler, haranguing the whole world, condemned the U.S. and Great Britain as plutocratic.

Secondly, Dr Woolery thought that "we are witnessing a world revolution, one that has far less to do with government ideologies than with standards of living."

In the third place, Dr. Woolery insisted, unless one of two things happen soon, the United States will be in the war. Two possibilities of halting this march are an upswing in American public opinion against war or the collapse of England within three to six months. The latter of these is most likely to happen, he said.

As a fourth opinion, Dr. Woolery stated that the U. S. must begin to adjust itself to a new world order, whether we like it or not.

Merely crushing the axis powers will not solve the problems, he added.

Once the provost said that we must push rearmament until we are far ahead of anyone else in the world.

FOR ALL BUT SENIORS

This is a plea for our seniors here in school. I doubt if their I.Q.'s are any higher than Freshmen's, their innate ability any greater, their enthusiasm any more spontaneous, but by cracky! they are SENIORS! They have been in school four years, have worked hard, have participated in activities, have gone through all the stages of the first three years. Perhaps they don't care who leaves chapel first, but I am certain they would feel honored, and perhaps a little more like living up to that honor, if underclassmen respected upperclass priority and let them be first.

All over the campus are rebellious little group of students, asking for their rights, demanding that their opinions be recognized, wanting more voice. It would be a pleasure to know that such student opinions and rights would someday be recognized. That time could be our senior year. But it will not be so unless underclassmen begin to

(Continued on Page 18)

"DOUBLE DOOR"

(Continued from Page 14)

performance under very good make-up

Clarence Joy, as Telson, the butler was comparable to the famous "Jeeves" although an unappreciative audience tittered every time he made an appearance on the stage.

Anna Laura Burke and Morrison Ratcliffe as "walk-ons" gave sincere performances, as did Bob Golbey, taking the part of a detective.

On the whole, "Double Door" was very entertaining, considering the short rehearsal period, and adverse rehearsal conditions.—D.B.

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Opinion

(Continued from Page 17)

give such recognition to those who now deserve it.

As everything now stands, there is more satisfaction in being a little Freshie, and receiving the attention of student guides, faculty counselors, personnel office, and deans, than in being a high and mighty Senior, last out of chapel.

AVERAGE COLLEGIAN AGAINST CUTTING

Nation wide survey of college campus opinion shows that a good majority (62 per cent) of students attend all their classes in a typical week. The remainder of the students interviewed (38 per cent) declared that they had cut at least once. But over half of these missed class only one time during the week.

Thus Student Opinion Surveys of America reported recently after asking about cutting classes on campuses all over the United States.

Here are the national tabulations:

Cut on classes during week	62%
Cut one class	20%
Cut two classes	10%
Cut three classes	4%
Cut four or more classes	4%

TOWN MEETING

A group of national-minded students have been gathering every Thursday night in Phillips Hall lounge to listen to the 9:30 p. m. "Town Meeting" broadcast from Town Hall, New York. Broadcast is of the speech and forum variety, in which nationally-known citizens cuss and discuss international and national problems such as "What Are We Preparing to Defend?"

After the broadcast the Bethany students discuss the question in an open forum lead by Dr. Woolery. This group of students gather every Thursday night for the broadcast in spite of rain, Friday's classes, or "Joe College" movies. Why not get a date and join them? An intelligent date.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

SUNDAY WALK

*Soft clay in a car track,
Time flies and it's far back
To where we started unknowing
where we went.*

*Red furze on a high bill,
The wind blows and I fill
With elation, knowing you see
and fill too.*

*Blue rents in the cloud's gray,
Gold crests on the hills say
The sun is sitting, regretting his
curtain.*

*Long road and the cold night,
Cruel ache with only sight
Of you beside me making it
possible.*

*Soft couch and the warm fire
All part of my desire
To have and know all things with
you forever.*

—Jean Short.

"JOE COLLEGE"

(Continued from Page 15)

getting the girl, Bill's friendship and fraternity membership.

Included with the feature picture was a newsreel of campus activities since the beginning of the year. Together the two last about one and a half hours. The photographer "shot" about 1,000 feet of film for both the picture and the newsreel.

Joe "College" Podgkins, the innocent freshman, is interpreted by Ray Thompson. Bob Smythe, his dashing roommate is Bill White. Betty Raleigh, the beautiful feminine love angle is Joan Cramblett. Mrs. Podgkins is acted by Betsy Ann Plank. Wally Mayer is her husband. Jane Campbell is Bob Smythe's mother. Also included in the cast are Professors Rush Carter and John Reynard, Charles Bell, James Duff and according to Author Barnhart, "A cast of thousands". (One scene is taken at the home-coming game, at which the crowd was estimated at 4,000).

Bob Fulmer narrated the story.

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DUSTING BETHANY'S FILES

PRESIDENT PENDLETON A SPIRITED LAD—

When William K. Pendleton, second president of Bethany College was a schoolboy in Virginia, he got into a fist fight with a boy taller than himself. Young Pendleton was holding his own when several older boys stopped the fight. The next day, convinced that his opponent was a coward, Will decided to fire a pistol over his opponent's head, just to see him run. So he brought an old, rusty pistol to school and had two friends load it with powder.

During recess, Pendleton fired the pistol over the head of the youth who had insulted him. The frightened boy dashed away, shouting, "I am shot!" Just as the teacher asked, "Where?", one of the boys who loaded Pendleton's pistol came up and explained that the shot had been made with powder only. This explanation seemed to satisfy the teacher, but the next morning he posted a new school regulation on the bulletin board:

All the boys are positively forbidden from bringing firearms to this school.

WOMEN'S MED. COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 3)

especially to students of Bethany where an excellent background is really available. (I keep remembering days that Professor Dawson lectured on the importance of azo compounds and things which Dr. Miller stressed and wish I had exerted more energy in mastering them right then.) But so much for all this. However, for the benefit of Bethany physiology students, I cannot resist a remark to the effect that we do a much better job of digesting that ham sandwich in chemistry here than we used to do on final exams for Dr. Weimer. The whole process becomes more complicated as one goes along but that ham sandwich at least gets more simple.

So far, the first year at Woman's Medical College seems to be devoted to anatomy and chemistry with one trimester of physiology and a running course of one hour a week until Christmas in the pioneer field of preventive medicine. Needless to say, this proves intensely absorbing, and challenging.

I think all clocks at medical schools must be geared to a faster tempo. At any rate, time flies and there are always week ends, vacations, and a fraction of extra-curricular activities to restore one's nat-

ural perspective, not to mention the world events which are certainly astounding enough to draw anyone out of a cloistered world or school.

Before I ramble off entirely, I should like to mention a remark made early in the year by Dr. Marion Fay, head of our physiology chemistry department. She expressed the hope that we were here not merely "to become doctors" but really "to study medicine". There is a difference, and one which pre-meds might seriously meditate upon while they go about consciously gaining that broad general background and the specific preparation which a good liberal arts college like Bethany has to offer and which the medical schools need.

ABNORMAL PEOPLE

*At first I laughed, and then I pitied
The mind abnormal, quite,
Lest I, myself, a richer heir,
Might loose my right and share
its plight.*

*The sane mind may abnormal be
The abnormal may be sane;
To me the Holy Scriptures
Make this paradox quite plain.
For last is first and first is last,
And thus the journey ends;
What right have I, as mortal, judge
A man whom God defends?*

—Joseph White



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Editor's Letters

Dear Editor:

On the night of November 27, the plant, laboratories, and storage facilities of the organization were devastated by fire, resulting in a total loss of all the above named facilities.

A few negatives were in the hands of outside retouching facilities at the time of the fire, which represents the only "work in progress" which was saved.

An inventory is being compiled at present time to determine just how this loss affects each individual school. However, we cannot be optimistic enough to hope that this is going to be of any consequence. Plans and work on the construction of a new plant were in progress 12 hours after this catastrophe took place. Therefore, please be assured that in the end no school handled by this organization and no individual client will suffer any loss whatsoever, other than the inconvenience necessitated now thru the loss of time.

We can do but little at this time except to beg your kind indulgence in this unavoidable catastrophe. We ask that you assist us only by remaining calm and patient for a few days until we have the opportunity to organize our operations.

A preliminary survey indicates that the Bethany College sittings, are a total loss, necessitating rephotographing all of the students, without additional cost to them, of course. Please instruct the students to retain their proofs and present them to the operator for a resitting.

Very sincerely yours,
Zamsky Studios.

GERMAN TRANSLATORS

(Continued from Page 12)

F. W. Adams, Senior Industrial Fellow for the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., at the Mellon Industrial Research Institution, was contacted. An interview with Mr. Adams brought about his sending to Dr. Reynard a topic for study that needed translation from the German. The study deals with the Chemistry of paints, and will be of great value to Mr. Adams in his work when it is completed.

The students receive credit for the study in their German course. Also they will learn some additional chemistry. And as Dr. Reynard points out the notation "translated monograph for Mellon Institute" on an application for employment won't do anyone any harm.

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CO-EDS HAVE CHARMS

(Continued from Page 4)

own jewelry, though in this case it would help if you had a rifle, or had a friend who had a rifle.

Among her trinkets from Africa Mariah Smith has a necklace made of ivory elephants, had carved. It is a long necklace because the natives do not know how to make clasps. So they make the necklaces large enough to be slipped on over the head.

"Be Prepared" is a good motto and even the costume designers have adopted it now. One of the most unique necklace and bracelet sets to be seen is the one made of large safety pins and worn by Betty Shadle. Just plain, ordinary safety pins, strung on a chain. The wearer doesn't have to worry about anything slipping.

From Italy comes a good luck

charm for babies, sent to Angie Bonessi years ago by her grandmother. The ornament is a little circle of gold with the number 13 in it. From this circle hangs 13 chains, each with a good luck charm. It might be useful to have around—especially if you wanted to pass an exam.

Alice Daniels wears a very unusual ring—a poison one—no less. The ring is made of carved silver which came from the Holy Land. The top opens up on a hinge, revealing a cavity inside the ring, where poison could be placed. But Alice does not have anyone to poison so she just wears the ring. Alice also has two Chinese charms, a tiny wheelbarrow and a tiny pagoda.

And even I have my piece of jewelry. And I will even admit that I am superstitious enough to believe that it will bring me luck. It is a little silver fish that came from India. Hand made, it is hinged so that it moves like a real fish.

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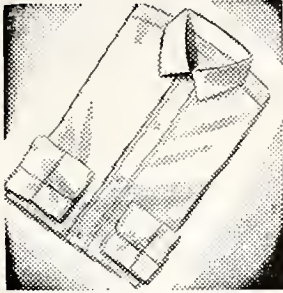
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Editorial

* * *

We came to college to prepare for life, a life in which we expect to do things. Do most of us learn how to do those things? No! We learn facts. We learn how Beawulf b'ied, instead of being drilled, drilled, drilled in how to write. We commit to memory all the biological terms of the body instead of being *trained* how not to mistreat our carcasses. We learn how many titles the Roman Emperors had, what "Son of Ben" wrote "Gather Your Rosebuds While You May," who wore Talliths and Why, that Tutenkhaton had his name changed to Tutenklamon, instead of learning how to adjust our lives by studying the adjustments of the ancients. We learn facts, commit them to memory just long enough to be able to pour them back to our professors via the most wasteful of wastes, the written exam.

We admit that education should be a happy medium between facts and techniques, that we need facts to teach us techniques and techniques to teach us facts. We admit we should cover certain facts, understand them, interpret them, use them, know how and where to find them again if we need them; but why spend tedious ambition-killing hours with the seat of our pantaloons sweated to an non-resisting oak chair tucking those flighty facts into the folds of our grey matter so we can unfold them in a few hours, pour them out of a pen into a blue-book, then forget them?

We are beginning to understand why people say we will never learn anything until we get out of college. Here we are too busy memorizing facts to learn technics. Please, professors, teach us techniques. We want to know how to do things.

HILDEGARDE

*I can see her, standing there
With the sunlight on her hair,
Singing songs of gladness,
Bringing death to sadness,
Driving me to madness,
With her happy laughter.*

—Florence Nicholas

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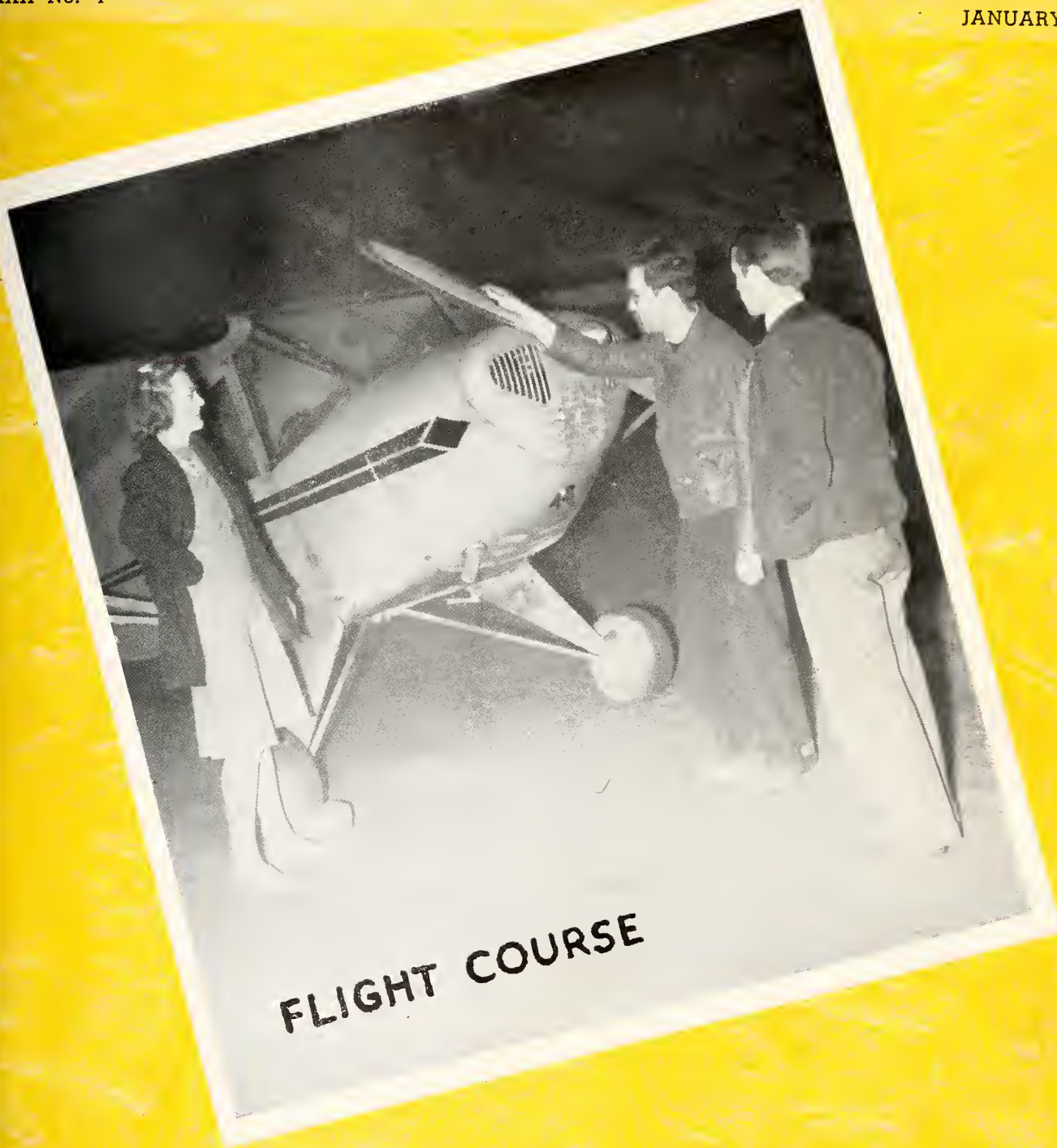
The attractive Gift
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XXXII No. 4

JANUARY, 1941



THIS ISSUE

You Gotta' Fall in Love
Exam Week Pictures
Phi Mu Sorority

One Minute Lecture Course

* * *

"My generation has fought, and is fighting again. Yours may fight. But in any case, you will have to do the rebuilding." Dr. John Clark Archer, speaking in chapel.

* * *

"I can tell by the rings under your eyes that you've all had good vacations." Mr. Bowden, greeting a class on morning of January 6.

* * *

"Mr. Goodnight may know how to run a college, but he doesn't know how to get to it." Dr. Cramblet, retelling the story of a farmer who commented on the routing the late President Goodnight gave to friends coming to Bethany.

MOVIES

February 7—"Four Mothers"

February 14—"River's End"

February 21—"The Letter"

February 28—"East of the River"

March 7—"The Lady with Red Hair"

March 14—"Honeymoon for Three"

March 21—"South of Suez"

March 28—"High Sierra"

April 18—"Santa Fe Trail"

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THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

ON THE COVER

With the C.A.A. pilot training in full swing, Bethany's fledglings will soon be winging over the Tower. As soon as pilot training was assured for Bethany, Bethanian sent photographer Irv Shlansky to Glendale Airport to snap air enthusiasts Irene Hutchison and Wilbur Cramblet listening to licensed pilot Bill Cress, former Bethany student, tell how to spin a prop. Visibility was so low that afternoon that Shlansky had to resort to flash bulbs to get the cover picture.

Page ten—Irv Shlansky

Page eleven—Irv Shlansky

Page twelve—Irv Shlansky

Page thirteen—Irv Shlansky

Page fourteen—Allen - Bethanian;
Dawson-DawsonPage fifteen—Hart-Betty Lou Staf-
ford; Taylor-Irv Shlansky; Bot-
tom, Irv ShlanskyPage sixteen — Archer - Archer;
Wendt-Colston Leigh, Inc.Page seventeen—Weimer-Irv Shlan-
sky; Sarver-Vantine.

MY SYMPHONY

By Dean Kirkpatrick

To appropriate the riches or service and to free myself from the squalid poverty of selfishness; to seek the elegance and refinements of good life rather than fashions and luxuries; to be genuinely worthy of trust, not just socially respectable; to be contented with small means but discontented with small ideas; to stand for principles and ideals that will lift and warm human experience; to judge life by its few golden moments of high quality and not by its years of seeming emptiness; to let radiance, joy, and kindness be a daily gift to my companions; to love freely and deeply, and to fear only bitterness, ignorance, and conceit; to work hard, play easily, think quietly, act sincerely, and live hopefully.

May this be my Symphony for the new year!

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You Gotta' Fall in Love

By Helen Cluss

Although every college catalogue omits it, there is an iron-bound requirement for graduation for a girl going to a co-educational college. You gotta' fall in love. If you don't have someone to moon over, you're just not in; so begin now to practice that "come hither look."

In the heart of every invading female, whether she be a green "freshie" or a grey senior, burns desire to do and die for her man. Quite often she can't decide just which man she burns to do and die for; and sometimes she just burns. Regardless, every college girl is definitely in love.

A sad case of campus love is the girl separated from her lover. The separation rends her heart, frequently she shrieks, "Oh, I can't live another minute without him." Having shrieked, she throws herself across the bed, across the desk, or across the chair. If none of these is handy, she just throws herself. (Note: some practice in throwing yourself may save you some broken bones. However, all modern colleges employ a full-time physician, and hospitals.) Even sadder, is the fact that "girl-separated-from-lover" cannot cry for then she would not look devastating on her date with Rudolph Ringlets, the current stand-in for the "far, far away" lover.

Still sadder is "girl-crossed-in love." Like "girl-separated-from-lover," she shrieks at intervals, "Oh, I can't live another minute without him," and she tears her hair and beats her breast with one hand (usually the left) while checking a list of male eligibles with the other (usually the right), repeating all the while between tearless sobs, "I can't live, I can't live without him."

But the really sad case, is "girl-with-love-back-home." She says very firmly, "I'd rather die than date anyone but my boy, Johnny."

Then eyes glassy, she shrieks, "Oh, I can't live another minute without him." Then she begins throwing herself aimlessly about. If she sheds real tears, it's a cinch that she loves someone back home. If she weeps dry-eyed or carelessly upsets the dear, dear picture it's not quite so much of a cinch. (Note: Never come to college without at least one picture that can be displayed. If you just don't happen to get a date, you fall automatically into the class labelled "girl-with-lover-back-home." Leave behind your satin slippers, or your dotted swiss slip, but never, never forget that picture, neatly framed and slushily autographed. If worst comes to worst, you autograph it yourself.)

The most radiant sight in the world is the lovelight in the eyes of a girl who has just captured a little jewelled fraternity emblem.

"Johnny is my all," smirks "girl-with-fraternity-pin," at the same time counting all the pearls in the pin and wishing they were diamonds and planning exactly whose white robe she will borrow for her serenade.

The very, very saddest cases of all is "little-miss-in-love-with-many." Is it Joe Two-Car Brown, or Paul Million-Bucks White or George Social Green? I know it's Paul Million-Bucks, but Joe Two-Car certainly has something, and as for George Social he dances divinely. She really is in love with them all. (Note: this sounds impossible, but understand it isn't impossible. Why, every day, millions of girls are falling in love with two or three fellows at a time—it's just being done.) Of course, in the end "little-miss-in-love-with-many" realizes she has been in love with Bill or Bob all the time and not Paul, or Joe, or George at all.

Yes, you gotta' fall in love—and it's a great life, if you don't weaken and marry the guy.

H O P E O F

the apartment of the two people who had but a few months before fled from that nightmare of horror and hell, the far away rumblings of which were now reaching across the miles to strike terror in the heart of America.

I found them a young Austrian Jewish couple, he a brilliant musician from the conservatory in Vienna and she, I later discovered, a trained nurse. They received me warmly, thanked me for greetings I brought from a childhood friend, and made me promise to return the following Sunday for "brunch". Both were working long hours every day. With her nursing background she had obtained a position caring for a child in a wealthy Queens home while he did accompaniments and coaching. Sunday "brunch" was the only meal they could really have together.

Coffee had been served and the cigarettes lighted. We talked of music and the opera, plays, and America in which so many people had found liberty. They told me about Austria, recalling memories of childhood and family life, friends, and school. In my mind's eye I could see the narrow streets and quaint houses, the never ending struggle for the necessities of daily life, and the happiness of an occasional luxury. They told me how Hitler's terror struck, how life became a veritable hell of terror and anxiety, of standing in line hour after hour in the middle of the night to obtain passports which ran out before passage on the ships, filled months in advance, could be obtained, of weeks of anxious waiting to see if an acquaintance in America would go bond for their keep should they need assistance, a protection for the relief rolls.

They finally succeeded in getting away, leaving behind their loved ones and all property. They arrived in the New World with eight dollars—the largest amount any are per-

mitted to take out of the country—to start life over again.

Their lives had been torn violently from their roots in native soil and thrown into a strange world that brought them face to face with a desperate struggle to survive. Yet they have kept free from bitterness and resentment. "It must be forgotten," they say, "for it is so long ago . . . the ties to our old home are broken . . . our home no longer exists. . . . we want to be Americans, to become part of the life here, to repay the debt we owe to liberty and justice, to show our

appreciation."

Do we who call ourselves "Americans" have the "stuff" to meet life like this? . . . We shall soon find out. For the world is in the midst of a upheaval that is reshaping the world we have known. It is futile for Americans to hope that they can escape the maelstrom.

We are afraid of this change. We fear the loss of our social and economic system. We fear to replace it and cope with something new. We are frantic to preserve the status quo. We think there is only one thing to do—fight, destroy the monster with its weapons. Take up the sword. We are told that this is our only hope, and many believe it is so.

Yet violence is not a part of justice. The presence of the sword behind the scales is evidence of degeneration and disease. It is the beginning of questioning Right because of a lack of sensitiveness to what is right.

The Hope of America cannot be the sword. The methods of war, the arousal of hatreds through lies and propaganda, the bitterness and chaos it creates, makes it impossible to attain a true and just peace when an armistice is declared.

The sword is not our hope. But there is an alternative, powerful but not violent. Gerald Heard describes this force in his "The Source of Civilization."

Too long we have conceived of man achieving progress by struggle and violence and na-

tural selection according to the survival of the fittest. We have thought violence to be the force behind evolution. But men of prophetic vision are beginning to see that this is not true. Violence is not natural in life and does not promote advance but interrupts it. When violence comes in advance ceases, decadence sets in, and the creature degenerates into suspicion, ill-will, and death.

Mutationism has shown that the energizing force behind evolution is not the violence of natural selection. Progress comes from inherent powers within the cell and out of the many possibilities it takes one direction. The principle that works here is sensitiveness, or awareness.

Whenever in the progress of evolution a species has reached a stage where success and perfect adaptation came to it, there the species stopped and became specialized to getting the most out of the immediate. It lived without consciousness or awareness with which to meet change and new conditions. When conditions changed, the species, unable to adjust to the new environment, perished.

Heard tells us that:

"The creature which ascends is a creature which somehow chooses sensitiveness, awareness, a constantly widening focus and new experience which it cannot master, rather than preparedness, narrowed purposiveness, an outlook which only sees what it can use . . ."

There is a great temptation to seek safety

and security, comfort and insensitiveness. Too many men yield and turn their life energies into specialized abilities, hoping thus to gain security. But they succeed only for the day. When the page of life turns, they are no more. Man is the evolved result of life that "dared retain its undifferentiated form," and remain sensitive and aware.

This sensitiveness which made possible man's ascent is the basis of his values of love, truth, and beauty—his ability to feel for the whole of human life and see in it and the universe the evidence of a mind like his own which is per-

Two people, readjusting their lives in a new world, give meaning to a new concept of progress.

By Dale Sowers

fectly aware of beauty and harmony.

The young refugees have met life victoriously because they have remained sensitive and aware of life's values, rather than sacrifice them for security, ease, and comfort. They have a creative faith based on awareness of life's guiding principles.

I asked them frankly if they thought Americans could make the adjustment and face life as they had. Their answer?

"There is in Americans the heritage of those who dared to pioneer at the cost of suffering, those who rejected comfort and security for the ideal they sensed. Through their faith they obtained a knowledge of life that was true, noble, and beautiful."

It is part of the very core of American thinking that sanctions for making truth and justice effective, so that they will sustain a just social order, are a necessity. We have thought in the past that there is just one real sanction—the sword. We believed that by the sword only could men become free. We believed that only the sword could remove the tangles of environment that kept the spirit of man subdued.

For examples of his attitude look at the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. And did not the "boys" save democracy and liberty in 1917, too? Now once again we are being told that they are being threatened. And what is our reaction? Take up the sword. Hack the other systems down. Use force. Then truth and justice will be restored.

Heard says "the whole degenerative process is inevitable if you allow the initial assumption of sanctions. If justice has no inherent basis then it will melt away if put to rest on violence as a lump of ice put to rest on a stove."

There are men of knowledge and authority who are convinced that if we take up the sword now we cannot escape bankruptcy and dictatorship.

AMERICA

Short Short Story

THE RUSTIC TYPE

By Lyle Mayne

When we say "Ham" Williams walk into the Inn on Sunday night with Betty Jo, we nearly forgot to drink our cokes. Their first appearance Friday had been sufficient to make us surprised; their second appearance on Saturday had been somewhat of a jolt, but this—this made the third consecutive date.

Unless you've attended a small college, you won't understand the system. Well, it's this; when a bub and a bimb date twice in a row, it means an invitation to slam; and on the third date—all the guys and gals just figure, "might as well scratch their names off the list—they're tied."

We fellows at the frat house turned our heavy artillery on "Ham," but he could take it as well as dish it out. He just continued to go about his business, seemingly pleased as punch that he was dating Betty Jo.

Not that anyone could blame him for feeling that way. Betty Jo is one of the sweetest gals on the campus—looks, brains, personality, and a considerable amount of money to her credit. And she is one of the few who doesn't let the bulk of her pocketbook increase her hat size.

What we couldn't figure out was why she dated "Ham". Not that there is anything the matter with him, understand. Why "Ham" Williams is my best friend. But the girls just didn't seem to go for him. He didn't have money, nor a car, nor a lot of those things girls go for. And Betty Jo could have dated any of the big shots on the campus—including myself.

She and I always got along. We'd had a couple of dates together, but never on consecutive nights. Nobody ever dated Betty Jo twice in a row—except "Ham". Our relationship (that is, Betty Jo's and mine) was the brother-sister kind—entirely on her part, I assure you.

Well, since Sunday night clinched the "closed door" policy, I decided that I might as well use my big brother's prerogative, and try to figure some of this out. I saw Betty Jo in the Inn on Tuesday morning.

"Say, kitten," I whispered in her ear with my usual finesse, "What's 'Ham' Williams got that the rest of us lack?"

"Oh, it isn't so much what he has, but what he *doesn't* have, that I like," she confided, "I'm just tired of fellows with a line so smooth that you can slide on it, and with money enough to buy anything they want—I'm going to try the rustic type."

I gave her a little lecture (in my big brother's capacity, you understand) how hard it would be for them to make a go of it—with "Ham" needing all the time and money that he had, and Betty Jo being tied down to one person. I told her that she might like the rustic type for a while, but that with her good fortune, she wasn't exactly used to being rusticated.

When I left the Inn, I felt as though I had been lecturing in an empty hall—a fellow does something to help out his friends, then he isn't appreciated. I realized then, how friendly that I felt toward Betty Jo—I was really interested in her welfare.

I didn't need to worry about that, however. Or maybe I did. Anyway, they hit it off swell together. "Ham" always had done pretty fair in his work in class, but never really dug in like he could have.

Betty Jo seemed to think that it was her job to see that he produced—and he did. "Ham" wasn't spending much money either. Betty Jo insisted on going "Dutch", and would have paid his way, too, if "Ham" would have let her, but he wouldn't. He's got pride.

They had a good time together all year. Some expected "Ham" to pin her, but it seemed as though he'd lost his pin someplace. "Ham" couldn't afford a new pin, so at the end of the school year, it looked as though they would separate without anything concrete to hold them together.

We always have a co-ed dinner at the house during the last week of school. It was a great affair, and after the desserts had been finished,

Dusting Bethany's Files

Alexander Campbell's 1810 Courtship Retold in a 1941 Tempo

By Del Barnhart

Few of our modern, sophisticated girls can say "There's the man I'm going to marry," and end up with the object of their boast parking his feet in front of their fireplaces. Yet this happened in our quiet little town of Bethany, then Buffalo, Virginia, over a century and a quarter ago.

The story goes like this. The girl was Margaret Brown, daughter of John Brown; the boy, Alexander Campbell, son of Thomas Campbell; the time, let's say spring.

John Brown, wealthy farmer and cabinet maker living with his family in what is now the Campbell Mansion, one day mentioned to his daughter, Margaret, that he was expecting a visit from the young son of Thomas Campbell, from over in Washington, Pa.

At the mention of a young man, Margaret immediately perked up her ears, as would any normal young girl in those days, and in this God-forsaken country. (Men in those days too, were rare around Bethany.)

As the story goes, Margaret, a tall, slender, well-stacked brunette, sat down on her little stool by the window of the Brown residence and waited patiently, kept company by her stepsister, Jane Glass. Eventually her patience was rewarded. As she looked through some of the first real window glass in this part of the frontier she saw, astride a stallion, Alexander Campbell, dressed in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and looking every inch a gentleman, through all of his husky six foot frame.

With a determined gleam in her eye, Miss Margaret Brown turned from the window to her stepsister and quoth her famous boast, "There's the man I'm going to marry."

Legend says that all this happened in 1810 before Alexander Campbell became wrapped up in founding Bethany College. Alexander, then 22 years old, and Margaret, 18, "kept company" until March 12, 1811, when Margaret made good her boast in what is now the southwest corner of the parlor of the Campbell Mansion, with Reverend Hughes, pastor of the Presbyterian Church over in West Liberty, saying the "I now pronounce you man and wife."

PAGE SEVEN

It was time for me, as prexy, to make the announcements. The first one was concerning the award. I explained that a friend of the fraternity had given a sum of money, fifty dollars, to be awarded to the man with the highest scholastic average for the year. The award had been kept a secret so that it would go to the man who worked best without undue incentive. The winner was "Ham" Williams. I questioned the "undue incentive" part, but kept still about it.

Betty Jo bubbled over with joy. "Ham" himself seemed pleased as punch, and we were glad because he needed the money more than any of us.

On the last day of school, I met Betty Jo in the Inn. She was wearing a shining fraternity pin! She pulled me to one side—

"Steve, it worked. 'Ham' cares enough about me that he bought me this pin rather than anything else. I'm so happy that I could cry." She looked as though she meant it. "But if you tell anyone that I was the 'friend' who gave that money, I'll brain you." She looked like she meant *that*, too.



ECSTASY

*Never was there singing,
Never such a ringing,
In human heart before;
Never bliss,
Such as this,
Was felt in days of yore.*

*Never was there lover
Maiden's lips could cover
With kisses like to thine;
Never joy,
Sans alloy,
Could equal this of mine.*

By Florence Nicholas

Opinion on the Campus

ON THE STUDENT UNION

While President Cramblet looks to the day when workmen begin to set in the foundation for the proposed Commons Building, students wonder what the plan will do to fraternities on the campus.

And though architect Lauren Thayer of New Castle, Pa., has already sketched plans for a new one story building, the first unit of the proposed Gothic Commons, Dr. Cramblet reminds that "we are not committed to any one plan. We want the Commons to be what students want."

Shortly after President Cramblet announced to students in chapel that he would submit the Commons plan to the board of trustees on February 1, he took a trip through Ohio, turning a critical eye on college Commons buildings at Kenyon, Wittenberg, Miami, and Ohio State.

The structure that the president hopes to see rise on the lower corner of the grassy, sloping square opposite Cochran Hall will probably be one story of gray stone, with seven buttresses spaced along the front and rising to the flat roof.

But this structure, which the president would like to have ready for use at the beginning of the next freshman week, will be only the first unit of the Commons. It will contain a main dining hall and several private dining rooms, seating about 240 men. To this one story building would be added a second story, rather low, and containing rooms and offices. The third story would probably be high, with a Gothic ceiling similar to the one in Commencement Hall.

The two upper stories, which would be built at the same time, would be rough red brick, to harmonize with the main college buildings on the hill. Calhoun College, at Yale University, is built in such a style.

When the second and third stories are added to the gray stone unit the huge refectory type third floor will become the dining hall. Here 300 men, the maximum number desired by the college, will be able to dine comfortably. When the dining hall is moved to the third floor, the first floor will become the student union

rooms, for recreation and perhaps services and shops.

In discussing the building plan, President Cramblet points out that three years ago the student body recommended a common dining hall for men of the college. Though fraternities fear that a college operated dining hall for men will sound their death knell. President Cramblet says that most of the financial problems that fraternity treasurers struggle with arise from the operation of the dining room.

At Kenyon College and at Duke University, where men eat together in large Commons buildings, and where there are no fraternity houses, some of the strongest chapters of national fraternities exist, says President Cramblet. "A fraternity has no place on the campus if it is merely a boarding club," the president adds.

Naturally enough, everyone does not feel the same about the worth of the proposed Commons. While President Cramblet compares Architects Thayer's drawing with photographs of other American college commons buildings, the plan is ayed and nayed in whole and in part across the campus. Here *Bethanian* records a cross-section of opinion on the dining hall-student union-commons proposal.

Dean Kirkpatrick, away from the campus on sabbatical leave most of the first semester, said he was not prepared to give an unqualified opinion on the proposed building plan.

But the Dean, who believes that the hope of Bethany College is to become a high grade, residential college, even slightly aristocratic in taste, has repeatedly advocated a student union for Bethany in his annual reports.

Edward Elsasser, commander of Sigma Nu and president of Interfraternity Council:

The Student Union is a good thing but all freshmen should not be required to eat there. This will call for a revision of the rushing system, which is good or bad according to the way you look at it. And it may affect the number of fraternities on the campus. It seems to have been an administration policy to maintain five

fraternities. The union is a contradiction of this policy.

William Siemon, treasurer of Alpha Kappa Pi:

I believe that a great deal of fraternalism is the result of fellowship gained at the fraternity dining table. The student union plan will deal this a hard blow. It will also deprive men of experience that can be gained by managing a dining room.

Harold Blank, corresponding secretary of Kappa Alpha:

Building a college dining hall for men will be unfair to freshmen because the probably increased board rate will raise their expenses.

Robert Smudski, president Independent men:

Too many freshman men rush into pledging because they need a place to eat. If Bethany fraternities are any more than glorified eating houses, the student union and dining hall will bring out those better qualities.

Don Rosensteele, Beta Theta Pi:

The student Union as a whole is all right, but the rule that makes it compulsory for freshman men to eat there will make it a glorified boarding house.

Jean Short, president of Women's Association:

As a student union, the plan is all right. And there is no denying that there is a problem of boarding for men.

Dr. Reynard, who for first semester was faculty resident at men's dormitory:

It will be a boon to the college.

Joe Caliguiri, Phi Kappa Tau treasurer:

If it will be compulsory for freshman men to eat at the dining commons, the fraternities will suffer from the loss of revenue from their dining rooms, as the majority of fraternity boarders are freshmen.

June Fiess, treasurer of Kappa Delta:

All of us at Kappa Delta are in favor of it. We hope the new building will contain a small-ball room that groups could rent for a small fee, without a lot of red tape.

Allan Dowler, treasurer of Kappa Alpha:

Will be troublesome to fraternities, but the idea in completion including a gathering place for social functions, is all right.

Robb Henry, lieutenant-commander Sigma Nu:

A distinct advantage to nonfraternity and

ADVICE ON COLDS

By Norris Whitlock

If you contract a cold, probably due to your own indiscretions, do not accept it quietly. Make a fuss.

When you cough give the impression that your lungs are being ripped apart. Put your hand on your chest and gasp. Contort your face into an expression of agony. When you sniffle and sneeze, do it noisily. Announce that unless you get relief, you are afraid you will smother. If you are in bed, toss from side to side and groan. Let the world know that it is impossible to find a comfortable position.

Assume the attitude that the cold is a grave injustice, that you are being punished for a crime you never committed. Demand in a loud voice why you should have been singled out for this brutal form of persecution.

Show your impatience with those who attempt to sympathize. Sneer at the remedies they offer. Explain that your ailment is far too deep seated to be cured by nostrums. Refuse to see a doctor, assert that doctors know no more about curing colds than you do. In this way you will save yourself from having to take some vile and obnoxious doses.

Announce that you have no appetite; that nothing tempts you. Perhaps by this means you might obtain a squab or sweetbreads or other delicacies seldom enjoyed.

Complain of your nerves; describe how, in your condition, every noise is accentuated. Have the whole household walking about tiptoe and whispering "Sh-h-h!"

By pursuing this course you will put all of your critics on the defensive. You will have them feeling sorry for you, trying to think of ways to assuage your suffering.

On the other hand, accept a cold patiently and you run the risk of being upbraided for keeping people awake, rebuked for catching the cold, and accused of the deliberate intention of giving your cold to everybody else.

to those men undecided about pledging the first semester. It would help hold freshman men in college.

Betty Schuller, president Phi Mu:

Someplace for men and women to meet in the afternoon would be all right. Sometimes I wonder whether they do these new things for the students or for the prospective students.

William Wells, president Beta Theta Pi:

Only two fraternities will probably be able to maintain tables, but it will delay pledging until the second semester, which is better.

Sorority of the Month

PHI MU

You can't miss the Phi Mus on the campus. Last year's crop of initiated cardigans are thinning out, but "alphabet soup" pins and nigger toe" necklaces now make it impossible to mistake one of us.

You'll remember us too, if you've ever been to the house and been fed hot tamales, for we're the group that has gone Mexican. We start out our year by a colorful Mexican rush party and keep up the pace all year with southwestern decorations at the house and sizzling feeds.

Despite our foreign leanings and our geographical location, we're a true Southern fraternity. Phi Mu was founded in Macon, Georgia, on March 4, 1852. Since then it has expanded to sixty-one chapters. Although nationally we are very old, in fact, the second oldest sorority, our chapter is only in its second year. The name our newly installed chapter received last year—Beta Nu—is quite appropriate, we think, for Bethany.

Heading Beta Nu, blond President Betty Jeanne Schuller capably keeps things in line. Petite Anna Laura Burke as vice president is advisor for the twelve Phi Mu pledges. Mimi Strain is secretary and reporter, while Dot Jackson manages the finances. When pledges and actives gather around the piano on Sunday afternoons, song leader, Mary Lou Domres, sets the pitch. Another pledge in the limelight is Eleanor Gilmore, president of the group.

Our desire for individuality rules again in our aim for the year. Why are things always done the same way, we wondered? Trying to break away from useless traditions, then, we began holding chapter meetings at 7:30 on

By M. Strain and Phyllis Hendrickson

Tuesdays instead of the customary 9:30. It has proved a beneficial plan, with fewer sleepy actives at chapter meeting and more study possible afterwards. Another change is our replacing of the conventional overworked social chairman for a social committee, appointed new each month. This seems to bring originality and pep into parties. Our benefit tea for the Red Cross was a venture in a new line, and we hope to try other ideas during the year.

Nor do Phi Mu activities stop with the end of the school year. Last summer found the chapter in a cottage at Billow Beach near Geneva-on-the Lake. We had such fun and got

such beautiful tans that we want to do it every year, and are already making plans for this summer.

In other words, summer and winter, all through the year—We're standing by our colors, rose and white. And Phi Mu, our fraternity.

Facts of interest; Phi Mu is the second oldest secret organization for women in the United States.

Jefferson Davis, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Robert E. Lee were honorary

members of Phi Mu, and the only male members.

The first Phi Mu pin was made from a \$20 gold piece and was about three times larger than the pin used today.

Phi Mu sponsors three philanthropies; a library for Kentucky mountaineers, a nutrition service for babies, medical service for needy children and adults suffering from tuberculosis in Georgia.

Phi Mu loans thousands of dollars each year to help members continue their college career.



Depending on where you start, the five brunette Phi Mus (note the Brazil nut necklaces) are Mimi Strain, Annie Laurie Burke, Dorothy Jackson, Gloria Bass, and Mary Lou Domres.

PHI MU

SENIORS

Dorothy Jackson.
Betty Jeanne Schuller
Mimi Strain

JUNIORS

Dorothy Reynolds

SOPHOMORES

Irene Armstrong
Angeline Bonessi
Anna Laura Burke
Jean Fraim
Eleanor Gilmore
Betty Narrigan

FRESHMEN

Margaret Abel
Gloria Bass
Margaret Blanck
Mary Lou Domres
Phyllis Hendrickson
Jean MacLeod
Ruth Rutherford
Timmy Simpson
Mary Elizabeth Smith
Martha Stuart

Open Motto—Les Socures Fideles

Colors—Rose and White

Flower—Enchantress Carnation

Publication—Agliaia



A Satire in Pictures.

At top—"How to Make an A", being enacted left to right by Jean MacLeod, Betty Blank, Timmie Simpson, Eleanor Gilmore, Ruth Rutherford. Middle, gathered around the onija board, pantomiming "How To Make a Date", are Irene Armstrong, Phyllis Hendrickson, Betty Narrigan, Mary Elizabeth Smith, Jean Fraim. Bottom, now showing, is a little skit that the girls call "How to Lose Ten Pounds", with Martha Stewart, Dorothy Reynolds, Betty Schuller, and Angie Bonessi running through the pantry supply.

"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

EXAM WEEK



Only time of year when Dean Kirkpatrick's ideological description of Bethany needs no proof is examination time. During week of January 20, students lived primarily for study and examinations. Recording these brain exercises, photographer found K.A. prexy Ted Golden studying, but not alone. Note two photos of his inspiration,

an ex-Bethany coed, on desk. At Helwig Hall, unbelievably neat for such a hectic week. Ruth Moser and Dorothy Amey (back to camera) "booked" for last day exams. Determined to maintain high grades that brought him to Bethany on a scholarship, freshman Bob Stealey works in Cochran Hall.

People even used the library to study in. Below Frances Thomas and Harry Murphy try a cooperative experiment in education. The curriculum overflowed into the Inn, where Eta Delle McSetency, Phyllis Balch, Lenore Neil try a quick review.

All the "booking" led to examinations, mass testing in Room 34, individual quizzing like comparative anatomy, where Frank Long proves to Assistant Martin Reiter that he does know what's inside a cat.



"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

WINGS OVER BETHANY

Man of vision that he was, founder Alexander Campbell probably never imagined that his beloved Bethany College would one day teach its students to fly through the skies as well as to leap through the Bible.

But today, 100 years later, when men have discovered that both their business and wars can be speeded up and made more efficient by airplanes, Bethany, with the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Authority, plans to launch its first civilian pilot training program.

With the coming of the second semester the ten landlubbers who are accepted will find themselves spending the days traveling from ground school at the college to flight school at the new Wheeling-Ohio County airport. Fledglings in the Civilian Pilot Training course will have to make it their major interest, for by June they will need to complete 72 hours of ground school work, and 35 to 50 hours flying instruction, depending on how apt they are at handling the 50 H. P. Cubs.

The ground course, or theoretical part of the CPT, will be open to all students, whether they take the flight training or not. Subjects for study in ground school, which will be taught by a CAA instructor and a Bethany faculty man, are:

History of Flight, Theory of Flight, Civil Air Regulations, Navigation, Meteorology, Parachutes, Radio and Engines.

As each subject is finished, the students take a written examination on that subject and the whole class moves on to the next one. This part of the course should be finished by May 1, when the trainees will have worked off many of the 21½ hours of dual flying and 13½ hours of solo flying required.

Airminded President Cramblet, who for many months had hoped to make CPT available to Bethanians, advised prospective trainees not to carry more than 12 hours of other college work. But trainees, besides

learning to fly, will receive three hours credit from the college for completing the primary course.

Before the trainees receive their private pilot license, they must pass a written examination on the ground school courses. But they must also know how to fly. Not merely how to take-off and land, but fundamentals like:

Climbs and glides, stalls, spins, steep turns, figure eights, 180 degree approach, slips, and forced landings.

And these Bethanians with wings will learn how to taxi a plane. They will learn how to taxi into the wind, taxi down wind, taxi cross wind, and taxi gusty air.

Once they get their private pilot license, they may fly their own ship or a rented one, may take passengers (but not for pay), and may continue to fly on that license, if they do so legally, as long as they are physically and mentally competent.

Because the federal government is paying for most of the CPT program, approximately \$37,500,000 by July 1, 1941, Bethanians who take the course will have only \$40 added to their bill from the bursar. Those who take the ground school only will have to pay out \$30.

When Bethany's ten trainees complete the CPT course late next spring or early in the summer, they will be part of the reservoir of 45,000 private pilots trained by CPT. Though enrollment in the CPT program does not commit the Bethanian trainees to service in the army or navy, records show that about two out of every ten CPT trainees go on into military air service.

Anxious to start earning their wings, the following Bethanians have been asking Dr. S. Sprigg Jacob whether they are physically fit, including 20-20, or normal vision, and have told President Cramblet that they want to fly:

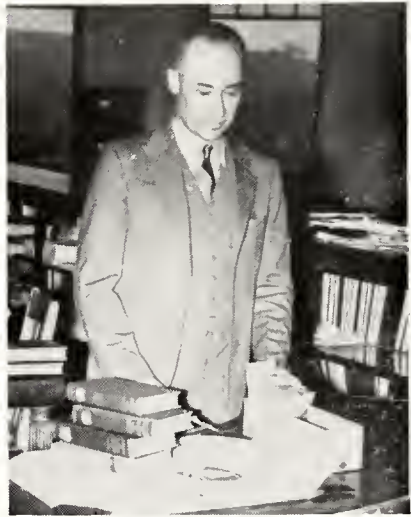
Irvin Charnock, Wilbur Cramblet, Milton Esty, Robert Fritz, Richard Glass, Dave Huntsberger, Irene Hutchison, Bill Loper, Betty Jane Narrigan, Bill Neumann, Sanford Steinman, Stan Stitt, John Topping, Harry Wilson.

NEW BOOKMAN

Former librarian at Cotner College in Nebraska and bibliographer for the U. S. Department of Agriculture regional office at Lincoln, Nebraska, Mr. Ernest W. Lundeen has been temporarily named overseer for Bethany's Carnegie bookstacks.

At the University of Nebraska, where Mr. Lundeen graduated, he compiled hours as well as bibliographies, earning majors in political science, sociology, and history.

Continuing his education, he studied at the University of Illinois



MR. ERNEST LUNDEEN

library school, then on to graduate school at the University of Chicago.

More than books does Mr. Lundeen know. He has done publicity work and once taught journalism and news writing. He has been recognized for his work in these fields, being elected to membership in Alpha Phi Gamma honorary journalism fraternity, and Writers Guild of Nebraska. He also belongs to Pi Gamma Nu, honorary social science fraternity which springs into life periodically on Bethany's campus.

For some time now Mr. Lundeen has been compiling a complete bibliography of all Disciple of Christ literature since the days of founder Alexander Campbell. When completed, Disciple scholars will have at their fingertips a brief resume of all such articles, together with the name of the author.

Miss Mary Cutlip, for several years assistant librarian, is now at her new position in the library at University of North Carolina.

Science and Health

ALLEN TO SMASH ATOMS

Choosing to work on the cyclotron during sabbatical leave from Bethany Dr. John Allen, head of the physics department, is now at Ohio State University in Columbus, Un-



DR. J. S. V. ALLEN

der Dr. Marion L. Pool, Dr. Allen will delve into the use of the cyclotron and artificial radioactivity.

Often referred to as the "atom smasher", the cyclotron does just that by hurling the atomic particles against a target with such velocity that the nucleus of the atom shatters and causes radioactivity.

The amount of force used to do this is shown in the following analogy given by Dr. Allen, "If one saw a small boy laying a hickory nut on a railroad track so that the weight of a 200 ton engine would crack the nut one might think the boy was overdoing it. The physicist seems still more foolish because he uses a 200 ton engine to crack something that weighs less than a ten thousand billion billionth of the weight of the nut."

Dr. Allen further stated that with the cyclotron it may some day be possible to release enough energy from small quantities of pure uranium to drive a large ship for many months. He hopes for a peaceful use of the new discoveries and abhors

the thought of their use in the destruction of humanity.

Well qualified in his field, Dr. Allen has been active in amateur radio and astronomy at Bethany. His summers have been spent in study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the University of Chicago. He is the author of several papers appearing in the West Virginia Academy of Science publication and an article in QST, the official publication of the American Radio Relay League.

DAWSON A DOCTOR

Hours of research on carbons went into the thesis that Professor H. D. Dawson wrote for his Doctor's degree in chemistry, granted by Ohio State University, Columbus, just before the new year. Title of Professor Dawson's thesis was



DR. H. D. DAWSON

"Catalytic Oxidation of Activated and Non-activated Carbon."

From Ohio State Dr. Dawson also received his M.A. His undergraduate work, taken at Dennison University, was interrupted by World War I, when he worked at the plants of Canadian Explosives, Ltd., in Quebec.

Returning from Canada after the war, Dr Dawson was for a while principal of the high school in his hometown of Haskins, O. Later he was superintendent of schools in Monclova, O. He came to Bethany in 1930.

FLU DOWNS 117

Bethany College safely emerged from an epidemic of influenza which for two weeks riddled class attendance and confined a total of one hundred seventeen students to their beds.

The epidemic, which has been moving eastward from Honolulu across the continent at the rate of 50 miles a day for many months, hit Bethany College on the weekend of January 4 and 5, and then moved on.

The two college nurses and the college doctor were among the first to be nipped with the disease, and college authorities were forced to secure the temporary services of an assistant nurse for several days until the regular staff recovered and were able to assume their regular duties once more.

The first two days found the college infirmary filled to capacity and quarantined; ensuing cases were confined to their own rooms, and fraternity and sorority houses took on the aspect of hospitals, with as many as twenty cases reported in a single fraternity house at one time.

The total list of sick reached one hundred seventeen, as was stated by Miss Van Pelt, head nurse at the college infirmary. Highest number of confinements on any one day was sixty-one.

Strangely enough for such an epidemic, only one ear complication was reported, and no cases of lung complication were reported. So uncommon was this total absence of major complications arising from the influenza, that neighboring health authorities have expressed their acknowledgment of the manner in which the siege was treated at Bethany. Few schools or institutions have a more closely associated group of students than on the campus of Bethany, which makes all the more unusual the moderate student mortality rate.

An interesting feature of the epidemic was the fact that, while other schools around here were closing their doors for the duration of the siege, Bethany did not, even though she did have a much larger percentage of the total student body ill than did those other institutions that closed temporarily. Washington and Jefferson, Marshall, and Ohio State

(Continued on Page 20)

Athletic Fronts

FOUR MAN TEAM

Result of driving Bethany's Bison to its most successful year since John J. Knight became head coach 11 years ago, Charles "Chuck" Hart can find his name listed on four All-something teams for the past gridiron season.

Most evident honor in this section of the country was Chuck's being



FULLBACK HART

named on Pat Beacom's thirteenth annual All-West Virginia conference team. Beacom, past president of the W. Va. Football Officials Association, each year looks over the state's gridsters, culls out his best 12 (one extra for utility man), and publicizes his boys far and wide.

On this same team with Hart were Jackie Hunt, nation's leading scorer from Marshall College; Marchio, Glenville; Tatta, Fairmont; Jones, Wesleyan. Last two named teams were only ones to beat Bisons.

On Beacom's second team was Bill Wells. On third team were Tom Cullison, Bud Kuhns. Stitt made honorable mention.

When coaches of the W. Va. Athletic Conference picked their dream team, Hart and Hunt were again on the first team, Kuhns on second team.

When Associated Press picked a "Little All-America" squad from small colleges all over U. S., Hunt hung on to a first team slot while Chuck made honorable mention.

Beta Theta Pi fraternity, corraling an All-Beta team from football players in all the chapters, dared not overlook Bethany's 200 pound plunger, so put him on the first team, Morrill on the second All-Beta.

THE LAST OF THE UNIONTOWN GANG

Way back in the fall of 1932, three cocky, fast-shooting kids were burning up the floor of the North Union high school in Uniontown, Pa. They were only on the freshman court squad, but knew damned well that next year they would be breaking into the regular varsity lineup.

But they didn't. With the nation choking from the depression stran-



LAST MAN TAYLOR

glehold, Uniontown school officials cut out varsity basketball to save money. So Walter Kuhns, George Petroff, and Horace Taylor played only small time ball, intermural stuff, in their sophomore year.

But basketball came back to North Union high the next year. So the gang played together—on the varsity. In their senior year, they were champs. They worked right into the semi-finals of the Western

(Continued on Page 18)

BATTERED BISON

Bethany's Bison are experiencing a near disastrous basketball season this year. With the season half over, Bethany has won two games and lost nine, dropping the last eight contests.

Tommy Cullison is pacing the Bison scorers with 95 points. Trailing Cullison are Bob Alexander, 75 points; Dick Jackson, 60 points; Don Wolf, 57 points; Harold Taylor, 50 points; Jack Pryor, 45 points; and Norman Fair, 36 points.

Following is a resume of scores of games played before February 6:

Score	Opponent	Opp. Score
50	Hiram	18
31	Mt. Union	58
45	Capital	39
38	Salem	50
33	Wash & Jeff.	52
29	Glenville	76
46	Geneva	56
27	Westminster	54
38	Alderson-Broadus	48
43	Davis & Elkins	46
45	Fairmont	54
425	Totals	551



Coach Knight talks to a squad depleted by examination week worries.

Visitors on the Campus

EXPERT ON FAITHS

On Bethany's campus for only two days, Dr. John Clark Archer, Hooper Professor of Comparative Religion at Yale University, made



DR. JOHN CLARK ARCHER

two major addresses, one informal talk, and attended a reception at the Heights.

But more than this, he scattered some of his vast knowledge of religion in the world, increasing Bethany's awareness of Hinduism one evening, and telling how he felt about democracy and Christianity the next day in chapel.

Author of many works, including "Faiths Men Live By", now used at Bethany as a textbook, Dr. Archer advanced the novel idea that the different religious groups of the world would get along better if they exchanged official ambassadors as nations do, instead of trying to convert the followers.

Striking against dictatorship, Dr. Archer said that "the only kind of totalitarianism that we need is an enlightened view of the individual in relation to the whole."

In his convocation talk, Dr. Archer said that our ideas and institutions are undergoing a serious test, and he recommended that the people must find ways of bettering the individual man, so that the race will improve.

Most of Dr. Archer's chapel talks skipped around on the relation of

Christianity and democracy. If each person would develop an intelligent and sacrificial sympathy, he thinks, the democratic state would become so unified that it would have little to fear from the regimented nations.

Democracy recognizes that each individual has a varying worth. It is this fact that, paradoxically, gives the democratic system both its strength and weakness, according to Dr. Archer.

There are flaws in Christianity, Dr. Archer admits. It would help if Christianity were to take an appraisal of the non-Christian religions, and discover some of the worthwhile elements in those other religions.

For instance, he drew on his vast knowledge to point out how democratic Mohammedanism is within its own realm. This is an element that other religions might investigate, he inferred.

Most like a travelogue was Dr. Archer's first talk, made in the evening at Commencement Hall. Confining himself entirely to Hinduism, of all of India's religions, Dr. Archer said that Mahatma Gandhi is the most typical Hindu of recent years. Gandhi will have enough influence to keep India's 235,000,000 Hindus from making trouble for England, Dr. Archer believes.

"Hinduism sustains the individual better than any other religion," claims Dr. Archer, who served with the British army in World War I. "And it is the so-called caste system that has sustained Hinduism so long and will sustain it."

SCIENCE AHEAD

"After the present European war is over aeroplanes will become as common as automobiles because aeroplane production will be geared to such mass production," so predicted Dr. Gerald Wendt, former dean of science at Penn State. Asserting that we must educate for the future, Dr. Wendt spoke to one of the largest lecture course audiences of the present season. Well worthy of their attendance was his carefully combined mixture of science and sociology.

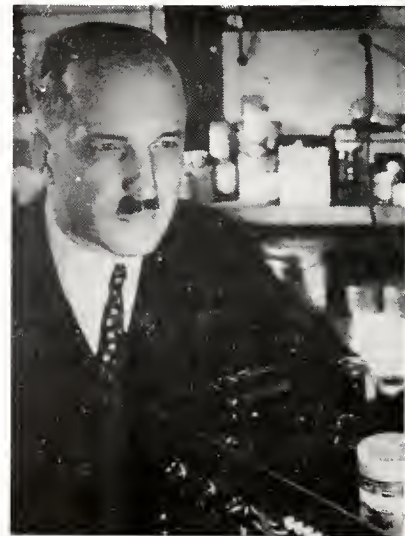
Dr. Wendt opened his lecture by

reaffirming the oft repeated statement from science that mankind is yet socially unable to adapt itself to the rapid advances of science. He predicted a golden age of living about 2,000 A.D. He believes that sixty or seventy years from now such advances will have been so great that our present living conditions will be considered unthinkable.

A series of stereoscopic slides were presented to the audience after Dr. Wendt had explained how the three demensinal projector operated. The projected images assumed, to the delight of the audience, their reputed life like appearance. Each picture was accompanied by a brief explanation of its subjects. The subjects included electrical, chemical and biological laboratories, and views of America the beautiful.

Following his lecture Dr. Wendt explained many synthetic products which, he predicted, may replace the natural sources soon. Impregnable, raincoats, Nylon, artificial velvet, perfumes and poison gasses were shown to those desiring an encore.

Dr. Wendt, himself, is an authority on almost any field of science he



DR. GERALD WENDT

might choose to speak on. After his deanship at Penn State he accepted the task of planning and arranging for the science exhibits at the New York World's Fair. These exhibits included both the natural and physical fields. During the fair he was director of education. At present he is touring the country speaking before colleges, universities and private groups.

Publications

BETTER OR VERSE?

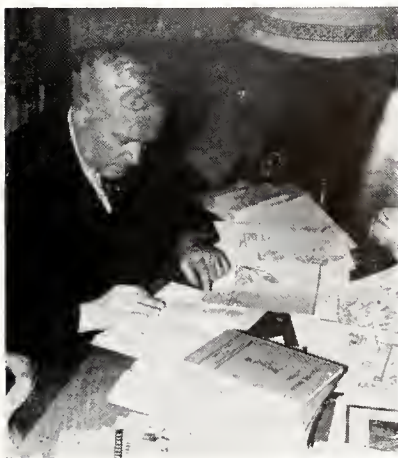
Quite different from his first book, the thick, fact-filled "General Biology", is Dean Bernal R. Weimer's second publication, "Nature Smiles in Verse."

The result of many years interest in humorous verse on biological topics, the new, thin, red-bound volume contains whimsical poems from such notable scribes as Gelett Burgess, Arthur Guiterman, Strickland Gillilan, and even Bret Harte and old Jonathon Swift.

Printed at the Waverly Press in Baltimore, the Dean's venture into light literature is described as "a sprightly and enjoyable collection indeed" with "some good ones that were unknown to me" by Professor Richard Armour, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.

Typical of the anthology is the little piece tabbed "Paramecium." Picked by one commentator as the cleverest verse in the book, it was written by Bethany graduate Bobby Murray, class of 1940, who did the illustrations. First two verses of Miss Murray's poem go like this:

Oh, lowly paramecium simple,
Is that a vacuole or dimple?
Alack—I find no oral grooves—
Therefore to study, it me behoves.



DEAN BERNAL R. WEIMER

Compares new book with original Murray sketches.

INTERESTING BETHANIAN

All great people have their hobbies. The Duke of Windsor knits, Pres. Roosevelt collects stamps and Hilda Sarver collects "rogue's gallery." Only pictures eligible for this collection are those of "ex-men." These are men out of any woman's past which she has either "ditched" or been "ditched" by and whose pictures she has been too sentimental to throw away. Hilda plans to exhibit the collection in the hobby show and will welcome any contributions. She will even hold open her files until five minutes before exhibiting them in case of any last minute fights.



HILDA SARVER

In her freshman year Hilda made straight A's and had to take constitutional government to fill up her time. In her sophomore year she became secretary to the chemistry department, president of the Kappa Deltas and also president of the Panhellenic Association. In those two years she also executed on the board of the Woman's Association. In her junior year she made "Who's Who in American Colleges." That is Hilda up to date—there's no telling what she'll make in her senior year.

When being interviewed Hilda stressed two things. "I hate parsnips," and "I am against war." These sound like merely negative statements, but they must be the secrets of Hilda's success.

Oh, slipper-shaped Infusoria classic,
Why are your movements so elastic?
You rest not still beneath my lens,
Your cilia fill me with suspens(e).

Dean Weimer, who is spending much of his current sabbatical leave bringing out a revised edition of his textbook, even has several of his own pieces in his book of "bi-illogical" verse.

Concerning "Insect Insense" the good Dean says:

How happy is the lowly skunk
Who never burns mosquito punk;
Whose perfume pungent keeps at bay
All insect pests which come his way.

* * *

OLD BETHANY IN A NEW BOOK

"The natural setting of Bethany College appealed over-poweringly to the young student from the West as it would to anybody. In the foot-

hills of the Alleghenies, real mountains in fact, where three states meet, Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, it looked down upon the valley of 'la belle riviere', the beautiful River, the Ohio where the stream for the most part flowed blue, clear, unspoiled except for occasional factories."

So begins the college chapter in "Where My Caravans Have Rested" latest book by Burriss Jenkins, class 1891. Jenkins, was Commencement speaker for the class of 1940, last spring. He is a prominent Kansas City, Missouri, minister, and former editor of the *Denver Post*.

In this story of his life he mentions arriving at Bethany where "one wing of the great structure (old Society--Halls, where Oglebay Hall now stands) was in ruins, fire had gutted it, money could not be found to rebuild it, and ivy had grown over the standing walls." Indeed, everybody spoke of this wing as "the ruins."

On Other Campuses

Up at HARVARD UNIVERSITY, ornithologists are chasing sea-gulls by airplane in an attempt to gather information on the exceptional "homing-instinct" of these birds.

UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT, at Storrs (Mr. Gould once taught there), reports a decline in both French and German courses, but more than 100 per cent increase in Spanish course enrollments.

University officials say increased interest in Spanish has come because students believed U.S.-Latin-American relations will be much closer in the future. (See October *Bethanian*, p. 18, for shift in Bethany language interest.)

From campus of INDIANA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, Terre Haute, Dr. G. Isaac, philosophy head reports college students are more disturbed by family troubles than by any other worries, including their own love affairs. Grades of many good students dropped when parents at home were breaking up, Dr. Isaac found.

Students bothered with family affairs are difficult to reason with, Dr. Isaac found. One good common sense discussion usually solves troubles of collegians jittery over love affairs, which are the second biggest cause of low grades.

Third biggest worry of collegians is over money matters, Dr. Isaac found.

YALE UNIVERSITY, at New Haven, Conn., beginning its 240th year, has opened Silliman College, completing its group of 10 undergraduate colleges as planned.

Planned for 250 students, the new college was named for Benjamin Silliman of the class of 1796, pioneer in scientific education and professor of chemistry and geology at Yale from 1802 to 1858.

Filmer S. C. Northrop, long-time professor of philosophy at Yale, has been named master of Silliman College.

The CONCORD STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, Athens, W. Va., chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, national honorary dramatic fra-

ternity, revived "Our Town," Thornton Wilder's 1938 Pulitzer Prize play, this month.

So successful were the collegians when they did the play last summer that people wanted to see it again.

At the UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, at Ann Arbor, Dr. Walter B. Pillsbury, psychologist, says that the father's I.Q. could be used for the son's college entrance examination.

The psychologist found in a statistical study that the difference between the father's grades and his son's is comparable to the relative scholastic achievements of the son in high school and in college.

One of his conclusions in the study was that the government should give financial aid to intelligent couples so that they might produce intelligent offspring.

At SALEM COLLEGE, Salem, W. Va., a major is now open for those who have artistic inclinations. Beginning in 1942, graduates will be able to obtain the degree of bachelor of arts with a major in art.

THE LAST OF THE UNIONTOWN GANG

(Continued from Page 15)

Pennsylvania high school tournament.

When the gang graduated from high school, it looked as though it was going to break up. That fall "Horse" stayed home while "Bud" and "Petie" came to Bethany College. By fall of 1937, Petroff had convinced Taylor to come to Bethany. But still the gang wasn't together, because Kuhns had broken a hand playing football and stayed out of college.

Together again in 1938-39, "Bud" and "Petie" at forward, and "Horse" alternating at center and forward, the Bisons had their last tolerable season. The Uniontown gang had hit its pace.

Came spring, came love and graduation for Petroff. Came fall, but "Bud" had lost varsity-or-nothing spirit.

"Horse" marks the end of a little era.

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Theater

LONG LIVE SHAKESPEARE!

Come February 22 and Commencement Hall stage will feel the tread of real buskins as Alpha Psi Omega, national honorary dramatic fraternity, attempts to do justice to the Bard of Avon's "Twelfth Night."

First dramatic production of the new year, and supposedly the best collegian offering, Alpha Psi's piece will be the first Shakespeare done at Bethany since spring of 1937, when "Taming of the Shrew" was enacted.

Quarter of a century ago, Shakespeare was not so neglected here. At that time Professor Anna Ruth Bourne, now emerita, had hundreds of persons traveling to Bethany in the spring to witness Shakespeare played on an outdoor stage between Oglebay Hall and Pendleton Heights.

Rehearsals for "Twelfth Night", which will be the third major dramatic production of the year, began shortly after vacation, after fraternity members haggled indecisively on the choice of a play. Under consideration at one time or another were "Passing of the Third Floor Back", "Pygmalion", "Winterset", "Barclay Square", "Arms and the Man", and "Hotel Universe."

IN TIME OF SORROW

*As a wind-tossed reed
To the morning sun
Uplifts its head,
So I to solitude
For healing, turn.*

By Florence Nicholas

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Beneath the seemingly gay and carefree attitude, of the students on our campus there is a realization that the time in college is a period of preparation. The chief worry as I recall, am I taking the right courses; am I studying the important subjects or studying the ones we do select correctly. I speak not of those gifted individuals who are able to step directly from the campus to a place in the field for which he prepared, but of those who must take what ere chance might offer.

What then, if a college education does not prepare us for a professional career, might we expect from it? College should awaken us to the surrounding world; it should deepen our sympathies, extend our appreciative senses, enable us to meet on the plane the intellectuals of all ages; enable us to live creatively, to be socially alive, to be tolerant in a world of passion and intolerance.

When we leave the college community, we too often enter a community where we do not have a common interest or means of expression. We quit punning for a pun is not recognized or the phrasing is not known to our hearers.

We are met in a depressing number of instances with envy or dislike. In attempting to learn a job, it is made difficult because our fellow workers who have been on the job for a longer period of time, refuse to give us needed information. They seem to feel that being a college graduate, we should have all knowledge at our command.

This attitude I feel is due to a misconception of a college in the mind of the outsider. They seem to think that a college is some mystic place where knowledge and facts comes to the student by his mere presence.

The departmentalization, the specialization of knowledge, the difficulties of presentation and retention have no place for consideration in the mind of the average non-college individual.

I did not have the intention of being pessimistic, but have attempted to record for you something of the attitude of the industrial workers toward the college graduate.

With the following bit of advice to all who leave the campus, I must close. Realize that the man who has been on the job three, five or ten years knows what he is doing or at least knows how it is to be

done. Ask his advice in such a manner as to play on his ego. Do not attempt to impress your fellow workmen. They have methods of putting you in your place and so many times theory has little or no relation—ship to the practical application.

Respectfully yours,

William D. Murray.

FAILURE

*Reaching up,
Straining every muscle,
Eager, stretching, wishing, reaching,
Yet unable to attain.
Wondering, daunted, doubting,
Slipping just a little
Sinking down and backwards,
Into quiescence.*

By Mimi Strain



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TOMORROW—

In tomorrow of the future
As our thoughts leap back,
We will make vindictive jest
And many a subtle crack.

Soothing time will only soften,
Not erase our chaff,
But the things that rankle now
Will only make us laugh.

Petty profs with petty problems,
Giving F's to fit the curve;
Snooty snips with silly snickers
Ego, smugness, nerve.

Beefing Bursar, bales of bills;
Doubtful doctor, peddling pills;
Princely Prexy, wielding whip;
Doleful Deans, lashing lips;
Clinging couples, checking clocks;
Many matrons, latching locks.

And yet, my pet—
As we look back in memory
At the tower against the sky
We'll have a soft spot
In our hearts
For Beth'ny
'Till we die.

By Decker and the boys.

FLU DOWNS 117

(Continued from Page 14)

were among the institutions that
suspended school activities.

Postponement of several college
functions, a lecture course, and even-
ing Church services marked the
epidemic.

TWO VERSE PICTURES

By Ruth Swartz

TREASURE . . .

*Straight and ruthless, the tortoise
comb
Untumbles the tangled waves,
Till the hair lies like a sheaf of gold
On the ivory of her face.*

FIRST SNOW . . .

*Faces like rose-petals crumpled,
Wild hair, a dark tangled mass,
Suddenly quiet, the children
Watch the first snow through the
glass.*

SILENCE—

*So many wonders are achieved in
silence.*

*The dawn drifts quietly from nights
long arm.*

*The rose breaks into blossoming
thru silence.*

*The stars come from the dark with-
out alarm.*

*The beautiful and good are wrought
in silence.*

*Perhaps we would do well to culti-
vate*

*This mood of Nature, knowing that
in silence*

*We may augment our strength, and
dream, and wait.*

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Editorial

* * *

On the state armory at my home town there is a bronze plaque that reads:

"Roll of Honor"

"In Memory of those Loyal Men
who gave their lives
in the World War"

Then follows a list of names in neat,
raised letters.

The United States of America is
at war. Congress has not declared
war. No army or navy casualty lists
are being printed in the newspapers
But the United States is at war with
the Axis. The formal declaration will
come later, after a number of Amer-
ican ships have been sunk with car-
goes of munitions for England.

Some time last fall, Mr. Roose-
velt promised that he would do all in
his power to keep the United States
out of war. More recently, he prom-
ised that, by aiding the Allies to de-
feat the Axis, the people of these
United States would have none of
the fighting to do.

History runs in cycles. It doesn't
run in twenty year cycles. It runs
in century-long cycles. Yet there is
a parallel between Mr. Roosevelt's
re-election and that of Mr. Wilson.
The "He kept us out of war" slogan
helped Mr. Wilson no end when he
applied for a second term.

Although the neutrality law is
still in effect, the United States gov-
ernment has definitely violated it by
equipping belligerent vessels of war.
One advantage of keeping the law
in effect is that the government will
have a monopoly on the sale of war
materials to the Allies. But is it wise
for the United States government,
under the guise of "expediency", to
violate one of the laws passed by
Congress? If citizens violated laws
and then pleaded "expediency", they
would be prosecuted.

During World War I citizens
fought, died "to make the world
safe for democracy" and "to save
civilization." Are the essentials fac-
tor of this war any different? Would
we accomplish anything by giving
our lives to defeat Fascism?

How soon will there be another
bronze plaque on that armory, read-
ing:

"Roll of Honor"

"In memory of those Loyal Men
who gave their lives
in World War II" ?

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XXXII No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1941



THIS ISSUE

Swamping in Africa
Freshman Class Pictures
If Please You Must

One Minute Lecture Course

* * *

"To hate is not to understand," and "although China is old, her arteries are not yet hard." Two drops of wisdom from the land of Confucius, as spoken during lecture course by lady journalist Helena Gin-Chiu Kou.

* * *

"There is only one way to insure a satisfactory life, no matter what may come, and that is to become a thinker." Professor E. E. Roberts in his annual psychology-tinted Chapel talk.

* * *

"Eliminate tolerance, and freedom of thought, education, religion and home life, and the word 'democracy' becomes a mere shibboleth. We are in the Dark Ages Again." Dean Weimer, addressing an American Legion Auxiliary banquet.

* * *

"By the year 2000, which is only 60 years away, people will consider our way of life impossible." Scientist Gerald Wendt, on a recent lecture course.

* * *

"It's a story you might read with a little more care, or a study you might read." Dr. Alexander to one of his freshman English classes after a discussion on an assigned short story.

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THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

ON THE COVER

With the approach of spring and days of bright sunshine, light and shadow will inlay striking patterns on the Corridor. Such natural chiaroscuro, dear to the heart of every photographer, was caught on this month's cover by Mr. George Massey, a Bethany graduate from Beaver Falls, Pa.

Page three—Janet Johnston

Page eight—Zamsky Studios

Page nine—Zamsky Studios

Page ten—Irv Shlansky

Page eleven—Irv Shlansky

Page twelve—News Bureau

Page thirteen—Dave Huntsberger

Page fourteen—Peter Johnson

Page fifteen—Top, Irv Shlansky; center, Irv Shlansky; bottom, Dave Huntsberger

Page sixteen—All photos by Irv Shlansky.

MOVIES

March 7—Babes in Arms

March 14—Honeymoon for Three

March 21—South of Suez

March 26—Northwest Passage

April 4—Another Thin Man

April 18—Shop Around the Corner

April 25—Balalaika

May 2—Young Tom Edison

May 9—New Moon

May 16—Edison The Man

May 23—Andy Hardy Meets Debutante

May 30—Bittersweet

June 6—Boom Town

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Swamping in Africa

By Janet Johnston

Splosh!

"Oh dear, now look at me!" I moaned as I picked myself up from the big puddle of muddy water and stood gazing ruefully at my wet shirt and breeches, clean only that morning. The missionary nurse and the three native boys who were with us hastened to me, inquiring if I were hurt; but when they found that my pride was more injured than my bones, they laughed long and heartily at the bedraggled spectacle I made.

The amusement of the others was contagious and I soon could laugh at myself; resigned meanwhile that since I had to fall in the mud it was certainly much more interesting to fall in African mud than any other. The next thing was to find some clean water to wash the worst of it off with, for African mud is no exception and is very dirty. That I soon accomplished.

We were standing in the shadows of an African swamp, deep in the interior of the Belgian Congo and about a hundred and fifty miles from our mission station. Around us pressed the tall trees, the bushes, and the tangled vines which make up a typical forest; but this was more than a forest. It was partly swamp and we had been wading through mud and water since eight that morning.

It was now around noon, but so tightly interwoven were the tree tops that it seemed more nearly like evening. The vines not only clambered up, down, and between the trees, but also hung down in our path, slapping us provokingly in the face at times as we slopped along through the mire.

I voiced the fact that it was time to eat, whereon we chose a particularly nice log to sit

on and opened our wicker lunch basket between us. In a few minutes we were all munching sandwiches that were the best I had ever eaten, even if they were slightly muddy in flavor.

I hadn't minded crossing the river that morning in a tiny canoe which sank into the water so far that the water was only a little lower than an inch from the top, and from

which the water had to be scooped constantly because of two bad leaks; or wading mud and water for four hours immediately upon reaching the other side. That had been adventure de luxe, and rather fun. But falling on my face in several inches of slime was anything but thrilling especially when I was very hungry, wet, and chilly.

As though that were not enough

excitement for one day, that afternoon I nearly received another and more dangerous dunking. For several hours we had been walking steadily on a pole bridge, when suddenly we came to the end. Ahead of us were several yards of dirty water, debris floating about on the surface. Then came the main river, over which were suspended shakily two poles and a vine. There being nothing else for us to do if we were to cross that day, we dropped off the edge of the good bridge into the water. Down, down, my feet kept going, and not until the water was high around my shoulders did my feet touch bottom. It took my breath away for a minute.

We waded through the floating twigs to the other make-shift bridge. The nurse insisted that I cross first, so I hoisted myself onto the two poles in a kneeling position, and grasped the vine with one hand and the slippery poles

(Continued on Page 4)



"The main river over which were suspended shakily two poles and a vine."

RAIN

By Norris Whitlock

Rain sometimes comes down in bucketfuls. That is a good thing, because then there is no question that it is raining. But all too often it comes down a drop at a time, as though it could not make up its mind. That is a bad thing, because it prevents you from making up your mind.

Most people are notorious cowards in making up their minds whether it is raining or not. They feel what they think are raindrops, and go around asking other people whether they have felt raindrops. And the people who are asked make guarded replies. They don't want to be reproached for giving misleading information.

So while the rain is making up its mind you have to wait to make up your mind whether to take an umbrella, raincoat and rubbers, or whether to call up and say that it is so threatening you think you had better not come, or whether to risk yourself, unprotected, against the elements.

You might, of course, trust neither your friends or yourself and seek official information from the weather bureau. But nobody knows what was done with the newspaper, and if you turn on the radio, you are quite likely to get a military band or an engagement ring on the deferred payment plan, rather than the weather bulletin. And even should you get the weather report you don't feel like trusting it.

If you are optimistic, you may shortly find yourself soaked to the skin. If you are pessimistic, you may find yourself lugging umbrella, raincoat and rubbers and likewise soaked to the skin—with perspiration and probably leaving them in places where they will never be recovered.

And so, as you hold out the palm of your hand in the air and wait to see if it feels damp, you are likely to express the wish that you could place some reliance in the old proverb which declares, without valid reason, that, "It never rains, but it pours."

ahead of me with the other, I crawled half way over safely.

Then I very foolishly looked down at the madly whirling waters and almost lost my hold. There I was, less than a foot above deep swift currents, and with only two wet poles under me and one very unsubstantial vine to hold onto. If I had slipped just a little, I would have plunged into that flood to go swirling away forever like a large stick that just floated by.

I shut my eyes to close out those dizzy, foamy water. I became conscious that our men were calling to me to keep moving; so I began my crawl forward once more, to reach the other side with untold relief. To our joy everyone

crossed safely, and we continued through the swamp.

For three more hours we labored through that swamp; and as we plodded along we were too intent on watching the winding trail ahead of us to carry on much conversation. I could not help but compare that particular swamp to others we had crossed on former trips through the country back of our mission station.

Like most of the swamps in the region, this one was not a single one but one of a chain. All the swamps were alike in that they consisted of one main stream. The land surrounding it would be at times covered with water, and at times merely soggy. Across the main streams we usually found very good bridges made of many small poles tied side by side with vines and laid across larger poles which were elevated several feet above the water. Through the surrounding swamp, the bridges were, for the most part, merely several parallel logs laid end to end, and occasionally covered with packed ant-hill clay for safer travel.

The ease with which any of them were traversed depended on the season of the year, whether it were rainy or dry, and on the ambition of the villagers and how well they kept the bridges in repair.

The worst swamps I have ever experienced were along the Njwi river, one of the narrowest, deepest, and swiftest in Central Africa. Even in the dry season, the river spreads out deep into the forest; but during the rainy weather, the water rises so high that it washes out the bridges and makes the river almost impassible. When we crossed we were the last to do so at that point for a number of weeks, because the rainy season had just begun.

This trip and two others that I made through the back country with the nurse will always afford me pleasant memories, even when I am old and gray. And wherever I may be, the native word, *botamboji*, will call up before my eyes many familiar pictures.

I will see native men swinging boxes of canned food, camp cots, and our other equipment between them on poles from their shoulders, and singing out their stories as they jog along. I will see the men who acted as our bike boys and carried us, as well as the bikes, over many bad spots. I will recall hot, dirty, one-street villages with the children and dogs who would

(Continued on Page 20)

If Please You Must

By Janice Cooper

We women are conforming creatures. We are out more or less, to please the Males, our Masters, but we have a Motive. We conform to please merely to be able to wrap them around our itty bitty fingers so they will conform. The males try the same thing. Vicious circle, n'est-ce pas?

The editor desired to give us girls a break so he sent me out on a survey to find out just what the males desire in the Bethany coed. Read and take heed, girls, and get your man.

I found it very surprising but the male sex is just as interested in a girl's appearance as the girls themselves. In fact, in spite of the controversy concerning the subject, the Pi Kappa Tau boys seem to know what they like and dislike pertaining to the wearing apparel of the average Bethany coed. So here goes, girls—and please, be able to take it.

Eugene Keckley may be a ministerial student but that does not mean that he is blind, or does not notice what is or isn't par excellence in sports costumes. He prefers plain shirts with a sweater of a blending shade such as red and grey, beige and green or yellow and brown. He likes plain sweater-necks, and sometimes white collars but never necklaces with saddle shoes and anklets. And before I forget—he likes *clean* saddle shoes with *clean* shoe-laces. (pardon me while I clean my shoes.) He likes both stockings and high heel shoes, and saddles and anklets with skirts and sweaters. The mannish suits also have a place—a good place in his estimation. Brightly colored Ski suits look nice against the snow while plaid jackets and jodphurs look nice on a horse. (He means on a girl on a horse.) Shorts are preferred for tennis and other outdoor sports. Incidentally, most of the Phi Tau's like red—and just what male doesn't?

Tony Pinto burst forth with his version of what a well-dressed college girl should be. For him, all coeds are well-dressed for dates, evening and Sunday, if they appear in silk stockings and high-heels. (And a dress, of course) He prefers brunettes to wear white, and blondes to dress in the dark shades. (Editor's note: How about redheads?) He likes a white blouse with a dubonnet or a black velveteen skirt. He doesn't care much for hats especially

the new fads. After seeing the girls dressed all week in sport outfits and saddle shoes, he likes to view "his date" a little more dressed up. He considers a wool dress or perhaps a jersey or silk, nice. "It is nice to see Bethany on Sunday with the girls dressed for dinner and the boys dressed for church—even if they didn't make it!" said Tony chuckling. Remember Tony is a New Yorker. Thank you, Phi Tau's. We will try our best to meet the expectations.

Stopping on the Sigma Nu doorstep I encountered two of "the boys", Harry Lammert and Norris Whitlock. We discussed personality. Harry proceeded to outline his "dream-girl". First of all, it does not matter if she is light or dark, blonde or brunette. That is good news because now we all have a chance. The "outdoor type" is preferred but he would rather she be outdoors in summer and indoors in winter. She should be sweet but not too sweet. She must be full of life and pep. Then too, he likes those who date for fun—for a good time. The serious type and the pin element are out. A good conversationalist is necessary—especially in Bethany. If anyone wishes to date for the reasons given, just call Harry Lammert—Bethany 2391.

Naturally Norris Witlock is a little prejudiced right now, but then he did have his ideal in his mind. Now it seems to be an actuality. He too likes a good conversationalist with lots of pep and vitality but she must be sensible. She should have her serious side. As Norris says "It is fun to have fun, yet there are times when a boy needs a friend who will sympathize and understand, and be there when needed the most. As a whole, the coeds are happy-go-lucky, yet when needed their entire personality changes." Now we know why the "white star" shines so brightly.

Have you ever sat in the back of chapel and noticed all the different hair styles of the girls? everyone is different. I thought that the Kappa Alph's would find it difficult to state their preference, but it was a definite fixture in their minds. Dick Wells likes blondes with a long blonde bob. No short hair cuts for him. He likes it curled up at the ends, not too set or windblown. He looks the second time at natural blondes but not at bleached. Of course

(Continued on Page 18)

Short Short Story

Red Ink

By Bert Decker

"So that is the old duffer that brags that I can't forge a check on his bank, huh?" asked Jerry Blake as he put out his cigaret and stood up.

"Uh huh, that's im. You'll just have to hook him for your rep's sake," whispered the waiter from the side of his mouth as he picked up his tip.

"Thanks," said Jerry and started towards old J. J. Andrews as the rich sportsman sat sipping a drink at the club bar. Jerry's tweed suit and casual manner seemed to place him in the same class as the elderly banker.

"My name is Drake, Mr. Andrews," lied Jerry, "Larry Drake. I saw your mare, Dapple Diana, run today, and I'd like to buy her if you are considering selling her."

"Well, I might if you have a lot of money to waste," grinned J. J.

Jerry grinned back at him. "What do you consider a lot of money?" he drawled, leaning against the bar.

"Westerner, aren't you?" assumed J. J. stalling for time.

"Uh huh." Jerry turned to the bartender. "Scotch and soda," he ordered, and turned back to J. J. "Join me?" he invited.

"I don't mind if I do," accepted J.J. looking the young man over shrewdly, "I suppose you have heard that I am trying to get rid of my stable."

"Certainly, otherwise I would not have approached you."

"Well, asked J. J., "how much will you give for her?"

"Four thousand."

"She's worth six."

"Which means you'll deal for five. O.K.?" Jerry grinned at the older man. Andrews studied him over his new drink and suddenly stuck out his hand.

"It's a deal, Pard," he mocked Jerry's drawl, "Where do I deliver her?"

"If you don't mind, I would like to hold off delivery for a few days."

J. J. frowned. "What's the matter," he asked, "no money?"

"Oh, sure I have the money right here," Jerry reassured him, pulling his wallet from his pocket, "but I am going to buy a carload of nags, Dad thinks we need some new blood in our stock and I thought I would hold up delivery on them until I bought them all. Give me a receipt, and I will let you know in less than a week where to ship her. O.K.?"

"O.K., agreed J.J. and tore off a sheet from the bartender's check-pad. "Received of Larry Drake, five thousand dollars, J. J. Andrews. This calls for another drink," he said putting the money in his pocket. He pushed his empty glass across the bar. "The same, Sam, all around."

"Fine," said Jerry, and as the bartender pushed the drinks toward them he tossed a couple of dollars on the bar.

"Oh no you don't," said J.J. shoving the bills aside and signing for the drinks.

"Oh yes I do," exclaimed Jerry tearing the signed check off the pad and pushing his money forward, "my money is as good as yours even if you do have a couple of million more than I. Anyhow I hooked you a thousand; I would have paid six." He slipped the bar check into his pocket with the receipt.

"That's funny," kidded J.J., "I figure I hooked you a thousand; I would have sold for four." They both laughed.

An hour later Jerry sat in his hotel room. In front of him lay the receipt and the signed check. He studied the signatures closely. "The second J is smaller than the first," he muttered to himself. He started to practice writing the name.

Two days later Jerry walked into the First National Bank. "I would like to speak to J.J.," he said to the president's secretary. "Tell him it is Larry Drake, and if that doesn't register tell him it's the man that bought Dapple Diana."

J.J. would see him. Jerry walked into the president's office with a worried look on his face.

"Gee, J.J.," he mourned, "you've got me on the spot. My old man is in a jam, and wired me

Fooy On New Fangled Contraptions!

By the Editors

to send him every cent I could honestly get my hands on. How much of a beating are you going to give me? Will you give me four thousand for that mare?"

"So you've come awining, eh, pard?" J. J. teased him.

Jerry just grinned at him. J. J. got serious. "Don't you have any credit or securities? We might let you have some money." J. J. was all banker.

"Take too much time, besides we Westerners like to deal in cash."

"Yes, I have noticed that. Well, is isn't good business but we can't let business interfere with horse-dealing between two gentlemen." He reached for a check book and wrote out a check for five thousand. "There," he said pushing it across the desk, "take your money, you Indian Giver, they will cash that out front for you. I hope your father gets out of his jam."

"Thank you, Mr. Andrews, I sure appreciate this. I'll be seeing you." Jerry walked out beaming.

He went straight to the cashier's cage and pushed the check under the grille. "Cash, please."

"Any identification?" The clerk raised his eyes from the check and smiled respectfully.

Jerry was ready for him. "Call J.J." he said.

The clerk reached for his phone and dialed a number. He muttered into it, and Jerry smiled to himself as he heard J.J.'s roar of approval over the phone. The clerk pushed the crisp bills across the counter and apologized. "Matter of form, sir, that is quite a sum of money."

"That's your job," smiled Jerry, "But I will get more than that out of him, you wait and see." He pocketed the money and walked out.

But the next day he was back. He was announced and walked into J.J.'s office.

"Well, Indian Giver, she will cost you six thousand today," greeted the banker.

"I can't buy her today," explained Jerry, "I am hopping a plane for home, but I want to know if you'll have her here two weeks from now, 'cause I plan to come back and get her."

"Times are tough, and if I get my price I'll deal; but suckers are hard to find these days so I suppose that she will be here when you get back. But I warn you, the next time you pay six thousand."

"We'll haggle over that when I get back,"

Something slipped, but not on the ice skating rink. And it wasn't skates. And it wasn't because they didn't try to freeze a wide plaza for this most delightful of winter sports. They sprayed the all-sport court. They sprayed the tennis courts so much that they'll never have to be wet down in any summer. They sprayed the practice football field. But that would have been too big a rink anyway. They sprayed the lawn between the gym and the Main Building, so that it'll be green next summer even if there is a drought. Much to the misfortune of Freshmen Biology students they drowned every insect hibernating in the ground.

Winter came. Everyday common things froze up tight. The Buffalo froze. Two students had their ears frostbitten. Sixteen cases of milk froze up in Phillips Hall. The ten nozzles on the spraying machine froze tight. But did the darned spray made by the spraying machine freeze? No!

Maybe it was the weather's fault. But the scientific spraymen have more rational explanations.

One explanation was that you can't spray an ice skating rink unless you have a solid base to spray on. And the ground never froze hard enough to form a solid base. It always soaked up the spray. It was thirsty. You need a solid base to get a good rink. Except in nature. The Buffalo sometimes makes a good rink, but did you ever kick your foot through the ice on the Buffalo and feel the good ice-cold solid base run into your shoe?

All this time a swell solid base was going to waste right under the spraymen's eyes. They overlooked the Corridor. One hundred and twenty-five feet by ten feet of good solid tile base between the main hallway and Commencement Hall. And it all went to waste. Why didn't they spray the Corridor and skate between classes.

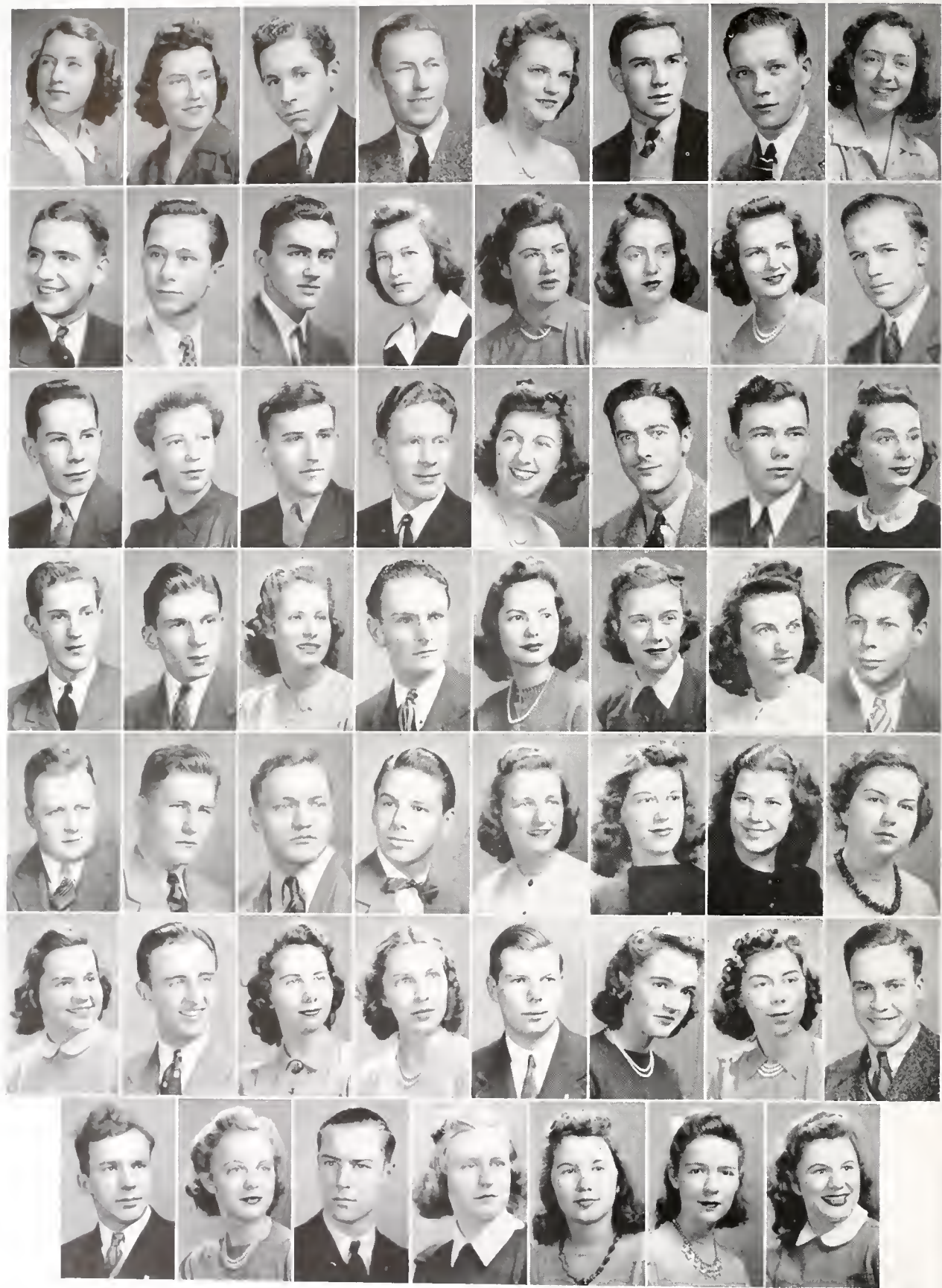
The chief sprayman placed the blame on the black asphalt surface. The black surface absorbed heat, necessitating colder weather to freeze the court. Why didn't some one think of splashing a couple of gallons of white wash on the court to overcome this obstacle?

According to the chief sprayman's reasoning blackbirds should fly north in the winter time since they have a protective covering and the white polar bears should hike south. If, as the chief sprayman contends, black surfaces won't freeze, the dark continent should exchange places with the North Pole. Then the chief sprayman and his staff of lesser spraymen wouldn't have to worry about bucking "ol man weather", because there wouldn't be any skating anyway.

laughed Jerry, "I'll get you down to five if I have to buy you another drink to do it, Adios." He started through the door but stopped. "J.J." he said with his hand on the doorknob, "come here."

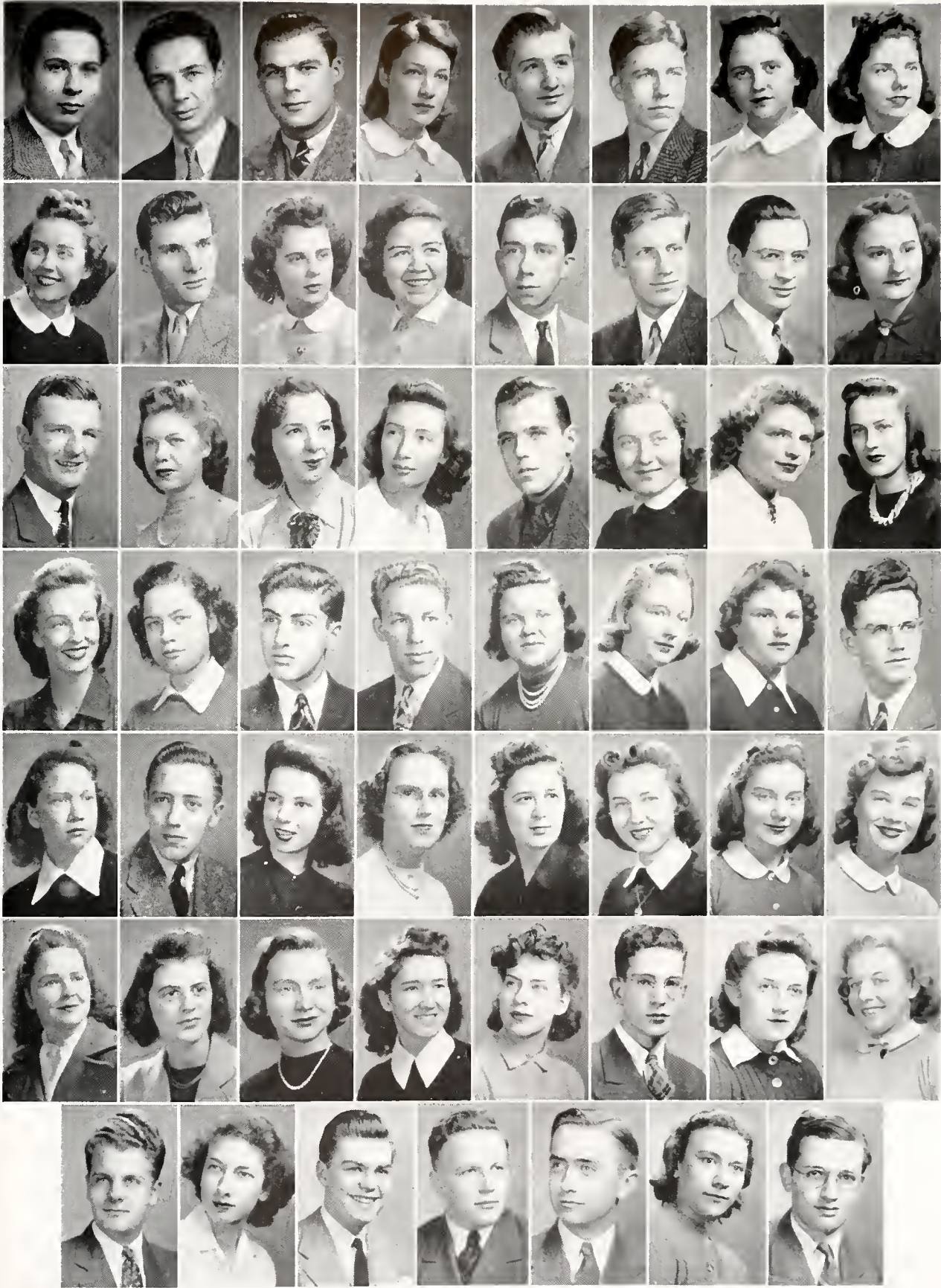
"Why, what?" questioned the banker from behind his desk.

(Continued on Page 12)



Top row, left to right—Margaret Abel, Betty Mae Addleman, Fred Albrecht, Robert Alexander, Dorothy Amey, James Barnes, George Bartram, Gloria Bass.
Second row, left to right—Jack Baumgartner, Arthur Beard, Bruce Beck, Virginia Beck, Jean Belknap, Ella Jane Bishop, Margaret Blanck, Donald Boyd.
Third row, left to right—Donald Brinkwater, Gloria Brodersen, Stanley Brown, Robert Bullard, Marjorie Campbell, Jack Cicco, Richard Colan, Miriam Co.
Fourth row, left to right—William Cullison, Frank Donics, Virginia Dounes, James Drum, Betty Elder, Elizabeth Field, Margaret Flatley, Charles Ford.
Fifth row, left to right—Henry Foster, Charles Foy, Robert Frontz, Robert Fulmer, Jean Goe, Jeanne Goodwin, Sara Griffiths, Marjorie Hanes.
Sixth row, left to right—Patricia Harney, Roy Heckel, Mary Jane Helfer, Phyllis Hendrickson, Theodore Herrick, Elinore Hettingington, Lou Hood.
Seventh row, left to right—John Hudak, Marjorie Hunter, Robert Husband, Irene Jassen, Evelyn Jones, Martha Kittle, Jacqueline Knoblock.

DEGREES IN 1944



left to right—Sheldon Koban, Raymond Kurtz, Joseph La Barre, Jane Land, Paul Lunham, Raymond LeStrange, Jan Linn, Lois Linn.
 left to right—Betty Grace Love, Max Luckart, Jane Mayers, Jean MacLeod, John Morgan, Steve Nunn, Thomas Peterson, Bettsey Ann Plank.
 left to right—Clayton Pletz, Dorothy Ralston, Mary Helen Reed, Miriam Reno, Robert Runk, Ruth Ruthertord, Margaret Sebulenberg, Nancy Sebring.
 left to right—Betty Shaffer, Myra Shaffer, Irvan Shlansky, Edward Schriener, Jessie Simpson, Mary Elizabeth Smith, Betty Louise Stafford, Robert Stealey.
 left to right—Rosemary Stewart, Wilmont Stratton, Mary Aline Struble, Martha Stuart, Jeanne Styer, Frances Thomas, Eleanor Throckmorton, Shirley Tidwell.
 left to right—Jennie Umbel, Evelyn Van Strien, Peggy Wallace, Jane Walls, Shirley Weatheruax, John Weimer, Janet Whitstone, Gertrude Whitney.
 left to right—Thomas Willoughby, Suzanne Wood, William Yanch, Donald Young, William Young, Anna Zenowitz, Henry Zingher.

Fraternity of the Month

SIGMA NU

It seems appropriate at this time, national and local conditions being what they are particularly in regards to their effect on the fraternity, to look into just what it is that makes a Greek letter society a necessary phase in the college experience of a man. Adherence to the precepts of Sigma Nu gains for the member character development, experience in assuming responsibility, an understanding of fellow-men, appreciation of culture, learning self government and incentives for achievement. It is now recognized among colleges in general that in addition to classroom instruction students must have character, social and self-government training if they are to make the best use of that instruction. The fraternity teaches its members honor, integrity, inculcates a desire to give as well as receive, and instills in them a sense of their responsibility to larger groups.

From the very beginning of his fraternity experience the Sigma Nu pledge here at Bethany begins assuming and sharing these obligations and benefits of the fraternity. They elect their own officers, Bob Alexander is pledge president, and determine their course in matters affecting themselves. They assume responsibility for the annual pledge smoker for pledges of the other fraternities, they experience actual control of fraternity policy on a day set aside on which actives and pledges exchange places, their scholastic efforts are strengthened by desire for the scholarship key awarded each year to a member of the pledge class and they take an active part in the fraternity's athletic and social activities.

As actives, Sigma Nus reap the full benefits to be derived from participation in the richness of fraternity life. There is a fellowship and companionship evidenced which is not to be equaled. An incentive is offered to take part in college activities as is apparent from the list which might be compiled of Sigma Nu representation in all phases of collegiate activity. George Davis is vice-president of the Student Board of Governors; Jack Pryor, Bob Alexander, Don Wolf, Jim Sembower and

Jim Barnes are important cogs on the basketball team; Ed Elsasser is president of the Interfraternity Council; track and swimming teams find a majority of Sigs in their make-up; and assistantships in the various departments are held by Frank Long, Bob Fritz, Bob Showman, Norris Whitlock, Ray Thompson, and Ed Elsasser. Within the chapter itself dances, smokers, open houses and teas all add to the enjoyment and appreciation of fraternity life. In addition to contact with fellow students, fraternity men have the added advantage of informal social contact with the faculty through the media of faculty dinner guests, small informal faculty-student get-togethers, and the annual Faculty Banquet.

The fraternity is a binding tie not only during the years that a man is in college, but when he assumes the status of an alumnus it is one of the strongest ties which bind him to his school and draw him back to it year after year. That an attachment is formed which lasts is proven by the active interest taken by Sig alumni and the sense of responsibility they feel towards continuing Epsilon in the high position it has always maintained on this campus. Thus we see that fraternities are needed to fill a certain spot in college life and we feel that Epsilon of Sigma Nu has more than adequately filled this order.



"... needed to fill a certain spot"

SENIORS

Robert Showman
Norris Whitlock

JUNIORS

Wilbur Cramblet, Jr.
George Davis
Edward Elsasser
Robb Henry
Edward Laubersheimer
Wallace Mayor
William Neumann
Ralph Pryor
William Stophel

SOPHOMORES

Robert Addleman
Richard Barker
Robert Fritz
Richard Glass
Fred Haenszel
James Hawkins
Harry Lammert
Frank Long
William Loper
Harold Myers
Walter Myers
Thomas Poston
Loren Thompson
Richard Umbel
William Weaver
John Whitehill
Don Wolf

FRESHMEN

Robert Alexander
James Barnes
Charles Browne
Robert Bullard
Charles Foy
Robert Golbey
Robert Hustead
Clarence Joy
Raymond LeStrange
Max Luikart
Creighton Murphy
Harry Murphy
Steve Nunn
James Sembower

Flower—White Rose

Colors—Black, White and Gold

Publication—The Delta

Faculty—Prof. Wilbur J. Sumpstine
Dr. James W. Alexander

At Top—

*Executive Board: Stophel, Davis, Elsasser,
Henry, Laubersheimer, Pryor.*

Center—

"Beam for Sigma Nu."

Bottom—

*"Don't look at the camera!!"
Wolf, Alexander, Sembower, Nunn,
Hustead, Foy, Fritz.*



"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

CLUB FOR CAREER GIRLS RED INK



MISS MARGARET R. SPARKS

Future business girls and secretaries here at Bethany had long considered a secretarial training club to be an ideal thing. Now with Miss Sparks as their faculty advisor they have begun just such a club, the first one of its kind in all of Bethany's 100 years.

Presiding over the monthly meetings we find President Marietta Shore assisted by Vice President Margaret Stein and Secretary-Treasurer Pauline Gilbert. The name of the club is one of the present points of discussion of the members including the girls who are Bethany alumnae now employed in the various college offices. Membership is determined by the number of hours credit in the secretarial training department and the grades obtained.

During the meetings the girls will discuss the problems of their chosen profession and make a survey of the possible positions and how they may be acquired. They plan to have business men as guest speakers on these various subjects.

There is a possibility that this organization may someday become affiliated with a national honor society in this field.

* * *

The UNIVERSITY OF HELSINKI, Finland, has been given \$25,000 by the Rockefeller Foundation in order that it might continue its program of research and teaching for the coming year.

(Continued from Page 7)

"Oh, come here," said Jerry as if he had a secret to share.

Curiosity overcame the millionaire and he joined the young man in the door way.

"You beefing that business is bad and look at all the nice cash customers you have this morning." Jerry's laugh rang out through the high ceilinged bank. Its customers and clerks turned to see the two men saying goodbye in the doorway as Jerry had planned they would see him.

J.J. went back to his desk wondering what the hell was so funny about that, while Jerry walked over to the same clerk that had cashed his check the day before.

"I told you I would get him for more," he said to the clerk pushing a check for twenty-five thousand made out to Larry Drake and signed J. J. Andrews, across the counter.

The clerk smiled and said, "Good for you, Mr. Drake." He looked down at the check, gave Jerry a surprised glance, and pushed a button under his desk. "Twenty-five thousand, do you want it in cash?"

"Yes, please," answered Jerry but that was all the further he got. A guard walked over to him, and without taking his eyes off him, asked the clerk, "What's the trouble here?"

"I think this man is trying to pass a forged check on me. Wait until I check with J.J."

Jerry looked around. The door was blocked by another guard with pistol in his hand.

"Never mind checking," he said. "I forged it, but how the hell did you know? That signature is perfect."

"You must be mentally deficient," said the clerk scornfully, "didn't you notice that the check yesterday was signed in red ink? J. J. signs all his checks in red ink."

Jerry shrugged his shoulders and grinned weakly. All traces of his western drawl were gone as he said, "Not mentally deficient, pal, but physically. I'm color-blind."

THIS IS AN AGE OF WONDER

*This is an Age of Wonder
Wonderous Hopes and Fears
And all the Culture of Mankind
Flowers—or disappears.*

*The cultural lag of the centuries
Shortens its ignorant strides.
Conservatives shudder in horror,
While Genius the Future rides.*

*Social Science, the Laggard,
Feeling its growing pains,
Intriguing youth's thoughts with
Tomorrow,
Is curbed as the Bigot complains.*

*Man in his puny fumbling,
Seeking Eternal Truth,
Stumbles, warped by the aged,
And slaughters the innocent youth.*

*Youth with its Faith in Reason
Protests the burden it bears,
Hoping to toil at creating,
But not in destruction take shares.*

*Custom, Convention, Tradition
Congealing the blood of the old.
New words, new faiths, new standards,
Fire the youthful bold.*

*All the Culture of Mankind—
Religions, and Science, and Arts—
Fanned by a newborn fervor,
Brightens the hopeful's hearts.*

*All the Spirits of History
Reveal that Youth won't abide
By rules of Dogmatic Dotage
But broadens the spirits wide.*

*All the Progress of Mankind
Is made by the pioneer's path
The Rut of Convention deserted,
In spite of intolerant wrath.*

*This is an Age of Wonder
Wonderous Hopes and Fears
And all the Culture of Mankind
Flowers—or disappears.*

*As ever, the Hopes of Tomorrow
Rest with the Youth of Today.
The aged will die by the wayside
Young dreamers will labor and pray.*

By Bert Decker

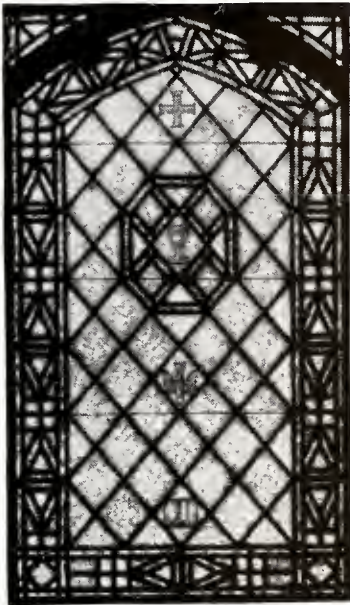
* * *

At PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, State College, Pa., it has been found that sons don't always follow in their fathers' footsteps. Only 226 of the 332 farmers' sons are enrolled in the school of agriculture and only 14 of the 162 miners' sons are studying mining engineering.

Religion

CHURCH REBUILDING BEGINS

First step in the planned redecoration of the Bethany Memorial Church is nearly completed. This



NEW MEMORIAL WINDOW

the William Pendleton Campbell Prayer Chapel. Situated in what was formerly one of the Church School classrooms, the chapel follows roughly the prayer chapel in Phillips Hall. Presented to the Church and the community by the granddaughters of Founder Alexander Campbell, the Chapel is a memorial to their father.

Designed by Mr. A. F. Wickes, consulting architect for the general church rebuilding, this small sanctuary has been planned to create an attitude of worship. Central feature of this design is the stained glass window. With an outer border of deep ruby and blue pieces, the central section of the window is made up of lightly tinted rose and flesh glass.

The chalice centered in the central panel is gold. The equal armed cross top of the window is in ruby. The dove in flight below the chalice is pale green. The opened Bible at the bottom is a tint of yellow.

Immediately below the window will be placed an altar, covered with

a gold velour cloth, upon which will stand a hand carved miniature cross. The walls, will be venetian rose, the ceiling azure blue. Suitable furniture, designed to be a part of this chapel, will comfortably seat six persons.

While he is much pleased with the beauty of this redecorated room, Mr. Stevenson is quick to point out that it is not to be used as a show place in the church but rather as a quiet, secluded corner for private meditations and worship.

EMPHASIS ON RELIGION

Church activities on Bethany's campus, aside from the regular Sunday services, are centered in two main programs each year. Best known of these is the Pre-Easter mid-day devotions. The other program, omitted last year because of the illness of Mr. Stevenson, is Religious Emphasis Week.

The two programs are correlated and complementary in that they each present a different approach to religion. While the Pre-Easter services are built about the plan of worship and devotion as an approach to religion, Religious Emphasis Week is devoted to an intellectual approach to religion. A guest speaker, chapel programs, individual conferences, group forums, these are the means used in the presentation. A man known in the field is invited to the campus and about him the program is built up.

This year the guest speaker was T. Hassell Bowen, Minister of the Harrodsburg (Ky.) Christian Church, Trustee and Professor of Philosophy of the College of the Bible at Lexington, Kentucky. Dr. Bowen is very well known among the leaders of the Disciples of Christ, being constantly invited to speak before conferences of ministers and church leaders.

Dr. Bowen's schedule consisted of four major addresses, two of them in Chapel, three afternoons of personal and group conferences, lectures to the Bible and Philosophy classes, lunch with two of the fraternity groups and a special group of men.

DID YOU KNOW BOX

That ten men on the college faculty have been ordained as ministers? They are:

W. H. Cramblet
F. R. Gay
I. T. Green
Osborne Booth
E. L. Perry
N. W. Evans
Andrew Leitch
F. H. Kirkpatrick
H. N. Miller
Dwight E. Stevenson

AN ACTIVE "Y"

The "Y" in general parlance has come to have the connotation of a hotel, a meeting place or a restaurant. But in Bethany it still means the Young Woman's Christian Association. Its many activities are a reminder that it exists and that it serves the purpose for which it was formed.

First in line of activities is the McKinleyville Social Service Project. Under Dorothy Reynolds a group of students goes to McKinleyville each Saturday afternoon to conduct a Girl Scout Troop, a Boy Scout troop, and directed recreation for the smaller children. At Christmas time all of the children there were remembered by a party and a visit from Santa Claus, (Timmy) Simpson.

Even "Y" social events are planned with the idea of service. The week before Christmas the Y. W. members gathered at Phillips Hall for their annual Christmas party. The evening was spent cutting out, sewing, and filling Christmas stockings, which were sent to the Christian Children's Home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Y. W. also sends delegates to conferences. Already one has been sent to an Inter-denominational meeting held during the Christmas vacation. Come spring and several other members will attend the Cabinet Training Conference at Jacksons Mills, W. Va. During the summer there will be, as usual, several delegates at the Eaglesmere Conference at Eaglesmere Lake, Pa.

Bi-weekly Vesper services and a monthly Baby Clinic at McKinleyville are other of the services and activities of these girls. Thus the "Y" appears to be an organization with a purpose and a strong resolve to carry this purpose through.

INTERESTING BETHANIAN

JOHNSON HAS LEARNED MUCH OUTSIDE OF BOOKS



TRAVELER JOHNSON

He has seen a good part of the country. His many jobs as truck-driver, mechanic, shipyard worker, and stationary engineer in Wyoming has given him background and conversational material on any subject, when he's in the mood. He can be scientific about ceramics or philosophical about politics. He can tell you how they make Carioeca Cooler in St. Louis or the constituents in trinitrotulocene.

He likes cats better than dogs. Being a man's man, this may sound strange, but we all have our likes and dislikes. And besides, Sandy was an unusually smart cat. Sandy was a cat Pete befriended this past summer, when Pete was out West, where among other things he climbed the 13,000 foot peak of the Grand Teton, overlooking Jackson Hole game reserve.

You know him. He's in the Inn all the time. Dungarees, plaid shirt, brogues, a cheery grin that hides a scientific attitude. Pee-ray. He reads detective stories during examination week. He likes bridge so much he keeps his own cards at the Inn. We know not when he studies but he took his Comprehensive Exam at the end of his second year at Bethany and has already been accepted at M.I.T. graduate school. It seems he came to college educated but has to get the credits to prove it.

He's a mechanical lad. He knows his radio, motors, and can fix anything that ticks. (He owns \$200 worth of tools.)

BOOK STACKS GROW TALLER

When you add about 400 to over 33,000 plus the hope for several hundred more, you get the sum (if your mathematics aren't too precise) of 34,000 which is the grand total of books Mr. Earnest Lundeen, Bethany's new librarian, and his assistant, Miss Frances Shaver, expect to have in the library by June. The "four-hundred" is an order of books in many fields which is now on the way. Some of the best sellers recently acquired are "For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Hemingway, Willa Cather's "Safari and the Slave Girl", and "Nothing But Woodhouse", a collection of the works of that author.

"I think there should be as little as possible to restrict the use of the library—in fact, more should be done to encourage it," stated Mr.

Lundeen when asked about his views on library rules. He is anxious for suggestions from students on how to make the library system more efficient and convenient.

The head librarian's main interest at the time is to make the periodicals more available to readers. He believes that the bound volumes of periodicals should all be taken from the stacks and placed on the shelves of the large room of the upper story of the building. The unbound magazines, however, which need more care, would be systematically arranged in the stacks, though still readily accessible.

"One of the things I ache to do" he grinned, "is to get them all straightened out." Mr. Lundeen is also planning to establish regular hours during which assistants will be stationed upstairs to aid students in locating articles. Making a reading room in this part of the library

THREE MORE FACULTY BOOKS

Several Bethany faculty members are at present writing, or have at their publishers, books that will be released in the near future.

Off the press soon will be Dr. W. K. Woolery's *History of Bethany College*. Historian Woolery's book, containing twelve chapters and over sixty thousand words, shows the development of the college from its founding through the Civil War years, the decline and rehabilitation of the college to its present strength. Included also are student pranks and faculty eccentricities that show the human quality of the college. The appendix includes the addresses given during the Centennial symposium and Commencement of May, 1940. The book is part of the Centennial program. Publisher is The Standard Printing and Engraving Co. The price, \$2.00.

Also at the printer is Dr. N. H. Graham's *Nouveaux Rivages* (New Shores). The book is a French reader written by Dr. Graham for Bethany's intermediate French Classes and will be used in them during this semester.

In preparation is Prof. E. E. Robert's *How to Select a College* which will be printed in pamphlet form this summer. Prof. Robert's book is an attempt to reduce the large percentage of students that enter but do not complete the college experience. The author points out the necessity of choosing the right college and hopes that his pamphlet will help high school students in determining their own eligibility for college.

Prof. Roberts has been collecting material on the subject for about ten years. He points out the necessity for an intelligent selection of colleges by students as well as students by colleges, thus "Out of every one-hundred college freshmen sixty fail to graduate. Only eight of the sixty drop out because of financial difficulties."

for those using the periodicals is another aim.

Bethany's student body has evidently made a good impression on this amiable staff member for he expressed great satisfaction in the attitude exhibited in the library. He also thinks the students are a pretty nice lot even when they aren't absorbing knowledge in his domain.

Visitors on the Campus

BRAINY LOTUS LADY

Fascinating her Bethany audience with her delightful frankness, appealing message, and personal charm



MISS GIN-CHUI KUO
Thinks it wrong to force beliefs.

Miss Gin-Chui Kuo, young Chinese journalist and novelist, lectured to eager listeners January 18 on the topic "China Will Live".

"We believe that if we do right, good will come to us," stated Miss Kuo, explaining the optimistic philosophy sustaining the Chinese people through their long war. She went on to say that there are three reasons why her country cannot and will not give up the struggle. First, yielding now would mean a complete surrender; second, the invaders cannot be appeased, thus surrender would mean a Far Eastern Munich; and third, the war is being fought not only for China but for democracy against totalitarianism.

In one of her picturesque phrases, the guest described China in the war as "a soft cushion that resists a bullet without getting out of shape". She also liked to speak of her country in the metaphor of the "wise old man in the family of nations, who has been growing old successfully and gracefully."

"The one-hundred and fifty per cent sympathy of the American people for China," is the most significant phenomenon of the United States found by Miss Kuo in her travels. She stressed many times the impression made upon her by the sincere friendliness of the people of this country. It is this attitude of

the U. S. that has helped China through three and a half years of war, giving cheer and hope and strengthening morale.

In regard to the work of the American missionaries in China, the journalist hoped that no feelings would be hurt, but thought it fundamentally wrong to try to force a belief upon other people. However, she admitted the great good being done by the Christians in building hospitals and giving refuge to the unfortunate.

Describing herself as a "bit of old China come West," Miss Kuo, whose name in her own country would be Kuo Gin-Chui, made her lecture doubly interesting by giving

(Continued on Page 17)

MATSUMOTO KNOWS U. S.

Food, like the weather, is even a safe topic of conversation, and per-



MR. TORU MATSUMOTO
Hasn't yet learned to drive.

haps quite a bit more interesting. Mr. Toru Matsumoto, Japanese guest on February 19, seemed surprised at two commonplaces in Bethany—the size of West Virginia celery in comparison to that in New York, where, he said, "The vegetables must be on relief", and the fact that there are Americans who don't drink coffee.

Mr. Matsumoto, the secretary of the Japanese Student Christian Association in North America, was brought to the campus by the Y.W. C.A. to present to Bethanians the

(Continued on Page 17)

DEBUSSEY AND DUMESNIL

Author of two books and called one of the outstanding pianists of the day, Mr. Maurice Dumesnil was presented on the college lecture course Thursday evening, February 20. Sitting on the oldest chair belonging to the college, the artist gave a program featuring the light works of the modern French composer, Claude Debussy, whom the pianist knew.

Mr. Dumesnil left France in November, 1939 going to South America where he was on a lecture tour until December, 1940. The tall well built Frenchman then came to the United States where he has been on tour since.

His first appearance on Bethany's campus was four years ago. He returned the next year. During the two concerts, Mr. Dumesnil became friends with the head of the music department, Mr. Carter and his wife, a compatriot of the musician.

He gave three recitals while staying with the Carters this year. In addition to his concert before the lecture course, he presented programs in Wheeling and a round table recital before some music students on the afternoon of the college concert. He came to Bethany from Parkville, Mo. a college near Kansas City and he is going to Maryland after he leaves Bethany.



MR. MAURICE DUMESNIL
Sat in the oldest chair

At the end of his tour in this country in April, he is leaving for another tour in South America. He is a resident of Chile.

(Continued on Page 19)

Social Whirl



George Albee-Ella Jane Bishop look through "snow" at the Alpha Xi Delta pledge dance.



Sigs open house

FEBRUARY EVENTS

Junior-Senior Prom, Valentine Tea, Open House when "12th Night" was postponed, February 22 Sororities and Fraternities filled the social breach with Open House.



The quartet sings at the Junior-Senior Prom.



Mrs. Cramblet entertains freshman girls on Valentine day.



Open House at the Beta's.



Ouija Board? Oh, yes, Phi Mu.

On Other Campuses

The trustees of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON COLLEGE, in Washington, Pa., have added courses in Spanish to the curriculum because of the wide demand from the student body.

Dr. W. E. Vanderbilt, the retiring president of the Collegiate Institute of Baranquilla, Columbia, S.A., has been appointed as the professor of Spanish and will begin his duties next fall.

At NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, in Evanston, Ill., *The Daily Northwestern* has this to say to students about the C.A.A. Training in colleges, "We neither recommend that you sign for the program nor that you shun it absolutely. We ask you only to recognize that you are, in effect, signing up for training in the military air force of the nation. Be under no delusion that this is simply an easy and cheap way to learn to fly with no strings attached. It isn't."

On the same subject, at CORNELL UNIVERSITY, Ithaca, N. Y., the *Cornell Daily Sun* says: "Actually the C.A.A. is not concerned with developing military pilots. It is training thousands of civilians who someday may want to own their own planes, or fly just for the pleasure of it. It is very likely that never again will students have an opportunity to learn to fly under such ideal conditions."

KANSAS STATE COLLEGE is one of the few in the country to give a course in explosives as part of the engineering training for defense. Dean Kirkpatrick recently suggested that such a course in explosives might be added to the chemistry department here.

AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY two graduate assistants in the department of physics lived in the Fuertes observatory with a 12-inch telescope as their roommate. Since last June these two fellows have lived there and have many duties concerned with the care of the equipment, including the daily task of winding the sidereal clocks which tell time by the stars.

Handwriting is being taught at GLENVILLE STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, in Glenville, W. Va. It is the first time that a one-hour course has been given there during the regular school year, although it has been offered during the summer sessions.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has an endowment of \$143,000,000 and is the richest educational institution in America. Bethany's endowment is \$2,286,374.

MATSUMOTO KNOWS U. S.

(Continued from Page 15)

purpose, plan and need of the World Student Service Fund. When talking with the students Mr. Matsumoto revealed a genuine interest in young people and in education. In comparison to American students whose education is an amalgamation of art, science, literature, recreation, and mechanical training, Mr. Matsumoto feels quite helpless.

He explained that the training received in such a flexible education as ours is what is needed in crises, whereas the concentrated schooling of Japan is excellent for already stable countries. He himself studied English literature for four years in Japan.

Mr. Matsumoto has come to the U.S. three times, making six years in all that he has been in this country, and has seen more of the U. S. than many students. He has been speaking English for approximately ten years. As one of the directors of International House he expressed a concern for those foreign exchange students who now have no country, no consuls in America to guide them, and no money coming from home. Because of conscription the places of the American and English boys in the house are rapidly emptying and being filled just as rapidly by refugees.

Mr. Matsumoto likes America, thinks that New Yorkers struggle rather than live, seldom talks about himself, hasn't yet learned to drive a car, finds that women have better college dormitories than men, and is easily at home anywhere.

BRAINY LOTUS LADY

(Continued from Page 15)

ing a short autobiography. Her father was very open-minded, so unlike most Chinese girls the young Cantonese was given a good education. She asked her audience to picture her the only girl in a class of twenty boys where she resolved not to be beaten scholastically. Her curriculum contained a great variety of subjects including many languages and banking. This latter she feels is very important for women.

A graduate in journalism from the University of Shanghai, Miss Kuo wrote her first published article on "Professions for Women". She later became the editor of the woman's page of the *China Evening News* in Shanghai. After leaving China as a refugee the young journalist decided to travel around the world and got to London where she became the first Chinese woman to serve the prominent British paper, *The London Daily Mail*. In this paper she wrote a column in letter form in which she described British life from her own foreign view point.

Publishers liked one paragraph of this column so well that she was told to write a book about it. This book, *The Peach Path* is written for women only and is based on a Chinese legend revealing the way to happiness. She is now writing a second book, a novel.

During a conversation, Miss Kuo surprised listeners by confessing that she does not want to be a journalist anymore, finding more satisfaction in writing books.

The speaker has studied international English since she was very young and admits finding a great difference in the speech of Britishers and Americans. As she says, "American English is too happy for me, while British English is too aristocratic."

Attractively attired in a bright red, Oriental styled dress, and bubbling over with smiles and friendliness, Miss Kuo made a lasting impression on Bethany. Again anxious not to hurt our feelings, she confided that she prefers to speak to Rotary clubs than to college students since the latter are not yet sufficiently grown up intellectually. However, the charming speaker found a receptive audience that was glad to hear that "China is living today, and will live tomorrow."

Music

BRAVA FOR "BARTERED BRIDE"

Opera at Bethany, March 10, this year turns to a Bohemian village for its setting. The opera, *The Bartered Bride*, by Bedrick Smetana, one of the first of the Bohemian composers, provides in its feast day setting a good opportunity for the lavish costumes which will be designed by Mrs. Rush Carter.

The setting will be planned and built by John Whitehill, who arranged the elaborate background used in *Mignon* presented last year. In its peasant characters the opera offers a place for folk dances, although Professor Carter does not know as yet whether advantage will be taken of this chance.

The Bartered Bride, a comic opera in three acts, reverts to the eternal triangle for its plot. Kezal, the marriage-broker, played by Gordon Seidel, has arranged the marriage of Joan Cramblet, the bride, to Vashek, the simple son of Micha,

a wealthy landlord. The marriage is being arranged for the convenience of Krushina, Marie's father, who, since he is a poor peasant, wishes the union of his daughter with the son of a wealthy landowner.

The parts of Micha and Krushina are played by Jack Ryan and Don Hillstrom, respectively. David Rodefer furnishes the comedy in the role of Vashek, the fool.

Marie upsets the arrangements, however, by falling in love with Jenik, apparently a youth employed in the village. Her affection is not unrequited. Jerry Ferguson plays the part of Jenik. Lenore Neil takes the part of Ludmila, Marie's mother, and Jane Douglass plays Hata, Micha's wife. Jenik's true identity as Micha's son by a former marriage is revealed at last, and the opera comes to a close when Kezal admits his failure as a marriage-broker and bestows his blessing on Marie and Jenik. The curtain falls on a gay, vivacious finale, bringing the opera to an appropriate end.

IF PLEASE YOU MUST

(Continued from Page 5)

he doesn't choose a girl for her hair alone, but it is a contributing factor.

For footballers like Alan Dowlar, blondes are definitely "the thing". Shoulder length hair, curled in back and on sides. Give him the type that blows in the wind. Oh, well, life is like that. I also asked Chet Gordon what he preferred in hair styles, hoping for a little diversion, but he is the secretive type. It looks like we will have to become blondes for the Kappa Alpha boys.

Boys seem to take a personal interest in cosmetics worn by the girls. The Alpha Kappa Pi's are definitely opinionated. Dick Wallace does not like too much make-up, especially if it rubs off. Some lipstick, rouge and powder, but not plastered on. Red heads should wear lipstick with an orange cast while blondes should use the bright reds. Mascara and eye shade are out. Tom Otto would not appreciate a girl without some make-up. It would make them appear sort of faded but he agrees with his fraternity brother that it can be over done. "The

girls should know what shades blend or clash with their complexions. There should be as many different shades as there are complexions. When I don't notice a girl's make-up, I figure that it must blend with her personality and costume. That is as it should be."

Two Betas, Don Rosensteel and Scott Kaler summarized the qualities of a datable girl. "She's a peachy dancer, and doesn't eat much." is their slogan. "Easy on both the eyes and the pocketbook." They like to dance, attend the movies, and drink cokes in the Inn while playing bridge. Frequently "chats" are in good order. Long hikes are fun too, if it is the right girl. They close their eyes and murmur, "Ah spring, a beautiful Bethany girl in a lovely spring outfit, her hair blowing in the breeze . . . Mmmm."

Everyone has his morals—even college girls—of some sort. Bert Decker seemed a little surprised at the question but when asked what he thought the morals of a Bethany girl should be he did not hesitate. "I like a girl that realizes she is a woman," he said, "and who may regret at times that she is a lady, but

MAUNDER CANTATA FOR EASTER

Olivet du Cavalrie by Maunder will be presented by the Bethany choir as their Easter cantata on March 28. The solos will be rendered by baritones, Fred Swearingen and David Rodefer. This cantata, by the same author as *Bethlehem*, given at Christmas, is typical of Maunder's compositions. With a slow solemn movement the cantata moves up to a rich, full climax, telling in a dramatic manner the story of the Passion. *Olivet du Cavalrie* is pervaded with a deeply religious spirit, inspiring in its audience a feeling of solemn reverence appropriate to the season.

"OUT, OUT, DAMNED LIGHT"

*O pestilential globe so bright,
You shine with such a searching light;*

*You seek out lovers with your beam
And blight their wishes by your gleam.*

Some night when there is none to see,

*I'll take a stone and shatter thee;
Then with the night our chrysalis,
I'll claim my lady for a kiss.*

she should always-always-be a lady." By that he did not mean she should be a prude, stiff and formal, but she should not encourage the boys to be other than perfect gentlemen. He advised that a girl should "be able to relax enough to have good clean fun, but not relax so far as to fall by the wayside."

When asked what he thought the morals of the Bethany coed should be, Ed Sweeney, a newcomer to the Bethany campus, said, "If they are smart, they will keep them high." When asked what he meant by "high" he said that he thought the morals of the girls here on Bethany's campus seemed to be such. Ed has seen quite a bit of the county and visited other campuses so his judgment should be given some consideration. The attitude of frankness of the two boys towards this question is certainly appreciated. Their general attitude seemed to be, "keep it clean." That's a good tip, girls.

There you are girls. This survey may all be in vain, but if you want to keep the boys happy there are some of the ways in which you might try. Now it's up to you.

DEBUSSEY AND DUMESNIL

(Continued from Page 15)

The smooth-voice pianist thought very highly of the audience to which he played in Bethany. He also had a good word for his piano. The artist remarked, "The piano is better than the ones of today. It is an older one belonging to the best period of Mason and Hamelin."

He also thought highly of the campus. "It is beautiful because it is hilly; I don't like a campus without hills."

Mr. Dumesnil is recognized as one of the experts on the life of Debussy. He knew the composer personally and also knew his problems especially with his wives. Claude Debussy was a modern classicist and died only in 1918.

The biographer-pianist felt that there was no novel revealing book about Debussy; only analytic, pedagogic works. Wanting to make an appealing story of Debussy's life, he set to work gathering and remembering what he could about the man. Critics agree that he succeeded in doing so in his book. Mr. Dumesnil refers to Debussy as "Claude" throughout the book, giving further clue as to the intimacy that existed between the two.

Explaining why Debussy's first marriage failed, the cosmopolitan interviewee explained that Debussy's wife was a good housewife but knew nothing of music and was very poor. His second and successful marriage was to a very artistic and also very rich woman.

Commenting on modern rearrangements of classical music Mr. Dumesnil said that some of them were good and some bad. He liked some versions of "Eighteen Century

Drawing Room", "Reverie", and others. "Reverie" is one of Debussy's works. He said, "Some rearrangings are good and some are bad. They are not really bad. I sometimes argue about it to myself. When something like a Mozart is played today (in modern form) it can not be hurt because it is too good." He further stated along the same lines that such modern versions of classics are pleasant to hear but that you can't get classics to the masses that way.

The unmarried gentleman was very definite about his ideas on American music. He claims that the real spirit of America is that expressed by the Sousa marches "just like that of Vienna is expressed in the Strauss waltzes. "Taking a strong stand against modern jazz and swing, which he claims is savage, he nevertheless says that he used to like our popular music and such songs as "Dinah", "My Blue Heaven" and even "Hallelujah".

However, Mr. Dumesnil believes that American symphonies and philoharmonic orchestras are the best in the world and match any that Europe has produced in recent years.

He also takes a stand in favor of the present ASCAP-BMI music war. Quotes the concert artist, "It brought back some very lovely tunes including those of Stephen Collins Foster which like Sousa's express the souls of your people."

During the first part of the interview, Mr. Dumesnil was completing his daily two hour practice. In tune with the questions and in perfect rhythm with the responses, the prominent pianist played running scales and trills up and down the

(Continued on Page 20)

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SWAMPING IN AFRICA

(Continued from Page 4)

always escort us from one end to the other, shouting and laughing as they ran along side.

I will see ramshackled mud rest houses in villages where we spent the night, with roofs of thatch that nearly always leaked, and which seemed to have been inhabited by the town goats before our arrival.

I will sense cool forests with moss covered earth, tangled undergrowth, tall trees whose high branches formed a canopy over our heads, orchids and ferns growing from rotten logs, and narrow foot-paths badly roughened by exposed roots of trees growing across them. And above all I will remember the swamps, especially the Njwi and the one in which I took so complete a mud bath.

* * *

DEBUSSEY AND DUMESNIL

(Continued from Page 19)

ivory keys every once in a while striking off a chord or an off-key note while thinking of an answer or expressing appreciation of a question.

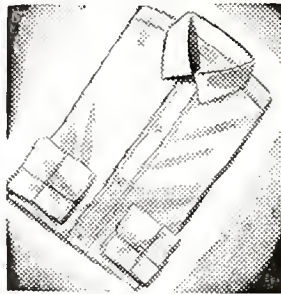
Thus, in response to the question about the quality of the piano, the artist played a run of the scales in a very light, breezy expression. As his hands, surprisingly rugged for a pianist, tripped up and down the keys, and the piano talked out the answers, one could almost guess what he himself would say.

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Editorial

* * *

Just the other day President Roosevelt told reporters at one of his regular press conferences that there are certain things that happen that the reporters should not report. He was referring to a previous Senate committee report concerning national defense.

While this does in no way set up a government censor of news it is but a short step from a Roosevelt desire to a Roosevelt reality, especially when such a change could be effected by merely setting up another bureau.

According to the Bill of Rights "The Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of the press..." Certainly one of the gravest dangers that can face a nation during times when every move of the government touches the people is curtailment of the freedom of the press. The editor has the duty of guarding this privilege of the people, through the press. Should the right of censorship be given to the government, Press Associations would become merely distributors of mimeographed official bulletins. It would be years before the people would regain confidence in news.

At another place in the Constitution, in the Fourteenth Amendment, the American people have a further bulwark against encroachment of governmental blue pencils. The Fourteenth Amendment states that "no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States..." In the past an alert judiciary has frustrated attempts to limit these rights. It is up to us to protect these rights today.

The war clouds are piling deeper and deeper over the hills of the United States. As before any heavy storm, there seems to be some degree of calmness. But the minute the rain starts, the strolling American public will dash for doorways, only to find that everybody else had the same idea. There will be a panic.

Why not print the facts? Perhaps some American will get a usable idea for strengthening Democracy if he has the proper information.

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Bethanian

XXXII No. 6

MARCH, 1941



THIS ISSUE

Sophomore Class
Student Teachers
Club Sahara

One Minute Lecture Course

* * *

"A steer is nothing but a pair of shoes walking around." Professor Crobaugh.

* * *

"The only logical pessimist is dead." Dr. T. Hassell Bowen, Religious Emphasis Week leader in Chapel address.

* * *

"Men will never redeem the world by sitting as spectators in the balcony." Dr. T. Hassell Bowen.

* * *

"If my fellow Kentuckians could not shoot any better than these basketball players, they'd all die of old age." Professor Green, at a particularly bad game.

* * *

"When it's on the other side it's espionage; when it's on your side it's intelligence." Robert R. Rowan, Lecture Course speaker.

* * *

"A definition of Abnormal Psychology? A study of the other fellow." Professor Green.

* * *

"You have to learn to do something for nothing at first so that someone will pay you something for doing little, later." Professor Roberts to Journalism Class.

* * *

"If you're going to sway people, you have to sway with them." Dean Kirkpatrick, explaining purchase of some new recordings.

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THIS MONTH'S PICTURES

THE COVER: This month is the Sophomore issue and in place of the over-used "Most Popular Girl of the Sophomore Class" idea, our photographic board decided to feature the girl of the class with the most photogenic features. That girl is Mary Lu Smith.

Page 3—Irv Shlansky

Page 4—Gordon Seidel

Page 9—Zamsky

Page 10—Shlansky

Page 11—Shlansky

Page 12—Pictures 1, 6, Seidel; 4, Dave Huntsberger; Others, Shlansky.

Page 13—Dave Huntsberger

Page 14—Dave Huntsberger

Page 15—Vantine

Page 16—Seidel

Page 17—Rowan, Shlansky; Wakefield, Huntsberger; Bowen, Bowen.

Page 21—Costanza, Bethany College News Bureau; Geyer, Dave Huntsberger.

MOVIES

April 4—Another Thin Man

April 18—Shop Around the Corner

April 25—Balalaika

May 2—Young Tom Edison

May 9—New Moon

May 16—Edison The Man

May 23—Andy Hardy Meets Debutante

May 30—Bittersweet

June 6—Boom Town

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THE LAST SEVEN MILES

By Bill Young

"Bethany is primarily a *secluded* institution." despite the exuberant proclamation by the College catalog and the free publicity that, "Bethany is a small coeducational institution in the northern panhandle of West Virginia *easily* accessible by automobile." There should be a footnote by this automobile shot referring the reader to the college rule that students are not allowed to keep cars.

The student search for Bethany, after leaving Wellsburg (seemingly the last outpost of civilization) might be compared with Stanley's search for Livingston, except that it isn't necessary to say, "President Cramblet, I presume?"

If your old man works for the railroad company or if your can afford it, you can get as far as Steubenville or even Wellsburg on some form of public conveyance.

In the good old days they had a street car from which the modern Toonerville Trolley was developed. Time marched on and a bus made daily trips for years. But then the modern era dawned and the present form of thumb riding was developed. (This excludes a few freshmen that had more money than brains and took the \$2.50 taxi from Wellsburg).

It is that last seven miles that counts, all of which brings forth the comment that Bethanians are excellent hitch-hikers. This excludes the few that were Boy Scouts and don't mind the cross-country hikes.

From Bethany to the outside world it is usually easy to get a ride. Towns people, truck drivers, and those connected with the college are all very obliging. Most hitch-hikers agree, however, that the hardest part of the trip to

Bethany is the seven miles from Wellsburg. Along this line they offer a few tips: (1) Never try to 'bum' a ride going up a hill where the driver will have to stop; (2) Never try to get a ride on a curve; (3) In cities, traffic lights are the best place to 'thumb'; (4) In the country, stand where the driver can see you from a distance and has time to stop.

Most hitch-hikers agree that personal appearance is the most important thing to keep in mind when seeking a ride. Freshman dinks, college banners on luggage, and even a portable radio, all increase the highway wayfarer's chance of being picked up. The better dressed you are; the better your chances are.

Many million miles are traveled by America's hitch-hikers each year; thousands of them by Bethany Students. Their experiences add much to many Bethany

bull sessions. One devotee of the art tells of being stranded eighty miles from the nearest town in the Allegheny mountains with a drunken driver. The drunk released him from the car only after the rider supposedly signed a note written to the police asserting that the drunk did not mean to steal the car he was driving. The note actually read, "Put this soak to bed."

Another student, while on a trans-continental tour, was fortunate enough to get a ride from Chicago to Yellowstone National Park with a pencil salesman who let his passenger join the trade and earn thirty dollars.

Strange prices are sometimes extracted by drivers as payments for rides. One student tells of being forced by his truck driving host to search a dead autoist for identification papers

(Continued on Page 20)



Student goes to the city Bethany College style.

STUDENT TEACHERS

By June Fiess

Student teaching is often looked upon as something required by state boards of education, something which must be endured if one expects to teach. It was formerly called "practice teaching" but this has given way to the more modern and accurate name of student teaching for one really does not "practice on" the pupils.

In student teaching, it is necessary to spend one semester in observation of classes and directed teaching. Ninety hours of observing and teaching is required with not more than forty of the ninety hours required spent in observation. This is required in order to give the student teacher as much practical experience as possible.

There is a meeting of all student teachers once during the week in which they discuss problems which they have found and how to act in different situations. Special research is done by each student teacher in some particular phase of teaching in which he is most interested. All findings are reported to the group. Things which will be useful later as well as now are used as topics for research.

The first few weeks of the semester are spent observing your critic teacher, noticing methods of teaching, work schedules and learning the names of the pupils. Another important activity is autographing everything from memory books to jackets. This necessitates an inexhaustable supply of verses or maxims and handwriting.

A student teacher's trials and tribulations begin when one takes over the class and becomes "the teacher". He plans the lessons, gives tests, grades papers, disciplines pupils if needed and even sits in the teachers' section in assembly.

During the semester, the student teacher is observed every day by his critic teacher; occasionally by the principal of the school, by his major college professor and by the education professor. They criticize your appearance, voice, attitudes, lesson plan, procedure, method of questioning and other details of your teaching. This is usually done at the beginning of your teaching and then again at the end to see if any improvement has been made.

Some of our young, handsome male student teachers find that they are subtly being apple-

polished by their young girl pupils. Their cry might well be the same as Coky's of "Easy Aces" "What to do?" "What to do?"

Like most teachers, student teachers find many humorous answers on test papers or in answer to oral questions. Like the young



JUNE FIESS

boy who wandered where he could find an English translation to Shakespeares plays; the boy who believed the fist ten amendments to the constitution were called the ten commandments; or the fellow in the study hall when asked why he wasn't studying said, "I ain't got nothin' to do."

EXPENSIVE HABIT

The curtain rings down on the Chicago performance of Madame La Sorra's record-breaking concert tour. Applause is thundering, and the lovely singer appears again, bowing graciously. Amid the shouts and cheers of thousands Madame La Sorra accepts a bouquet of exquisite roses. She buries her face in their fragrance.

The annual Homecoming play at Bethany College has come to a stirring close. The applause is enthusiastic, but the audience is anxious to go. But wait—usherettes hurry up the aisles, bearing flowers. The curtain goes up, and the chinese cook who had four entrances and two monosyllables receives a huge bouquet of mums. There are flowers for the grandmother, the juvenile, the sister-in-law, the lead, the director, the prompter. Not a feminine member of the cast is neglected. Good or bad performance, the parents came through, and though it squeezed the budget a little, the sororities did not forget their sisters.

We all agree it's a silly custom—and definitely an expensive one. Yet every cast goes through the little ceremony. Either it has never occurred to them, or they are afraid to break away from the tradition. Well, now it's out in the open. What about it Bethespians?

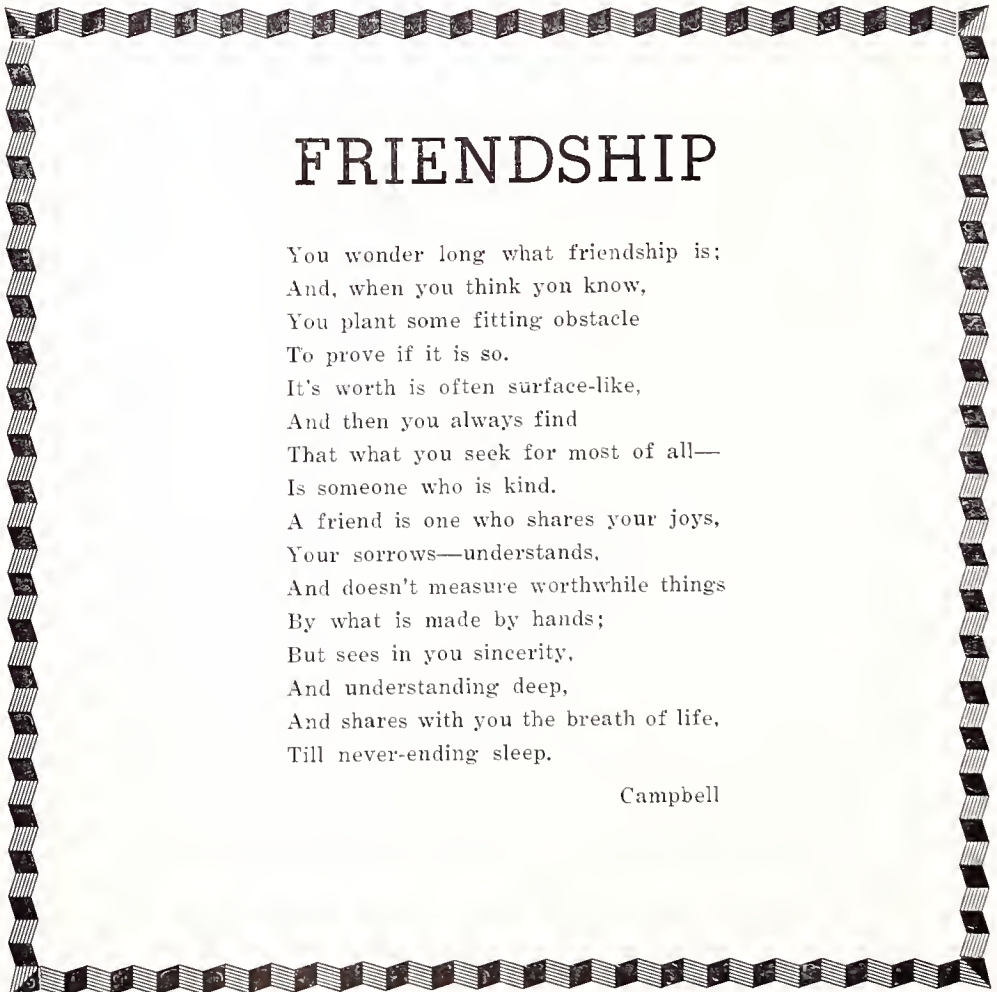
SEEING LIFE

There is a most urgent demand in these days for realism, or at least what passes for realism, and some kind of an exciting urge in the lives of certain people to "see life in the raw". By "seeing life" many people mean seeing its sordidness and its error, its crudities and its tawdriness. It strikes me that life, with all its joyous elevations and its exhilarating opportunities, should turn our thinking toward better things most of the time. The truest realism is *life at its best*. And "seeing life" is so much more the experience of finding and appropriating the good, the true, and the beautiful.

We are greatly mistaken when we think of life as a mosaic of perversion, insanity, incest, and open sewers. There is more to New York City than the Bowery and the lower East Side.

There is more to each personality than the sum total of his weaknesses and his errors. Life is as much the primrose as the manure. And as for me, I have always entertained a faint and inexplicable preference for primroses to manure!

So long as there are sunrises and happy children, so long as there are sonnets and symphonies, so long as there are quiet little towns with smoke curling out of chimneys, so long as there are great cities with greater churches and kneeling multitudes, so long as there are old men who can die serenely, and young men who can live heroically—so long as there are all these things, I shall choose my own pattern for the thing we call realism and I shall try to see life in the uplands.



FRIENDSHIP

You wonder long what friendship is;
And, when you think you know,
You plant some fitting obstacle
To prove if it is so.
It's worth is often surface-like,
And then you always find
That what you seek for most of all—
Is someone who is kind.
A friend is one who shares your joys,
Your sorrows—understands,
And doesn't measure worthwhile things
By what is made by hands;
But sees in you sincerity,
And understanding deep,
And shares with you the breath of life,
Till never-ending sleep.

Campbell

Short Short Story

"The Answer Was Yes"

By Mimi Strain

The old lady set the ouija board aside with a grim smile. It was just as she had suspected. The answer was "Yes".

She rose and moved to the fire. Although not easy, her walk was still regal. From the proud tilt of her head, from the rustle of silk in her garments, from the diamond covered fingers of her hand, one knew that Madeline Pensroy had always been and was still, even in her age, a rich, haughty, and imperious woman.

As she stared into the flickering flames, her mind returned to the conference of the afternoon. Oh, he had been clever, that nephew of hers. He and the lawyer had been smooth and subtle in their approach. But finally it had come out.

"Why not transfer your fortune to your nephew's name, madam?" the lawyer had said, "You have no more use for it—" so she was finished, eh?—"and he can set himself up in business in a real way. You will always be taken care of, of course."

Indeed she would! She would be taken care of with her *own money* until the day she died. She was too shrewd to be wangled out of her fortune now, years before her death.

But Gregory Pensroy was shrewd too. He wanted the money badly, and he did not want to wait. She was herself a Pensroy, and she knew that the Pensroys stop at nothing. He was her only heir.

That was it! What way was more logical? Murder!

Her thoughts had progressed thus far by the conclusion of dinner. She had called then for the ouija board. She asked if she would be murdered for her money. The answer was yes.

Madeline brushed back a lock of hair with restless impatience. It would be horrible to die so soon. She loved life with a violence and passion. She wanted to live and enjoy her money and to die a peaceful, honored death, to go to sleep surrounded by solicitous doctors and devoted nurses, and to slip away, easily, without pain, out of life. She was afraid to die! What horrible death might Gregory plan for her?

She thought of him as he was this afternoon, calm, reserved, handsome, and, of course, amiable. She could see his face now among the flames—the softly curling brown hair, the brown eyes that were not Pensroy eyes, that were those of his father, that odious fortune hunter who had married Madeline's sister. How she hated that man, and how she hated Gregory! He was growing like his father.

Murder, murder, murder! The word began to beat a sort of rhythm in her mind. Was this to torment her until she died? Must she be at the mercy of a ruthless, money-mad nephew? Must she eat every mouthful at the risk of death agony? What could she do? Call the police? Warn the servants? No! The Pensroys did not take their troubles to outsiders.

The door opened softly, and the butler entered. She sank back into her chair as though resting.

"The fire is a little low, Miss Pensroy. Shall I add another log?"

"Oh—yes," she assented, hardly hearing him. The fire tongs in his hands had caught her attention. What a horrible way to die! Someone could slip into the room behind her so easily. She shivered and glanced involuntarily back of her chair.

But Gregory was so clever. He would not risk finger prints on a weapon. Guns would be too noisy for his purpose. He would never do anything bloody. Poisons! That was the answer, swift, effective, easy to give. He need not be near when she died. Suspicion could easily be thrown on someone else.

She rose and moved swiftly to the bookshelves. Her finger ran along the backs of the dusty volumes and stopped on one. This was it...an old volume of poisons that her father had been interested in years ago. She hurried back to the fireplace with it.

Eagerly she turned the pages. Here and there a paragraph caught her eye. The scant pictures fascinated her. There was one of a man in the morgue. He had taken iodine.

DATES

By J. Campbell

There were formulas for poisons. Here were several pages devoted to arsenic.

Arsenic. Her mind settled on it, and refused to move on. It was so easy to obtain arsenic. There was some in the house now that had been bought to kill the rats in the stables. Gregory could slip out enough and no one would ever notice.

She read on. A sentence seemed to leap out at her.

She read it again. The book slid from her hand as she leaned back in her chair with a long laugh. What a rare joke! What could be more ironical. She would defy Gregory to kill her!

"There's no time to be lost! I'll start tonight." Madeline was still laughing as she left the room and walked down the great, dark hall, "I'll get that arsenic in the kitchen before my dear nephew finds it! What a pity he will have to buy more, and all for nothing!

After dinner Gregory had gone to his room. He was to have gone out that evening, but he was too disturbed to dress. As he paced back and forth across the room, he thought of the conference of the afternoon and the coolness at dinner afterward.

He did want money now. He needed it dreadfully, and Madeline was none too generous. She was haughty and unapproachable, and Gregory felt she hated him because of his father. And yet he loved her, and he felt sure that she had a soft side somewhere.

It had been a long chance, this conference. He had hoped that the lawyer could present the case so well that it would seem reasonable to Madeline. It would mean so much to him to have money now, and he would provide for her so well that she would never know the change in title had been made. But the lawyer had bungled it. The moment he approached the subject in his too domineering manner, Madeline had stiffened. She had been sarcastic and unreasonable; and the lawyer had gone away angry.

But the lawyer's anger was nothing compared to Madeline's. At dinner she had glared at Gregory if she looked his way at all, and scarce a word had been spoken between the two.

"What can I do?" he wondered to himself, "She has misunderstood the whole issue, and now she mistrusts everything I do."

An hour or two passed in restless pacing of

(Continued on Page 19)

Some opportunities come once in a lifetime—this may be yours. It isn't every day in the week that you have a chance to know just what the Bethany coed thinks of Bethany dating standards. The following material is a composite of remarks made by a few of the said coeds at one of their recent bull sessions, which, are less frequent than you suppose.

First, the general opinion is; we like to be asked for a date a day, at lest, ahead. These 7:00 phone dates are not too cordially welcomed; also, be careful of your approach. None of us appreciate the direct question type, such as, "What are you doing Friday night?" It really gives a gal **no** chance of getting out of it in case she **doesn't** want to go. It isn't a bad idea to suggest what you may possibly do so that she may have some idea of how to dress. If you'd like to have a snow fight—we'd like to be prepared!

Don't be late for your date. It's all right for us to keep you waiting occasionally, but the very night that you turn the tables will be the night that we will be ready ahead of time, and we end up in bed with a book and a **Do Not Disturb** sign on the door. Permanently, as far as you're concerned.

A well dressed man is always admired. It's the small items that become so very important under the female microscopic eye. Before leaving your domicile, check up on such things as whether or not your nails meet specified requirements, your shirt is clean, your hair in order, your suit pressed, and **don't forget to shave**. We see you all day in your casual attire, it's nice to see a change. Then, too, it prove you can do it.

Remember, that you, by asking, for a date have taken on the responsibility of being attentive—help her with her coat—hold the doors open—walk on the outside, or, if you are one of the more fortunate who have a car, always help her in first.

Be observing, introduce her to your friends, never allow the conversation to get too far away from things interesting or familiar to her, as it is likely to make her feel left out. If double dating, be sure that date and friends will be congenial. A little thought on your part may save much embarrassment.

When we want to be amused, we look for **talent** along that line; so don't show off. If you are mature enough to date—you are mature enough to carry on an intelligent conversation without loud, boisterous talk. Most of us can no longer appreciate the thrill we may have derived from an over display of your driving technique; all of us have seen a one man circus in the proper setting at the age of six, so—

All good things come to an end; so, consider the responsibilities of we who live by rules and must "sign the book" upon our return. A few moments can make a big difference, so don't make up pay for your carelessness in making us late.

Admiration and respect are two rather important qualifications in this, our our little world. Strange, how easily they may be acquired or destroyed. On the whole, fellows—we think you're pretty swell and we hope that these few words will be taken in the spirit in which they were given.

"MARCH 15, 1941"

"Tell us, Uncle Ed," said little Gwendolyn. "Tell us. Where were you on the night of March 15, 1941?"

"Aha," answered Uncle Ed. "That was the night of the Famous Homecoming."

"Wha'd'ya mean, 'Famous'?" said Nephew Alfred, a repulsive infant, with an arsenous twist to his voice.

"Aha", said Uncle Ed, his eyes goggling at this puzzler.

"Is that all you can say?" demanded Gwen.

To this, Uncle Ed voiced a weak "No", but continued before he could be interrupted again. "I repeat. That was the night of the Famous Homecoming."

"You said that once," spat Phillip, the neighbor's child.

"Don't interrupt, please, or I'll crush your cranium," smiled back Uncle Ed.

"Pay no attention to the dotards," chimed Alexander, a churlish thing with no hair who came from the other side of the tracks.

"I repeat," said Uncle Ed, "and this time I said 'I repeat'. It was a great affair, a Gala Occasion, as the papers would say, had they said anything. People came from near and far. From all over the county they came. From Wellsburg, and Follansbee and Ghost Hollow and Bethany itself. Why, two or three even came from Pittsburgh."

"What's so wonderful about that?" asked little Alfred, who was born there and should know.

"Why, Pittsburgh was miles and miles and miles away."

"Are you sure?" Alexander threw his fish in the fry.

"Positive," replied the old coot.

"Your witness," responded Alex.

"To continue," continued Uncle Ed, thus proving himself a man of action, "it was a high old time, the like of which had never been seen on the Banks of the Old Buffalo, and has never been seen since."

"Thank God", irreverently chorused the group.

"Amen", answered Uncle Ed. "Such a weekend. Things started off with a bang, like that", said he, breaking a leg with a resounding snap. "First, there was the Tea."

"Tea?" said little Phillip.

"Tea", said Uncle Ed.

"Oh, tea", said little Phillip.

"It wasn't as bad as all that", stoutly defended Uncle Ed. "It had lemon and sugar in it. And cookies, too. Ah, a high old time."

"Sissies", came a Voice From the Adjoining Room.

"We were not", cried Uncle Ed, weeping now at this unwarranted attack. "There wasn't a man of us that couldn't drink his weight in wildcats."

"Ever try a Zombie?" asked Gwen.

"Certainly not! They were strictly taboo."

"Well," said The Voice From the Adjoining Room, "you know what Shakespeare said. 'Taboo, or not Taboo'."

At this, everyone, including the canary laughed uproarously and agreed that it was pretty weak, even for a voice.

"To continue," said Uncle Ed, "after the Tea, there was the registration."

"What for?" interrogated the Brat Phillip.

"I don't know," answered Uncle Ed. "But it was fun to register. And such a spectacle! Just imagine! A line thirty feet long, jostling, shoving, pushing each other—each trying to sign his name first, for there was a prize for whoever signed his name first."

"Whomever," corrected Phillip, deftly sidestepping Uncle Ed's foot.

"What kind of a prize?" sweetly questioned Alexander.

"Why, come to think of it, I don't know," replied Uncle Ed. "Nobody ever got it. But there was one, you may be sure. The *Bulletin* said so. And then, such noise! Flags waving, bands playing, bugles playing, bystanders cheering those 33 intrepid souls."

"And the entertainment that night. Gee! The college let the dramatic fraternity present a play Shakespear's *Twelfth Night*."

"I'll bet it stank," said Phillip, a Screen's Actor's Guilder from 'way back.

"It decidedly did not" emphatically defended uncle Ed. "It was good. Why, they had a real stage, with curtains and footlights, an orchestra, and scenery,—and they even had costumes, too,—imported from Columbus."

"By, or from, Columbus?" asked Gwen.

Uncle Ed paid no attention to this interruption, but continued. "And, then, after the play, came the big surprise. Guess what it was,

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SOPHOMORE CLASS



Robert Addleman, Helen Arensberg, Irene Armstrong, Pauline Babiacz, William Bannen, Evelyn Baxter, Grace Benedict, Jean Berggren, Marjorie Blackmore, Angeline Bonessi, Betty Jo Burgess, Anna Laura Burke, George Calendine, Jane Campbell, Corinne Cashman, Robert Connell, Archie Conn, Janice Cooper, Joan Cramblet, June Crawford, Lewis Deer, Margaret Deibel, Kate Anna Drake, Joseph Ducoeur, Faith Eidemiller, Milton Esty, Gerald Ferguson, Jean Fraim, Robert Fritz, Sara Gelof, Pauline Gilbert, Fred Hacenzal, James Hawkins, Donald Hillstrom, Paul Hog, Irene Hutchison, Charles Hubn, Eugene Keckley, Harry Lammert, Elizabeth Lewis, Frank Long, Esther Mackey, Jean McCroba, Nellie Melvain, Betty McIntyre, Eva Delle McSeveney, John Medick, Lois Mochter, Harold Myers, Lenore Neil, Barbara Noel, Janice Purdum, Mary Louise Sesler, Betty Shadle, Leo Shlickerman, Marietta Shore, Harold Siegelbaum, George Sitock, Mary Lu Smith, Mariab Smith, Richard Umbel, Robert Veebusen, Richard Wallace, Jane Williamson, Ardath Willoschat, Harry Wilson.

Sorority of the Month

ALPHA XI

The year is 1951... The scene is Spike's inner sanctum sactorum (a la Crobaugh) where she has retired with an odd (?) group of girls. The lights are low and the fire is smoldering, slowly drying out. "And while seated around the fireside their thoughts drifted 'round to girls," the girls of '41 to be exact, Spike was president that year with "Sticky", "Weezie", "Cluss" and "Midge" assisting.

The year was a memorable one; for it was in that momentous annum that scholarship was added to the phrase — The House of Charm and Beauty. Yes, we placed first among the Greek letter fraternities on the campus.

Our girls of '41 were prominent in dramatics. Spike going from the ridiculously lovable drunken actress in "You Can't Take It With You" to the sublime in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." Peggy Geyer as Viola in the same production was superb, characterizing a boy to a "T" (or should we say D??). Other Alpha Xi's preening their dramatic wings were Rita Cleary, Jane Campbell, Eleanor Waterhouse, Janice Purdum and Jane Williamson.

Eleanor Achterman was secretary to the Student Board of Governors, while our regular representatives were Betty Caugherty and Pauline Gilbert. Louise Gettys was President of the French Club and secretary of the International Relations Club. Barbara Schutt was president of Phillips Hall. It was in that year that Spike was elected to Who's Who in American Colleges.

In the world of sports we entered our basketball team into the tournament. It brought about a closer feeling between the pledges and actives, the upper classmen taking the fouls

and defeats with a graciousness (?) that set or should set an example for their sorority daughters. "Oh well, it was swell while it lasted, we did have fun and no harm done" (or was there???).

At the first of the year, November 23 to be exact, the actives put forth a noble (it wasn't futile) effort and for their work were rewarded by the pledges enjoying themselves at the Black and White Ball. In return the pledges gave the actives an informal "Snow Ball" (I don't know if they intentionally planned the pun or not). With the expert guidance of "Butch" they created falling snow, (on the windows) and an enormous snow man. Our annual Rose Dance was in May with both actives and pledges working toward the goal—killarney roses



President Erskine executiving at desk.

in profusion and happy memories to keep forever. During the year we had a tea for our patronesses and several "feeds" together at the house. On October 27, 1940 we had our Moonlight Serenade, starting a new vogue for originality in these song fests.

But now I find reminiscing growing difficult for "The Old Shoe", due to her economic inclinations, is starting to advocate two chickens in every pot and three cars in every garage (a la Crobaugh), and since every good thing must come to an end, I'll leave the fellow shoes to their fate and stun the critics by ending with a beginning.

Delta Chapter is Bethany's oldest sorority. The national chapter was founded at Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill., on April 17, 1873. Delta chapter was founded June 3, 1903. From the ten members of Alpha chapter the enrollment of the sorority has grown to include 54 active chapters.



Alpha Xi's Elder, Waterhouse, Wood, Campbell, Carnahan, Sebring and Tidwell examine library.



Gathered about Mrs. Hine, housemother are: Hunter, Acterman, Shafer, Schutt, Cashman, Berggren, Cleary, Purdum and Carnahan.

JUNIORS

Eleanor Achterman
Jane Campbell
Rita Cleary
Jean McCroba
Flora Jane Smith
Barbara Schutt
Eleanor Waterhouse



Pledges and actives just loaf.

SENIORS

Sandra Abrams
Helen Cluss
Jane Edmunds
Louise Gettys
Peggy Geyer
Katherine Leitch

FLOWER—Pink Killarney Rose

COLORS—Double Blue and Gold

FRESHMAN

Ellajane Bishop
Betty Elder
Jean Goe
Mary Jane Helfer
Marjorie Hunter
Dorothy Ralston
Miriam Reno
Nancy Sebring
Betty Shadle
Betty Shaffer
Shirley Tidwell
Evelyn Van Strien
Sue Wood

SOPHOMORES

Helen Arensburg
Jean Berggren
Susan Carnahan
Corinne Cashman
Janice Cooper
Joan Cramblet
Pauline Gilbert
Libbets Lewis
Janice Purdum
Marietta Shore
Jane Williamson

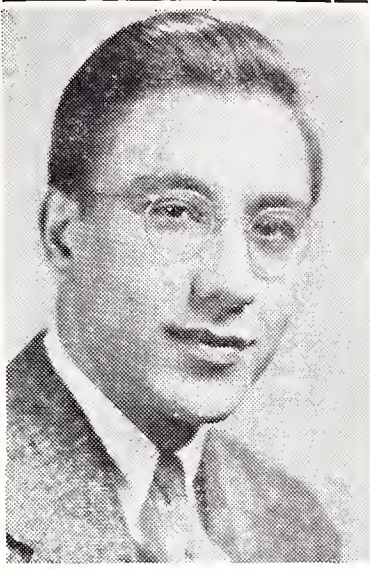
EXTRA CURRICULAR LEADERS



One—Inter-National Relations Club's Gordon Seidel, a History Department Assistant and a History Major. Two—French and Education Clubs meet and pose Louise Gettys, French prexy, Milton Parker, President of the Education Club, Practice teacher. Three—Bethesian Club chief executive is Jim Huntsberger. Four—Stewart Moore, Radio Club's chief, at his own sending set. Five—Head of the new Rifle Club is John Weimer Freshman. Six—President of the German Club, Mary Louise Sasler. Seven—Y.W.C. A. leader is Rosemary Roberts. Eight—W.A.A. president is Janice Evans. Nine—New-comer Foster stepped into the Presidency of the Spanish Club almost as soon as he arrived. He learned the Spanish he throws around while he was traveling in Cuba.

"Bethany is Primarily . . ."

COSTANZA GOES SOUTH CHAPEL SPEECH SUMMARY



JOHN V. COSTANZA

Sailing from New York March 18 headed for Cuba was a boat carrying *Bethanian* Editor John Costanza headed for Lima, Peru. Once there Costanza's plans call for study and writing.

John, a Journalism Major, received the opportunity to study in Latin-America on an exchange scholarship. His studies there will include History of South America, Economics, Inter-American Relations.

John's qualifications for the scholarship were two—a speaking, reading knowledge of Spanish, general good work in his first two years at Bethany. He will be gone one year, returning next February to complete his studies here and graduate come June.

Besides studying Costanza plans to gather material and to write articles of general interest about our southern neighbors.

The general format and layout of the *Bethanian* this year is the idea and plan worked out by John. Many of the columns and the plan of a news, feature, picture magazine are the result of Costanza's planning.

With as good a description of Chapel programs as has ever come down the Pike and through the tunnels, the Reverend Mr. Hugh Darsie, of the Bethany, Hiram and Flatbush Darsies, capped Brotherhood Week (February 23-28) on the Campus.

Mr. Darsie was graduated from Bethany in a time strikingly similar to this, in the spring of 1917. A recruiting sergeant caught his eye; he became an A.E.F. chaplain for the duration. When the tyrant's heel became run-down, he heeded Greely's axiom, accepted the pastorate of the Christian Church at Butte, Montana. In a few years, the missionary zeal grew irresistible. So, back he went to the Steubenville

MR. HUGH DARSIE
felt missionary zeal

church he had served as assistant pastor for a few months, this time as the minister. For the past twelve years, he has ministered to and rooted for Brooklyn at the Flatbush Christian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

He learned the ministry from the bottom up, beginning as janitor of the Old Bethany Church, continu-

ing as hod-carrier for the present one when it was abuilding. Four years of college and a degree added to his education.

Possessor of a quick smile, a like wit, gobs of anecdotes, agreeable platform manner, come-on personality, Mr. Darsie put a shot in the arm of Chapel programs.

Most remembered of his addresses was this bit of Stoopnaglian philosophy: "After four years of Chapel programs at Bethany, I came to the conclusion that thickly settled regions of dense population have more people per square mile than thinly settled regions of scattered population."

BETHANIAN FIGURES

Figures are seldom interesting unless surrounded by certain facts. Well—here are the facts. The *Bethanian* started the 1940-1941 year with a financial deficit of \$456.00. President Cramblet suggested that we cut down the number of issues to reduce the debt. Mr. Evans, Bur-sar, simply said no more debt.

John Costanza, editor and Wayne Burdue, business manager, went into a huddle. Cut down the number of issues? No! The students were paying for a complete book they should get a complete book.

There were two logical ways of approaching the problem. One, the editor would cut down his costs without impairing the quality of the magazine. Two, the business manager would have to sell more advertising.

The paid office of circulation manager was done away with. The assistant business manager was put on a commission basis. The business manager put on a circulation campaign which resulted in 55 paid subscriptions, and with the help of his assistant sold about \$1,000 worth of advertising. Incidentally this is about \$300.00 over last year.

The figures are surrounded by different facts now. The deficit is paid and the *Bethanian* shows an indicated profit of about \$300.00 for the year.

CLUB SAHARA



One—Beta boys play. Two—Dick Glass and friend sway. Three—fellows pause for refreshment. Four—Coke-openers, Moelter and Goodwin. Five—Mr. and Mrs. Spragens and Miss Carrigan look on. Six—Mr. and Mrs. Shaw join the party. Seven—Betty Shadle taps as part of the floor show. Eight—The six Leggettes stop the show with charm and skill. Nine—Only coke and the table went under. Ten—Heckel's Mrs. Roosevelt welcomed and pleased the guests.

For the second year Bethany students had the opportunity of visiting a night club on the campus. Under the general direction of the Social Committee and the personal direction of Bert (Do-you-know-why-it's called-Club-Sahara) Decker. Club Sahara reopened for the night with a bar (please, Mr. Censor) in one corner of the room, the band in another, tables were placed along the walls, allowing ring side for the floor show.

With entrepenner Decker doubling as master of ceremonies, the show began with a greeting from Eleanor Roosevelt (Roy Heckel) cracked she: "Franklin loves to be with the proletariat and is very

sorry he can't be here. I love to be with the proletariat."

The show continued with soloist Bill (Not-the-Guy) Yauch whose contribution was this "Wait," stopping the orchestra as he faltered over the words to his song. "I just got these words at six o'clock tonight, so that's why . . ."

Bethany's own "Leggettes," six legsome tappers were the hit of the show. If only they knew more than one routine!

Billy Shadel came forth with a tap solo and Jane Mayers sang two numbers to round out the floor show. Ooops we forgot the mention—Get-that-picture-Huntsberger who was a feature in himself.

Social Whirl

DIME NIGHT WINNERS

Art Beard and Trudie Whitney were chosen by popular vote as the most promising actors, taking part in Freshman Dime Night. Art Beard took the part of an enamored college boy in "*Ask Father, He Knows.*"

This play, directed by Bob Fulmer centered around the mutual love of the office president and his secretary while each is unaware of the others affection. Art Beard, the president's son, also fancies that he is in love with the red-haired secretary, Judy Umbel. The play ends happily when the president, Bill Yauch, finds his portrait carefully concealed in his secretary's drawer and, so encouraged, dares to voice his love. This cast acted with some vitality and realism.

Trudie Whitney delighted the audience with her portrayal of an Irish cleaning-woman, obviously from Brooklyn, in the play "*The Missing Clue.*" This play, coached by Marjorie Blackmore, revealed the felony of Roy Henkle the villainous blackmailer, against Timmy VanStrein, the murderess, and Sue Wood, her accomplice. Mr. Mallen who is shot at the beginning of the play remains realistically dead while Frankie Mayers, the secretary, and Margie Hunter, the woman detective, solve the crime from a whiff of Black-Narcissus perfume for Don Brinkworth, a brusque investigator. "*The Missing Clue*" was voted to be the best liked play.

"*The Way of All Flesh*" by Harold Dowler, directed by Betty Field, satirized the female fad, rampant even at Bethany, of dieting. Two couples, Mary Aline Struble, Bill Young, Phyllis Hendrickson, and Dick Collen finally admit their hunger and consent to a practical demonstration of Gay Addleman's aluminum-ware on steak and French fries.

* * *

Little MIDDLESEX UNIVERSITY, at Waltham, Mass., has started to build a miniature village of 70 Cape Cod cottages, each to contain four rooms, lodging for six students.

In each unit of ten bungalows one house will be reserved for a faculty proctor and his family.

LETTERS OF A CAMPUS CUTIE TO THE GUY BACK HOME

Hello Darlin'—

There certainly was a bunch of for a swiny ride. Franny Dvorak directed the cruise committee (Janice Evans, June Fiess, Hilda Sarver, Ardath Willoschat) and the good ship S. S. Kaydee set sail for parts unknown on March 8, 1941. Port officers Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crobaugh, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sumpstine and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Woolery granted landing permission, and band leader Paul Campbell just set

the decks a-rollin'. Immigrants trunks at the K.D. dance and that's no typographical error! Positively cruise-some. OOps—'scuse it,—but anyhow, the Kappa Delta's surely hit a cute idea when they hung up those travel ads and took the gang were alumna Ila Warstler, out-of-town Ted Johnson, Jack Miller, and away-for-the-time-being Jim Stoner.....

And remind me to get a hobby! On March 2 I strobbled up to Phillips and whattya know? Heaps of the wierdest stuff—and more fun. Phyl Henderson hoards post-cards

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INTERESTING BETHANIAN



MARJORIE FINNEY

Bethanians that know anyone, know Marge Finney. But everyone did not know that Marge wrote this column until she stopped classes in January. There is something else they didn't know. There are two Marge Finneys. One is the wee, itty mousie with the quiet, gray eyes, the Marge that majored in English here on the Bethany's campus for two and a half years. They

know that Marge as the cute, naive lass that has worked to some extent for the Bethanian ever since the days she helped Underwood carry the Bethanian office around in his pockets. Now they know her as the Bethanian—she will always be a Bethanian—that minbly taps at a typewriter in Barlow's office. She has a determined gleam in her eyes when she says that she hopes to finish her education some day when she gets some money. Not that she isn't being educated in Barlow's office. She means formal education.

Now that is Marge Finney, the calm, serene Marge that most Bethanians know. But there is another Marge. The other Marge is much more exciting. Much. She actually got a thrill out of some of her literature courses. Like most co-eds she enjoys this rhythmic hugging called ball-room dancing but she loves classical music and ballet. She goes into raptures over Debussy, and ecstasy over "*The Afternoon of a Fawn.*" How a ninety-six pound girl like Marge can get so excited over things like those makes one marvel. The few that know that Marge, that petite quivering bundle of spiritual and intellectual joy, merely consider her a little child of nature, and let it go at that. Few indeed are the Bethanians that see beyond those grey eyes. Few notice the impish gleam in them, few realize the unspoken wit that lies behind them. Sometimes they hear its result, a small lilting laugh. But only a few know that Marge. Most Bethanians see the first Marge. The serene, calm one. But there is two there. Look.

Athletic Fronts

ALEXANDER'S 21

Early season reports of this year's basketball team had the usual optimistic ring to them. Of course we had no world-beating team, the reports stated, but the coach had reason to believe that this year's team would do much better than last year's. Chief among the Coaches reasons for optimism was Freshman Bob Alexander. Bob came to Bethany as a seasoned player having played four years in high school and been selected on the All-New York High School team in his senior year.

No reason for shouting was the season just finished, although the pre-season report was true in a sense for we did better this year than last by three victories.



BOB ALEXANDER
the squad's high man

No believer in the well advertised Breakfast of Champions, athlete Alexander prefers his sleep to breakfast.

Non-breakfast eater Alexander proved to be the mainstay of the team, and the season's high scorer of the squad.

During the season he amassed the total of 191 points, 21 of them in the Fairmont game and 20 in another; two records for the Buffalo boy. Bob promises to go great guns next year. (To be the first with a pre-season optimistic report).

Missing from the court next year will be such familiar figures as Tom Cullison, Dick Jackson, Norm Fair,

Horse Taylor, and Jim Stoner, all members of the graduating class.

PREVIEW OF TRACK SEASON

Come April 26 and those green clad speedsters you see dashing around and around the track any afternoon will be formed into a track team and shipped to Ohio U. for the first of the seasons meets. This first meet is to be a triangular affair with Ohio U. and Akron U. being the other two teams involved. Coach Boetcher is making no rash pre-season promises of a victorious year. But he has several veterans of past seasons back with him. In the short dashes he has veteran Bill Laird and promising newcomers, Dick Wallace, Ray Rappaport, Stan Stitt, Jack Cicco and Ray Kurtz; In the longer events Coach is depending on these men: Veteran McCord, Morgan, Barker, Committe, Otto, Keckley and John White; In the hurdles he has: Veteran Norm Fair, Fred Albrecht, Dick Umbel; In the field events Dode Myers, Pete Pletz, Jack Hesser, Dick Jackson and Gordon Seidel.

On May 1, the track team travels to Washington to see if it can do what the football team did but the basketball team failed to do—beat W. & J. To Pittsburgh on May 6 go the Bison tracksters to race against the Skibos of Carnegie Tech. The next meet is the Geneva races at Beaver Falls on May 14. And the final race at Beaver on May 17 when Bethany participates in the Tri-State Annual meet.

PROPAGANDA OR EDUCATION?

One of the first showings of a public relations film "America Looks Ahead" failed to rouse much enthusiasm from chapel students who were guinea pigs for the experiment on January 31.

Both the motion picture and the speakers, Robert W. Ewing of the Western Pennsylvania group of the Investment Bankers' Association of America, and Frederic P. Mullins, a national director of the I.B.A., be-

lieved that the U. S. must do everything to maintain the system of free enterprise that has given its citizens the highest standard of living in the world.

LOST MINDS

Laying stress on the benefits of such field trips, Miss Bibbee revealed that she was pleased with the results of the observations made by her sociology classes on a visit to Mayview Hospital, near Pittsburgh.

Forty-four students who made the trip differed in their reactions to the study of mental deficiencies at the institution. A sophomore girl found the epileptic ward "nauseating" but a boy said it was "very interesting." In this ward was a girl manic-depressive who had been in a body temperature bath for nine hours and even after that time, was still screaming and carrying on.

The tour began with an interview of several patients by one of the doctors. He reviewed the case history to the students and then interviewed the patient to try to reveal the patient's weakness. The students were shown through the clinics and finally were taken through the entire plant. General opinion of the students was that the hospital was poorly equipped for its size and that a great number of the cases seemed, from both appearance and conversation, to be normal. Most of the cases viewed were mild ones. Some of the more normal patients helped out the regular staff in running this "restitution to normalcy" plant.

Most interesting were the individual cases. The socialists saw cases of amentia (those having undeveloped minds as idiots, imbeciles, and morons) and dementia (minds that have developed but which are reverting back from normalcy as in an alcoholic). They saw the manic-depressives as one who continually plots suicide. One of the most pitiable cases was a person suffering from paresis, the mental deterioration of the last stages of syphilis. There were cases of senile dementia, old people suffering from lack of memory.

One negro woman had delusions of persecution. She always felt that someone wanted to do something to her. She was a paranoiac,

Visitors on the Campus

SPY AND COUNTER SPY IN HIS STEPS

As timely as time itself was the lecture by Richard W. Rowan, Clifton Fadiman's "greatest living au-



RICHARD W. ROWAN

"Too fat to be a G-Man"

thority on international secret service". "Too fat to be G-Man," Mr. Rowan became, instead, author lecturer, authority, careered as a spy's spy, established a creditable espionage system himself.

With fluoroscopic depth, Spy-chaser Rowan uncovered the true state of international espionage and counter-espionage. No mincer of words, he made disclosures, stated facts, left his audience pondering. Beginning his address by citing "symptoms" of diplomatic chicanery, he proceeded to the "disease" itself. Sabotage, propaganda, foreign agent, spy were familiarized to Bethanians, Hercules Powder, Chester Shipyards, Bethlehem Steel exemplified. With no love for romanticizers, S-Man Rowan blasted at these fictions, loosened the slime inhabited by professional agents, exposed their true nature. Indicting democracies and dictatorships alike, he revealed actual instances of spymanship in Europe, Asia, America. With his contention that the reason for efficient totalitarian espionage lies in the early activities of their leaders, Mr. Rowan left the impression that "Only a spy can catch a spy", and lamented misdirected U. S. system, built solely along countering lines.

Touring American Colleges interpreting Vachel Lindsay's poems as meant to be interpreted, Mrs. Olive Wakefield stimulated Bethany with new slants on her brother's prose and poesy philosophy. A guest of the College for the second time in as many years, Sister Olive was welcomed back by friends and enthusiasts. No hoodooer herself, Mrs. Wakefield captured her audiences, formal and informal, by interpretations of Vachel Lindsay's works, her charming naturalness, her thought-provoking conversations, her utter disregard for formality and staging.

Her initial address at Convoca-



NO HOODOOER HERSELF

tion, cutting the tape of convention, primed Bethany audiences, kept her here for the week's remainder. Meeting students in groups of increasing numerality, Mrs. Wakefield left an aurora of her brother's genius and a glimpse of his personality. Her own life, joined with her brother's thru common opinions, common deductions, reflects the greatness of the philosopher-poet and the companionship enjoyed and shared by both.

Unlike most lecturers, she concentered her beliefs with those of students, instigating Quaker-like Student Meditation Groups. Purpose: to seek solutions to problems, personal and otherwise, thru concerted, cooperative thought.

Curtain-bowing before a Sun-

day-School class, Mrs. Wakefield left Bethany that afternoon; destination, another college.

T. HASSELL BOWEN

Three days this month Dr. T. Hassell Bowen was a visitor on Bethany's campus. As guest leader of Religious Emphasis Week, Dr. Bowen addressed Bethany audiences in Chapel and in Evening Church services, as well as in informal group meetings.

Leading off with a chapel address Dr. Bowen spoke on "Is Christianity a Spent Force" citing examples of Christianity's survival through many catastrophies, pointed out that Christianity is strongest when it hangs on a cross. The conclusion reached is that Christianity is not a spent force; that it is alive today and will emerge from the present chaotic world condition stronger than before. But, pointed out our Southern Guest, Christianity must learn to run under its own power, stop apologizing to science, politics, economics and philosophy.

Paralleling Bethany's Dwight E. Stevenson, Dr Bowen is minister of the Christian Church at Harrodsburg, Ky., Professor of Philosophy at the College of the Bible at Lex-



DR. T. HASSELL BOWEN

ington. Minister Bowen stated that he makes 2,000 calls a year in his pastoral work, succinctly stating

(Continued on Page 21)

Greekdom

The month of March was a busy one for the fraternities and sororities of the campus if we are to believe the publicity chairman of each. Nearly every chapter has held election of officers for the coming year, each has had an initiation ceremony and all have participated in social affairs of one kind or another.

New officers for the coming year are these:

PHI KAPPA TAU:

President	Eugene Keckley
V. Pres.	Glen Ritchey
Treas.	Robert Husband
Cor. Sec.	Jack Wright

PHI MU:

President	Jean Fraim
V. Pres.	Anna Laura Burke
Sec.	Dorothy Reynolds
Treas.	Phylliss Hendrickson

ALPHA XI DELTA:

President	Mildred Erskine
V. Pres.	Eleanor Waterhouse
Rec. Sec.	Flora Jane Smith
Cor. Sec.	Joan Cramblet
Treas.	Jane Williams

ZETA TAU ALPHA:

President	Betty Murphy
V. Pres.	Marjorie Blackmore
Rec. Sec.	Betty McIntyre
Cor. Sec.	Joanne Schott
Treas.	Esther Mackey

KAPPA ALPHA:

President	Harry Wilson
V. Pres.	John Medick
Sec.	Morrison Radcliffe

SIGMA NU:

Commander	Robb Henry
Lt. Commander	Jack Pryor
Treas.	John Whitehill
Sec.	Wally Mayor

ALPHA KAPPA PI:

President	Gordon Seidel
Sec.	Richard Wallace
V. Pres.	William Siemon

BETA THETA PI:

President	Irvan Roche
V. Pres.	Alfred Swearingen
Cor. Sec.	Ralph Burbridge
Rec. Sec.	Theodore Herrick
Treas.	Charles Cluss

KAPPA DELTA:

President	Hilda Sarver
V. Pres.	Ardath Willoschat
Sec.	Phylliss Skilton
Treas.	Anna Zenowitz

Recent Initiates:

Kappa Alpha: Orion Keylor.

Alpha Kappa Pi: Lewis Deer.

(Continued on Page 23)

LETTERS OF A CAMPUS CUTIE TO A GUY BACK HOME

(Continued from Page 15)

and has hundreds of them from before-to-after and coast-to-coast. Some fellow in Australia who writes to John McCord up and sent him a boomerang! Why don't you ever do cute things? John Topping and Don Regier had some super-doooper art work on display, and you ought to see Joan Schotts' shoes. Oh! Dem golden slippers. First prize in creative hobbies went to Mr. Frank Lappin for his vurrre lovely wood-carvings, and Tim Simpson came in second with some interior decoration plans that really made one go domestic in a chromium and leather sort of way. Miss Blanche Burrows' dance programs brought her first prize in the "collecting" division, and whatta ya think it was that copped second place for Margaret Abel? Just what you didn't think—milk bottle tops, all arranged in the cutest manner—sort of a milky way and did I mention the Mentions? Virginia Stevenson, Jean Schott, John Topping and Peggy Deibel. Mr. Herbert J. Sanborn, Director of Arts and Crafts at Oglebay Institute; Mrs. Neil Graham and Mr. Walter Boettcher made up the committee of judges. All in all, I was inspired. Even considered mounting my fraternity pins.

Managed to sweep all my shoes under my bed and had the room gleaned for Homecoming, Saturday, March 15. And rowdy-dow the pipple! Commencement Hall was sag-

ging dangerously that night at the play, *Twelfth Night*. Yes, Shakespeare, and they didn't leave out the curly wigs, either. Wish you could have seen Roy Heckle draped around a mirror as Malvolio, and Peggy Geyer sporting breeches, achully dashing as Viola. Virginia Woods did what ya call a really profesh job in the role of Maria, not to mention the staggering job of Bill White, who played Sir Toby Welch. I could go on all night, but just think of a cast with Jane—you know, Spike-Edmunds, Jim Huntsberger, Tom Committee, Clarence Joy, Chuck Bell, Don Rosensteel, Sheldon Kohan, Jerry Ferguson, Bob Fulmer, Robert Golbey, Barbara Schutt, Esther Mackey, Ruth Halter, Janice Cooper and Bill Yauch. And, foo-face, think of Jake Whitehill with increased respect, 'cause he did the scenery for all seven scenes. The power behind the beeg success was director Marian Hendrick.

Gee, darlin' I miss you muchly—just couldn't keep my mind off you Saturday nite as I stood watching the penny-pitching at the Alpha Xi's booth. Did I tell you about the bazaar we had for the benefit of Homecoming Committee? OOh, you shooda seen it—turtle-racing at the Sigma Nu booth, ten-pins at the A.K. Pi's, fortune telling by the Independent Women the Beta Theta Pi's gave you a chance to give vent to what's pent, with their three for a nickle plate-breaking, and you could throw darts at Hitler's mustache at the Phi Tau booth. The K.A.'s had a roulette wheel; the Phi Mu's gave out look-sees at baby pictures of the professors; the K.D.'s sold pop corn balls, the Zeta Tau Alpha's sold cokes and peanuts—well, even with my aching heart, it was all verra gay, and a-good-time-was-had-by-all.

Well I always say when one is lonely it's wisest to keep dizzy—in the social whirl—but in spite of Our Love, I just can't go study!

With many a smudge

and many a smooch,

Beth Ann.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE, at Haverford, Pa., has become the haven for 30 prominent European refugees, who were swept out of Europe by war and political changes.

Opinion on the Campus

OPINION ON THE CAMPUS

The big doings down in Washington this month found little reverberation on Bethany's campus. Both students and faculty either admitted a silent ignorance of the Lease-Lend bill, or based their opinion on ever-reliable "general principles".

Dr. Shaw merely awaits the consequences. Leaning back comfortably in his chair, he expounded. "I feel that with the signing of the Lease-Lend bill, the United States has entered the war. It is a great gamble." Naturally, he was hopelessly optimistic.

Mr. Bowden expressed a surprising amount of cynicism. In fact, "As to the non-financial aspects of the act, I still have my application for a chauffeur's job to a cowardly general." He felt, too, that the bill "adds to the national headache, and either the standard of living should drop, or inflation and subsequent depression should result."

Student views however were more varied and extreme. Omitting the ever-obvious opinion of Bert Decker on problems of this sort, freshman were consulted for the most part, and with the following results.

Harry Murphy, propped on a window sill waiting for Franny Thomas, seemed happy about most anything. "I look forward to a great boom in employment, which will probably cause college students to drop out of college. After all, though, we were already in the war and this bill makes little difference in our status."

Jean Styre and Lois Linn held identical views, quite in harmony with most Bethanians. "What is it?" Course they were only kidding, mildly, but both students and faculty had the same idea.

Visiting the infirmary at the moment, Bob Husband said a lot, but "NOT for publication." Generally however, he saw this move as "unnecessary and war-like. You may quote me as an Isolationist." (note Dr. Woolery).

Mary Lou Smith became unusually serious. "With so many friends and relatives being English, naturally, I'm glad for the United States'

help, and approve the bill. It does mean war, though. As for effect on college students, they, at least Bethanians, don't know enough about the bill to feel an effect."

THE ANSWER WAS YES

(Continued from Page 7)

the room, and still he had come to no conclusion. There seemed to be nothing to do but go down and see Madeline, if she *would* see him, and ask her to forgive his ever having mentioned the affair. Perhaps she would forget it. He knew it meant an end to his dreams for setting up business, but there was no other way.

As soon as the decision was made, Gregory felt better. He ran a comb through his hair, straightened his tie and went out, Where would she be? The library most likely, he decided, and headed for it.

Just outside the door, he paused. Tonight, considering her mood, he had better knock. He tapped softly. There was no answer. He knocked a little louder; then again. Still no answer. Well, he would peek in. With the door open a little way, he could see her sitting before the fire, her back towards him. Perhaps she was asleep. But he must see her! He went over quietly and touched her chair.

"Aunt Madeline—" with a gasp he fell back.

Her tall straight body was twisted in the chair in an attitude of agony. Her beautiful hands were clenched. In one was a bottle of arsenic. On her lap was an open book, and a finger lay on this sentence:

An ancient emperor of Rome as a precaution against assassinations once made himself immune to the poison of arsenic by taking it in small daily doses over a period of years.

Madeline had thwarted Gregory, but she had fooled herself. The ouija had been right.

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MISS ANNA MARY KEMP

The following is the obituary of Miss Kemp, late librarian of the college as prepared by Dwight E. Stevenson, Minister of the Bethany Memorial Church.

Miss Anna Mary Kemp, Librarian of Bethany College for the past 18 years, died Thursday morning, March 6, while a patient in the Ohio Valley General Hospital in Wheeling. For more than two years she had battled with the progressive stages of a fatal illness. She was born on December 26, 1881, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Kemp, in Crawford County, Iowa, where she was reared.

In June of 1906 Miss Kemp received the A. B. degree from Bethany College and the following year the Mus. B. degree. She studied library science in the Chautauqua Summer School for Librarians and at Columbia University. For several years she served as a high school teacher and later as librarian of the Public Library in Mansfield, Ohio. In September 1922 she accepted the call of the college to the position in which she served until her death.

While a student in the college she became one of the founders of the local chapter of the Alpha Xi Delta sorority.

She was a member of the Bethany Memorial Church, attending its services regularly and serving in many capacities, often time as organist.

During her long tenure in the college library she served with great devotion to her responsibilities. Under her direction the library resources, equipment, and services were greatly expanded. After every official inspection made by an educational authority, there was favorable comment as to the operation of the library and the sound leadership that she gave.

She is survived by an aged aunt and one first cousin now living in California, by an aunt, uncle and nephew in Danbury, Iowa, and by three second cousins in Barnesville, Ohio.

THE LAST SEVEN MILES

(Continued from Page 3)

after the autoist had been discovered in a wrecked car. After finding the papers the student discovered that dead man had no head.

Traveling salesmen in new cars are usually sure bets for a ride. They hardly stop and have the car in second gear to start by the time the Hitch-hiker has one foot on the running board. Truck drivers and other men traveling alone will usually stop to pick up one or two riders.

A hitch-hiker's life does not, however, always represent a thriller magazine or a bed of roses. Many miles have to be traveled on foot. Along this line we might refer you to the Bethany preacher that walks to West Liberty almost every Sunday to deliver his sermon.

Looking at the hitch-hiking problem from the other angle we might consult the automobile driver. One sport with a twelve cylinder job told us that other than ladies in distress he picks up only people he knows. Every assault on their hosts by hitch-hikers is given too much publicity that most motorists think of the screaming headlines of murder and stolen cars before they will stop to pick up a passenger. In some states "bumming" a ride is illegal and in most localities the driver is responsible for the safety of his passengers to the extent that he is discouraged to give many rides.

REFUGEE EDUCATION

Refugees are being "re-educated" to Americanism through the efforts of the Friends Committee, Quaker group that has set up three refugee rehabilitation centers in America and Cuba.

In the group are lawyers, university professors, a sculptor, a German poet who translated much American Negro verse, the former headmaster of Vienna's largest high school, and a Spanish customs official who taught Spanish to British generals stationed at Gibraltar.

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Theater

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Bethany's Alpha Psi Omega and Bethespian Club, following the example of the New York Theatre Guild, revived Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" March 15, for the entertainment of the Homecoming crowd.

Much of the play was cut; un-



MISS PEGGY GEYER
"Twelfth Night's" Viola

doubtedly, much of the plot and dialogue would have been lost, except for the audience's familiarity with the play.

From the beginning the sub-plot took entire control of the presentation. The antics of Maria, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Fabian, the clown, and Malvolio, inspired most applause, while the Viola-Olivia-Orsino triangle has lost much of its appeal and novelty, a fact fully revealed by the actor's interpretation.

Peggy Geyer maintained audience interest in Viola by a lovely portrayal. Her boyishness and sense of comedy, particularly in the 'dueling scene', deserves praise. However, the play's comic element took such possession that Jim Huntsberger's Duke Orsino, Don Rosensteel's Sebastian, and Jane Edmund's Olivia seemed uninspired, no matter how fine their work.

The best scene, considering action and interest, was with the clown

and Malvolio in prison. The setting, which placed the clown far downstage, contributed much to the artistic appeal, but the laurels for the scene, as far the entire production, belong to Roy Heckel for a near-professional characterization of the ever-pompous Malvolio. Jerry Ferguson's clown songs and general acrobatics were entertaining and upheld many weak spots in early scenes.

Rivaling Peg Geyer in dramatic ability was Gige Wood's Maria, but it was the combined performances of Bill White, Bob Fulmer, and particularly Chuck Bell, that provided the evening's entertainment.

The scene in Olivia's cellar was very good, not a little due to Roy Heckel's display of an emaciated calf. The height of comedy however, was Malvolio's discovery of the forged letter. In this scene Roy drew his ability to its peak, while Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian played clever hide-go-seek with potted palms.

For the most part, Director Hendrick's choice in cast was excellent, and except for a few awkward moments, particularly in the last scene the play was another success. Successful too were the colorful costumes, and these, together with the comedy of play and players made "Twelfth Night" a worthy project for Bethespian Club production.

T. HASSELL BOWEN

(Continued from Page 17)

that he must, to keep his theology from damning his heart.

Speaking informally to the Ministerial Association, Pastor Bowen pulled no punches, gave the low down on some of the tactics necessary to successfully lead a large southern church. Especially did he emphasize that no minister in a southern pulpit could use a manuscript to preach from. Another admonition to the embryonic ministers was to consider well the physical, mental and nervous condition of his congregation as he went about striving to bolster their spiritual needs.

Sonorous-voiced Dr. Bowen's second Chapel address was built about the thought, "The end of an era is not the end of the world." Building on the idea that we are in a changing era of history, he spoke of the

unification of religious faiths, and the facing of realities of the individual man that is necessary to bring the world through this time.

Leaving the platform for the lectern, Professor Bowen conducted the classes in Philosophy of Religion and Old Testament Survey on the last morning of his visit here.

Proving no B'illy Sunday or Herbert Luccock, Dr. Bowen left the campus wondering if Religion had been emphasized.



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"MARCH 15, 1941"

(Continued from Page 8)

Kiddies? Give up? A carnival! Yes, siree, a real carnival. In the gym. Sofe-drinks, and baseball throws, fortune-tellers, ring toss—even balloons and pin-wheels."

"What, no monkeys?" demanded Alfred.

"Thirty-three of 'em," proudly answered Uncle Ed. "Oh, it was a high old time."

"Everybody drunk, eh," flatly stated Alexander.

"Certainly not," replied Uncle Ed. "This was Homecoming."

"What happened after the carnival?" questioned Mr. Mendelsohn, who had not said a word all evening, being bored with the entire proceedings, as were thirty-three others.

"Why, we all went down to the Inn for hot chocolate and cookies," said Uncle Ed.

"Cookies again?" incredulously asked little Gwen. "My, but weren't you the gay old things."

"And, then, to our little trundle beds," continued Uncle Ed.

"And was that the Homecoming?" asked The voice From the Adjoining Room.

"It was," stoutly replied Uncle Ed.

"Why, then, was it the Famous Homecoming?" asked little Phillip the ever-everescent, foaming at the mouth.

"I don't know," answered Uncle Ed. "But it was a Famous Homecoming. They said it was."



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Greekdom

(Continued from Page 18)

Beta Theta Pi: Jack Baumgartner, Arthur Beard, Donald Boyd, Donald Brinkworth, Archie Conn, Gerald Ferguson, Robert Fulmer, William Halley, Roy Heckel, Theodore Her- rick, Donald Hillstrom, C. D. Huhn, Fred Swearingen, John Wei- mer, William Young.
other bureau.

Alpha Xi Delta: Jean Berggren, Jane Campbell, Corrine Cashman, Betty Elder, Marjorie Hunter, Mary Jane Helfer, Miriam Reno, Dorothy Ralsron, Evelyn Van Strien.

Zeta Tau Alpha: Patricia Harvey, Jean Land, Marge Campbell, Judy Umbel, Betty Grace Love, Barbara Noel, Jane Walls, Jeanne Styer, Ruth Hulton, Jane Linn, Lois Linn.

Phi Kappa Tau: George Bartram, Dick Jackson, Bruce Beck, Robert Husband, Dick Colan, Jack Wright, Al Cerveris, Frank Donics, Sam Mc- Cutcheon.

Phi Mu: Margarer Abel, Gloria Bass, Margaret Blanck, Phyliss Hen- drickson, Dorothy Reynolds, Martha Stuart, Jean McLoed, Elinore Gil- more.

Kappa Delta: Marjorie Hanes, Anna Zenowitz, Evelyn Jones.

Sigma Nu: Charley Foy, Ray- mond Le Strange, Clarence Joy, James Sembower, Robert Golbey, Robert Alexander, Steve Nunn, Walter Myers, Tom Poston, Robert Addleman, James Hawkins.

Among the social events there were the K.D. Spring Formal and the Phi Tau Spring Formal, and numer- ous informal house parties, and din- ners. Two fraternities held dinners for their pin girls. The Beta's on March 25, the Phi Tau's on the 22rd. Founder's Day was celebrated by the A.K. Pi's the K.A.'s.

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XXXII No. 7

APRIL, 1941



THIS ISSUE

The Inn
A Symposium
Modern Greek Comedy

The Editorial

By D. V. Huntsberger

I held these two columns for my editorial but, you won't find it here. Originally I had planned a stirring bit in tune with the times but we hear and read so much of that, most of it much more soul stirring than I could possibly turn out, so—all you'll find here are the ramblings of a nervous editor.

I was nervous when I had my first date, I was nervous when I took my first job, I was almost stiff when I contemplated my first solo flight, but all those feelings combined would barely equal what I feel when I offer for your approval, this, my first issue of the Bethanian. I let this whole magazine be my editorial. It reflects my editorial policy that the Bethanian should be critical, it should be a medium for the expression of student thought, it should record but it is not, can not, and should not try to be, a news magazine.

What I think about Bethany, my attitude toward student problems, my concept of what you want in your magazine are all contained in the following pages.

What more can I say here?

There is a temptation to explain this magazine, point out its good points, gloss over the bad, but I am letting it speak for itself.

* * *

About Lyle Mayne's article. It is a good article for it is frank and honest. We asked Lyle to write an article for the Bethanian and the article we print here is not sensationalism. It is an article that shows the mental revaluation of an attitude toward college and toward life. Despite the title "Confession" this is not his confession: it is analysis of what we all realize but have not had the courage to put down in black and white. Some may call Lyle's assertion that he was not the man for giving the SBOG life defeatism. There is no defeatism that carries the hope that this article contains. There is no defeatism that realizes that faults are never single, and weaknesses never cured by a single dose.

* * *

You may wonder about the feature of the Inn. Perhaps a personal fondness gave rise to the idea of a record of the Inn's place in student life. It is possible that within a few years with the rise of the prospective commons the Inn will gradually lose its place in Bethany's social life. We want a record to remind us.

* * *

With the arrival of Spring, Bethany begins to hum. Anything can happen. People feel the urge to put out scandal sheets, and do, causing a great but short lived excitement. The Inn becomes continually crowded. Study and Chapel attendance slide off. Hank warms up his plane to see if it will still turn over, causing a bit of commotion. Who knows, if spring gets hold of him he may even try to fly it. No, thanks, I'll just watch.

* * *

I was awakened early one morning by a terrible clatter, thought it was Bill Nauman dashing out of town in Patricia. I was quite surprised to find that the Commons was already "in the process". I am very glad to see the students taking such an interest in the work. I guess no one can resist the fascination of a power shovel at work. That's one thing you can watch for hours and never think, "This is where I came in"

Editor of this issue: David Huntsberger. Editorial assistants: Marjorie Finney, William Rutter, Richard Glass. Business Manager: Wayne Burdick. Business Assistants: George Sitock, Jack Baumgartner, Evelyn Baxter, Marjorie Hunter.

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THE COVER PICTURE—

"Aspiration to a Phd" is the title of the wood carving pictured on the front cover this issue. One might take issue with the title and call it "Moonlight on the Buffalo" or anything else. However we think it's nice and therefore present it for your consideration as a piece of local art.

CREDITS:

All photographs in this issue of the Bethanian taken by Dave Huntsberger.

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Bethanian, a magazine of features and photographs, published each month from October through May by the Student Board of Publications of Bethany College. Entered as second

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No Man Is An Iland

(An interview with one of the Lost Generation "for whom the bells tolls.")

"No man is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine: If a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as if a Promontorie were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Man kinde:"

In this quotation of John Donne, used by Hemingway in his latest book, is something of what we of the sub-older generation have to say to you. It indicates the need and reason of social consciousness in the world today. Every wave that washes the continent of humanity washes each man. My generation failed partly because we did not have this social consciousness and partly because we fell unquestioningly for everything we were told. In looking at your generation and in evaluating it I believe I can say that you'll not be another "lost generation." This generation will not be lost, because you are a little too wise not so taken in with things that will not hold up logically and rationally.

Perhaps this is because you are so close to the last war. Pacifism has been taught you, but strangely enough the older generation pacifists are turning around. True social consciousness of the Donne quotation means pacifism, at least in part.

My view as one of this older generation is that of the necessity of social consciousness. If our world is to be better and finer, you, the young generation, must have this social consciousness.

Bethany students are not particularly socially aware. They do not know of the problems of laboring classes and of the underprivileged. This is not entirely due to the students, but is derived partly from the middle-class conservative environments which form the background of nearly every Bethany student. Another reason for their lack of social consciousness is the lack of truly socially aware instructors. At Bethany there are perhaps four instructors who have taken stock of their world and realize the vast and turbulent movements going on. These instructors feel the undercurrents, and through their excellent teaching are imparting some of this feeling to their students.

What exactly is social consciousness? What

does it do for the individual? Social consciousness is the Golden Rule without any racial or national prejudice or personal prejudice. Bethany's fraternity rule shows some of the student lack of social consciousness in this respect. What Christ taught was as much for the happiness of the individual as for the good of society. Students do not realize the importance of social consciousness either to the world or to themselves.

What will give students—the younger generation—this social consciousness? I think perhaps only hard experience and an open mind will do this. It took me a long time and many hard experiences to realize that I only *get back what I give every time*. Students can practice this if they would. But they probably won't because they haven't completely found themselves. So many of them want to be dignified and academically impartial in the explosion of the world around us. And so many don't even realize the world is exploding.

My generation looks at yours at Bethany through my eyes. I wish my generation could help you, but it has failed. It preached against war but now supports war. Yet we feel we must—our only solution for the world we know is to arm and to resist. "Pressure of history" has pushed us into this thing; this pressure being precedence, routine, hatred. Perhaps your generation will be less influenced by this pressure and more influenced by social consciousness. Your generation to accomplish this must have both ideals and common sense. The idea that man must look out for himself because no one else will is unchristian. Remember Donne again—"no man is an iland."

We need Christianity with brains. The attitude of your generation at Bethany seems to me to be "we have brains but what's the use of using them unless it is to hold a good middle class job with not too much responsibility."

Introduction—Feeling that youth is beginning to find some pattern in the world today, the editors invited four college youth to contribute to a symposium on Youth's Responsibility in the World. The young men and the young woman who have contributed to this symposium are contemporary thinkers, aware of the problem of living intelligently and sanely. We have invited students from other colleges to give viewpoints that the article may represent the different influences and qualifications that come from geographical locations and from regional environments. We present the article from the Bethany student as an anonymous article to eliminate any personality influences.

* * *

CHARLES O. PORTER, Harvard

What kind of a world are we going to live in? This is the first question for a discussion of this sort. It is clear that however the international scene may eventually clear up or blow



CHARLES O. PORTER

up completely, the outcome is going to be grim. There is going to be hunger and hate in Europe for many, many years. If the Axis is victorious, it will eventually challenge us directly through South America, through fifth column activities. Or perhaps the German reign will fall of its own weight and be rent by internal disorders. If Great Britain wins, the problem of reconstruction, of maintaining and extending the democratic way of life, is not going to be easy.

Politically, you and I live in a time of great crises. Our foremost responsibility, then, seems to be: *To keep alive and vital our system of law and individual right and representative government.* Without an abiding faith in our way of life, youth can never preserve and improve a system which allows the greatest freedom to the individual. This duty can be divided into several parts: 1) The responsibility to participate—this age needs leaders who will stand up and challenge other ways of thinking and defend our way; 2) The responsibility to be informed of our national history and its relation to the world; 3) The responsibility to extend our way of life, and this means the de-

Our Responsibility

A Symposium of Student Opinion on Youth's Place in the World Today and Tomorrow.

* * *

velopment of the ability to sell our democracy on its merits.

The world seethes with war and we shall likely be in it before long. Even if we are not in actual warfare, we shall have much to do with its results. We must not become cynical. To do so admits defeat. You know the type—the person who argues "The world is going to hell. There's no sense in believing in anything, in seeking to build a life on solid foundations." His position is not without its justification in light of the war now in progress, but no sensible person will advocate giving up values we prize before we are forced to do so.

All this leads up to our other and equally important responsibility: *To hold our ideals and strive with all our might to attain them.* This duty deals with our personal lives whereas the first responsibility dealt with our social lives. What are these ideals? Principally they are: 1) The ideal of rationality, of calmly balancing interests and working out the solutions to our social problems; 2) The ideal of physical fitness, of building and maintaining vigorous bodies; 3) The ideal of the happy family, which is a treasured hope in every heart of our generation—and to the extent that it isn't, just so far are we retrograding. Marriage need not, should not, be put off till everything is secure. Youth should dare to work out their problems together; 4) The ideal of primary social groups, by which I refer to the number and variety of friends a person should have. Man is a social animal and functioning as such he has come quite a ways—he should continue to act socially, participate in impolitical activities, in community activities, in cultural activities; 5) Finally, the ideal of God, by which I mean that feeling within that says that the best way to prepare for the hereafter is to do a conscientious job in the present; the refuge in times of sorrow and despair, the steadying and uplifting influence of worship of that Being who stands above and beyond this world—these are advantages which youth must not

discard in its possibly too hasty disposal of the place of worship in modern life.

It's a hard world we face, one filled with violence and barbarism. Cynically giving up is more than cowardly—it is damned foolishness. We are not afraid of the bogeys of tomorrow. We shall fight the good fight and we will win.

ANONYMOUS, Bethany

Whether or not the United States enters the war is unimportant. The war is not youth's responsibility—youth had no part in its making—youth will have no part in its ending. Youth will be told of the peace terms and will be expected to make the best of them.

Youth's responsibility is to itself—before, during and after the war. Let there be no "lost generation"—no race of Hemingways and Huxleys—after this war. Let youth fortify itself with a knowledge of what has gone before—with a knowledge that the material gain of war is not permanent, for it is falsely based on ever changing realities.

To each man and woman belongs a life to be lived for his own pleasure. Youth must learn to value life for itself—for the privilege of being alive to drink in the beauty of the world and forget about its sordidness. Without a faith in life and in beauty, how can man hold life to be worthwhile? For what else can we be glad?

It is only through love of beauty that man will ever rise from the rut in which he despairingly finds himself. Man needs to open his eyes—see the world and know that it is beautiful, see the sunlight and know that it is good.

If there is no system of government that we can believe in, no economic standard, at least we can see the moon and the stars and the sky and respect them for their eternity. We can believe in the earth, in each blade of grass, in each tree—because they are alive.

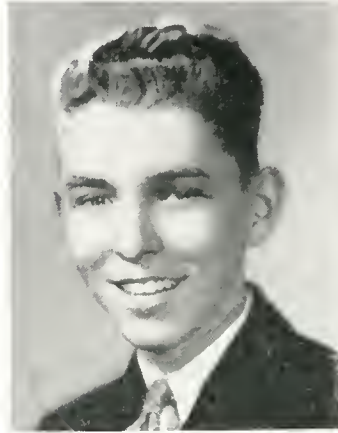
We can believe in people, in friends. We must believe in people, or there is no sense in living among them, in having a brain that raises us from the dumb to the intelligible.

There are love and music and sunsets that we can have every day by merely becoming conscious of them.

There is much to despair of in reality, but only in reality can we find anything for which to live. Life is real, not a dream, and we must learn to be happy in the present, not in the wished-for future.

JOHN D. BLACK, Northwestern

I hope someone discusses the responsibility of youth for the elimination of war—certainly a most obvious essential to a better world. I am of a student body of twelve thousand, most of



JOHN D. BLACK

whom are bitterly opposed to participation in the present conflict. Some of us are against participating in any war. But regardless of attitudes toward the present crisis, no one can dispute the assertion that the natural and human resources expended on wars are utterly squandered as far

as increasing the wealth of the world is concerned.

I hope likewise that someone will treat of the need for concerted effort toward improving our political and economic systems. When thirty-six thousand families at the top of the income scale receive as much as twelve million at the bottom, when seventy-one percent of the population earns less than \$2500 annually, there is need for change.

Equally important and challenging are the problems peculiar to specific fields—medicine, education, natural science, law, religion, industry, psychology, literature, art, music. In many of these areas ground is just being broken; in others the changes wrought by an industrial civilization barely two generations old demand fundamental reorganization of basic ideas and institutions.

Will youth supply what is required? Every generation has faced trying situations; every generation has failed to solve them perfectly, sometimes has muffed them badly. I believe that we will never succeed unless we are able to alter the attitude of a significant portion of American youth toward life itself. It is to this end that the best energies of today's college graduates should be devoted.

Too many young people view the problems of the world with apathy. They may recognize

(Continued on Page 19)



Russian Bank—Records—Reading

Between Scenes



Knit one, purl two—Mrs. Goodnight, house mother, instructs KD's.

MODERN GREEK COMEDY

(Bethanian in this issue reviews "A Modern Greek Comedy" as the Play of the Month. This play, written by Euripedes X. Sarver and Sophocles J. Dvorak with technical advisor, Phyllis Skilton, is staged at Kappa Delta's Theater, Main Street.—Editor's Note.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Supreme Exalted Potentate . . .	Hilda Sarver
Supreme Exalted Sub-Potentate	Ardath Willoschat
Amanuensis Extraordinary . . .	Phyllis Skilton
Chief Keeper of the Purse Strings	Ann Zenowitz
Ex-ditto	June Feiss
Assistant-ditto	June Crawford
Press Agent	Frances Dvorak
Talent Scout	Janice Evans

Anvil Chorus

Pauline Babicz	Ruth Moser
June Crawford	Eva Della McSeveny
Ardath Willoschat	

Chorus of the Slap-Happy Spirits

Gloria Broderson	Marjorie Hanes
Virginia Downes	Betty Lue Hood
Betty Field	Evelyn Jones
Frances Thomas	Ann Zenowitz

Critical circles agree that this drama is one of the most interesting and outstanding productions of the current season. Quoting from the program we print this excerpt from the argument introducing the play:

"It was a dark and stormy autumn night when Phi Lambda Chi, local, joined the folds of Kappa Delta, national. 18 years later we find this group well established in a quaint ivy covered cottage (morning glories to you). On week-days these girls attend classes at the local college."

There was a slight disturbance when the curtain went up, since the Chorus of Slap-Happy Spirits, having forgotten the time of opening were still on the stage practicing. Betty Lou Stafford was off in one corner taking candid shots of the audience. However, within a few minutes they were organized and ready to chant their opening line "How about a fourth for bridge?" These words express the theme of the play and are widely quoted. The action begins briskly as Hood, Downes and Field go off to choir practice, and Hanes, with demoniacal glee, moves up-stage to give another crew-hair-cut. Potentate Sarver sweeps onto the stage with five test tubes and a Bunsen burner under her arm. She is followed by Dvorak, with a microscope and butterfly net, Skilton with five volumes of Browning and an outline of English Literature, Fiess with three saxophones and a bass viol, and Willoschat with a red head. Immediately upon this entrance echo the strains of the antiphonal chant of the Anvil Chorus: "Let's play Russian Bank." Thus a conflict arises with the

Chorus of Slap-Happy Spirits, who advocate bridge. The entire cast is divided into two factions each in support of their favorite indoor sport.

A mass meeting is called, but proves ineffective, since the two choruses continue to chant back and forth all through the session. Above the tumult Skilton is heard shouting "Unfair to de hoi-poloi!" In an attempt to quiet the mob, Evans organizes a grand march. (It is to be noted that throughout the play, when Evans is not majoring in gym, she is majoring in Jim.) During the confusion Crawford and Jones slip off to a Radio Club meeting, and Moser goes out to forge some time slips. Broderson, "ring"-leader of the Chorus of Slap-Happy Spirits make a late entrance on horseback. McSeveny and Babicz, malleus and incus of the Anvil Chorus, deliver a violent polemic on the evils of the Culbertson system. Thomas retaliates in kind, but breaks off suddenly because she has to "Harry" home. Zenowitz lurks in the background with the account books, but is completely ignored in this crisis.

It seems the deadlock cannot be broken, when the messenger, played by Mrs. Goodnight, enters and asks "Are you all too busy studying to come down and have something to eat?" The cast rushes pell-mell from the stage leaving Potentate Sarver alone. She soliloquizes and at length determines a course of action. True to form, she plans to flip a coin to decide the issue—if she can find a coin. As she stalks from the stage, quiet descends, and night falls with a dull thud.

Those familiar with the Greek drama will discern obvious instances of plagiarism. The authors have undoubtedly been influenced by Aristophanes' "The Frogs," and have copied from Roget and Webster. However the end justifies the means and we highly recommend this production. The engagement is limited, for the company will go on the road in June, to return in the fall for another season.



I READ A BOOK

By Peggy Wallace

One day, while musing through a bookstore which was filled to the brim with "old stock" books on sale for a song, I ran across one which caught my eye. It was a rather large book, enclosed in a red and black paper cover with the title "The Song Murder Mystery" glaring across its middle. I took it up and leafed through the pages, the captions of the chapters were equally as enticing as the title itself, so therefore I carried my prize to the cashier's desk and after due process, emerged with a neatly wrapped package under my arm.

Upon arriving home, I carried my precious parcel to the library, where Daddy and Mother were seated reading, and carefully removed the wrapper. As I held up my book with an air of pride, Mother asked:

"Where did you get that?" in a tone mingled with anything but admiration.

"Why anyone would want to fill her mind with such trash—" began Daddy.

I beat a retreat to the front porch, picked an apple from the dish on the table, and sank into the glider. From all appearances, it seemed my family did not appreciate my taste in literature. This, however, did not daunt my noble spirit, and I delved into the first page with gusto.

After an hour or so of steady reading I had succeeded in doing away with two men and apparently a woman was to follow shortly. I didn't quite accomplish her removal in the first sitting though, for about a page and a half before the crucial act, Mother called me to dinner. I reluctantly marked my place with a chewing gum wrapper I fished from behind a cushion, and laid my masterpiece on the table. The dinner hour proved a very trying experience, for passing the butter seems a trivial affair when one is attempting to unravel the mystery of mysteries.

After I had finished eating and had fed the dogs and my pet duck, I hurried back to my spot on the glider. Again I sank into its depths and reached out my hand for the book. It was gone! Perhaps some one had knocked it on the floor—but no, it was definitely gone. I hurried

into the house and put the question of its disappearance before the family. I received an answer. The boy next door had been over and had seen my pride and joy abandoned on the table. It looked rather interesting and he had asked to borrow it. Grandma, not knowing I was reading it, was only too glad to oblige. Robert has a very winning way with parents and grandmothers. I went to bed, not knowing whether Lord Laury had ever succeeded in the removal of Lady Laury.

Robert proved to be an exceptionally slow reader and it was three agonizing weeks before "The Song Murder Mystery" was returned to its eager owner. I again delved into the gory details. During this sitting I finished with Lady Laury and several of her loyal followers and was on the point of stabbing the villainous Lord Laury with a red hot poker, when a screech from the back of the house almost succeeded in sending me through the roof! I followed the noise to the kitchen where I discovered Doris, our maid, hanging from the top cupboard shelf by her hands, with a collapsed step-ladder beneath her.

After rescuing the frightened girl from her doom, I returned once more to the bloody plight. Whether my sudden departure had so startled the hero's aim as to make the poker miss its mark or not, I shall never know. But in any case, Lord Laury remained intact. I had scarcely completed two pages, when I was again interrupted. This time I was wanted on the telephone.

After a lengthy conversation about nothing, I returned in time to see Daddy walk into the library with my bargain. He had forgotten, by this time, which is no small wonder, that I



had bought the book and was reading it. It had appeared to him as something to pass the time, and, indeed, I was rather amused to see him bothering with such "trash". By the end of two days, Daddy had completed all the various and sundry details, and, no doubt, had found them rather entertaining, for he loaned the book to Mr. Togeer in the office. Mr. Togeer also read slowly. So did the office boy. By the time "The Song Murder" had made the rounds of the inhabitants of all the offices on the second floor of the Riley Law Building, I had almost forgotten who Lord Laury was. At long last, however, the book was returned.

I, again, settled myself upon the glider and, after a hurried resume of the previous chapters, resolved that neither fire nor high water would tear me away. Fortunately, we had no ravaging blazes nor floods, and I was permitted to accompany the avenger of Lady Laury through the various perils he encountered—and they were numerous—before he finally rid the world of her infamous husband. Lord Laury met his terrible end on a deserted fisherman's wharf at dusk. I finally found the book's title to come from the murder of an organ grinder who lurked mysteriously in the background through half of the book.

A REFLECTION

We learn the rules of beauty

How to measure it, how define;

Discuss abstractly its construction,

Consult the learned masters,

Speak of Symbolists and Imagists,

Study all the complex lore of art—

Outside an oriole sings.

—Florence Nicholas

Last Day

This day was his last. He woke with a sudden alertness, looking at the ceiling and recognizing the big crack in the wall. He lay there staring at the torn paper, bewildered by this intuition of his.

After a few minutes he got up and went to the dresser for his glasses. He put them on and stared in the mirror. He felt a sudden chill and thought of his loss of time—he hadn't known minutes and hadn't measured hours in this eternity. He turned from the mirror to dress. A sudden blackness swept through him for an instant, and he floated weary and blind, forgetting, hanging to life.

He walked carefully down the stairs, watching his feet. They had a fascination for him—they didn't belong to him; they walked and walked without reason. He had no response and no will. When he looked up, they had carried him onto the street, those legs of his that had their own vitality. Those feet that could take him wherever they wanted, that could keep going on and on—the feet that had carried him from Ireland to France, from France to this terrible emptiness, this great loneliness—these feet strode along the cement sidewalk, treading on their own shadow. He felt an admiration for their independence, their freedom from his own will. He liked the way they walked with such sureness. And when they stopped, he wondered why they did, what had told them to stop; and then they were his again.

He knew then why they had stopped. Through the window that looked out on the street—a window without shape, a strange half-seen interruption in the brick wall which reached thru the ground for endless miles and towered into the sky, a wall with one window, a window with sound—through this single window came the music. It was a music he knew, a music he had never heard. It filled him, it gave him his visions, it made him nothing as he listened to the sound. The sound faded away and he was nothing. He looked down the street and from a great distance he saw a girl coming. She was a small and beautiful girl—her shadow filled the whole street. The shadow flashed along the interminable brick wall. She became larger and larger, increasing into a giant figure approaching with overpowering, impersonal steps. He shuddered, shrinking from the towering figure, and he hid his face. Instantly he was free. He wondered vaguely if she had been his daughter—his alive dead daughter. He wondered if he had known her whether or not he would have asked her if she were his daughter.

The sound came through the window again. This time it filled his head with the sound of the Dublin streets, of the mills he had seen grinding forth death, of the life he had lived. And then it made him think of the fresh blue of sailing, of the foam on the breakers, of the swooping swift gulls—he had seen them from his watchtower, and they too had given him visions, just as this music gave him visions. The music gave him will, it touched and stirred him, it tightened his stomach, it hurled his brain through the sky into that blackness with a great prayer.

He saw the empty and long street as it caved into nothing, flying into the horizon. He stepped into the street, into his being.

—William Rutter.

Confessions of the SBOG Prexy

Wherein the President of the Student Board of Governors talks to himself and reveals the Stream of Consciousness of a Campus Leader

* * *

By Lyle Mayne

Note by the author: (One of the easiest forms of literature to write and to sell is entitled the "Confession Story." People are always interested in reading the confessions of maladjusted people—dope fiends, sob sisters, fan dancers, mental cases, and college professors. Jan Valtin made his first million by writing "Out of the Night." So the author has decided to write a confession yarn in a simple style. Some of you *might* read this, so if you do, you will see that what I have written is a resume of my abstract thoughts during the past year concerning the Student Board.)

* * *

Doggone the luck. Tommy Cullison lost the elections in the Inter-fraternity Council. That means that we don't have any of the big campus offices down here at the house. That'll be a heck of a note for rushing. We ought to have at least one of them; but what can we do?

Hummm. The Student Board hasn't had its elections yet. There might be a chance there. Let me see. How many seniors? Golly, there aren't any who are eligible. That's it. We'll send one of our seniors up there. We've got a good chance, for each social group is allowed only two votes. They won't be able to pull anything on us. Say, why don't you go up? That's it. Turn your name in. Go ahead. Do it.

Well, you got on the board. Fancy that. Of course, you only made it by the slight margin of one vote, but you made it. And now, for the elections. If you don't get president, you can drop off the Board. You should start to study anyhow. What difference does it make whether you get it or not?

What's that? Congratulations. Well, I'll be darned. You're president. Now, how did that happen? Oh, I see. Only one vote—that shows you where you stand, Mayne. Only one vote to put you in, and the other two fellows were only juniors. Well, anyway, you're in, and that's more than you expected.

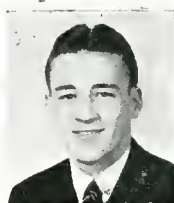
Now, we'll go to work. A letter to every

freshman boy coming in next fall, welcoming him to Bethany. Some of the dopes will even think that the president of the Student Board of Governors is a big shot. By the time they wise up, it will be too late. They'll be through rushing week, and if I work hard this summer, we should have our quota.

Heh! It worked. Yes, sir. A letter to every Tom, Dick, and Harry with that big Lyle Mayne up in the corner. "President of the Student Board of Governors." Boy, that looks great. Now then, some of them have answered.

Write this letter on Phi Kappa Tau stationery. That's the ticket! Write! Write! Write! We've got to get those pledges.

Well, we got them. Good boys, too. Glad they're in. But what's this? You're president of the Student Board. Well, I'll resign. I don't have time for it. Besides



LYLE MAYNE

they only elected me by one vote.

Uh huh! Aren't *you* the little fish? What's the matter? Can't you take it? You owe something to those people who did vote for you—both of them. All right, you're got responsibility. You've always said that you met your responsibilities to other people—that it was only your responsibilities to yourself that you shirk. Well, come on. Produce.

All right, let me see. Why in the heck doesn't this Board do something? What has it done in the past? That's it. Read all of the minutes for the past seven years. What did you find out? What does the Board do? Let's see, now. They spend most of their time on finances. That's a waste of time. Run that through in a hurry. Look at these darn fool things that they do. Such petty things. You can't waste your time that way. It's nonsense. Maybe this whole idea of student government is nonsense. Maybe that's the trouble. Sure, look over the constitution.

Well, I'll be darned. That constitution makes sense. Sure, "Discuss all matters pertaining to student welfare." Yeah, we need some-

body to do that. "To control publications." Goodness only knows they need controlling. "Athletic Board of Control." Yeah, we'll investigate that—it certainly needs it. Well, the constitution is all right. You can't blame anything on it. It must be the Board itself.

Sure, that's it. We've got a bunch of dopes on this Board. They're just dumb bunnies that are thrown into this thing, and come here to the meetings because it is expected of them. Whoa, there. Wait a minute. Take the S's alone—Seidel, Stitt, Short, Smudski, Strain, Schuller—did you say dopes, you dope? Why those kids are the ones on the campus who do things. They're big shots. Look at the rest of your Board. Why, you've got the most outstanding kids on the campus. They could select any twenty kids on the campus—and they couldn't hold a candle to your Board. They're tops. Why, your Board is the most carefully selected group on the campus. Scholastically socially, athletically, every way—they're the best. No, it isn't the Board's fault.

I've got it now. It's that doggone administration. They don't give us enough power. They don't let us do anything but the petty affairs. No wonder we don't have any initiative. We're just tired of playing around. We're old enough to think for ourselves. Well, we'll show them.

We've got a date for chapel. I'm not afraid of Dr. Cramblet. I'll show him that I'm right. The truth, that's it. As long as you speak the truth, you don't have to worry what happens to you. Go ahead—shout at him from the platform.

You've got three months. Get to work. There's a good remark on Democracy, copy it down. That's it, keep it in your pocket, and when you get a spare moment, think it through. Say, a crumb just fell off the table. That would make a good illustration. That's all we're doing in the Student Board, cutting up the crumbs that fall from the Administration's table. There's another one. Copy it down before you forget it. Another one. Copy it down. Another one. Say, you've got fifty cards filled with things that you can use. Boy, it's only four days away. Work it out in the remaining time. Throw away your notes, then given them a real talk.

What's that. Prof. Booth? You want us to have our program today, because your other

speaker can't come until Friday? Well, I guess we could. All right, I'll try it. Darn the luck, I wish I had a few more days to work over this speech to organize it. Well, you know that the minute that you get up on the platform, something will tell you what to say. It always does. Go ahead. Go through with it.

Milkshakes. That's the idea. We'll have milkshakes for the first half-hour, then, we'll have the president of the student board of governors. That's a well-rounded program.

Well, the speech is over. The student body has left the chapel. You're tired—you didn't really expect any of the students to stay behind to talk about your speech, did you? You can't blame them. Wonder what Dr. Cramblet will do? I'm probably on my way out of this school. Oh! Oh! Who's that waiting for you? Dean Weimer and Dr. Cramblet. Well, here it comes now.

What's that? They're shaking your hand. They're saying that it was a fine talk. Doc is complimenting you on your speech. He adds one thing that he would have told, but the rest he thought was swell. Can you imagine that? What's that? They're leaving now, and they turn to say that if they can help you out in any way, they're right behind you.

Well, for gosh sakes. Those guys have what it takes. They're tough. They took all of that criticism that you threw out and smiled when you were finished. They're good sports. They've got lots of guts. Why, those guys are really big men. They're big enough to take criticism. There aren't very many men that are that way. And they took it from some cocky kid that doesn't even know what he is talking about.

Those men are too big to be the fault of the present lethargy in student democracy. They aren't the reason for the trouble. Well, what is the reason. Okay, wise guy, admit it. Come on, what is the reason?

The student body? Sure, they're lethargic. Sure, they should be doing a whole lot more than they are doing. Sure, they're passing up opportunities that they should be taking. I'll grant you that. They're spoiled. They've grown so used to having the privileges and advantages of democracy—like a kid with over-generous parents—that they don't realize the breaks they are getting. Sure, if we ever get a

(Continued on Page 19)



*A Short story to end
all short stories—and
they lived happily
ever after. . . .*

"Damn," howled Jack Wayne, assistant professor of English as he savagely crumbled the letter he held and hurled it into the waste basket which he kicked into the corner for emphasis.

"I say there, what's your trouble" asked the young sociology professor, Harold Ricker, with whom Jack shared his bachelor quarters. "Have you been given the sack."

"No!" shouted the irated Jack, "I've been robbed!"

"Okay, okay! You've been robbed. Of what? How? When? Stop shouting and tell me about it."

"For three years I've been teaching English in this college," began Jack more quietly, "and now that old Pendergast is retiring, I naturally

expected to be given his place at the head of the department."

"And you didn't get it?"

"No, I didn't get it. He's been replaced by a Mrs. Susan Winthrop from some college down south. Her husband is an explorer who spends so much time in trips that she became a professor to keep herself occupied. Now she's to be my boss. I guess it was decided during the summer. President James is holding a dinner in her honor tomorrow evening."

"Are you going?"

"Don't be foolish. I have to go. You know that."

"Um. I guess you do. Oh well, cheer up. It might be a good sort. Anyway, you're young, plenty of time to be a department head. Going to sod busters tonight?"

"Might as well," replied Jack, "nothing to do. Might cheer me up."

The dance was well under way when they arrived. Both had seen several sodbusters before. They got no particular thrill out of it but it was a good chance to get acquainted with the students and let them see that after all the professors were human. It was more duty than desire that made them come, particularly Jack, who was feeling a trifle low.

"Come on," he chided himself, "you're acting like a spoiled child. Snap out of it. Cut it out and enjoy yourself."

They joined the stag line and soon had become a part of the general spirit of fun and good lowship. For half an hour Jack cut when a new face came by, and he was surprised to find that he was enjoying himself.

Then it happened. He was resting for a moment idly watching the dancers stream by when he saw her. She was tall, slender, exquisitely moulded. Gleaming blonde hair, almost platinum, hung to her shoulders like a golden headdress, framing an oval face.

For the briefest instant, as she glided by Jack's eyes met hers, but that was enough.

"You're done, old boy," something inside was saying to him. "You said it would never happen, but here it is at last. One look and you're done."

The next thing he knew he was dancing with her, he didn't remember cutting in but there

HARVEST MOON

By Dave Huntsberger

as, right in his arms. By some adroit maneuvering he was able to keep clear of the stag line until the dance was ended. Opportunely the leader of the band announced the intermission.

"Would you care for some refreshments?" he offered.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather take a walk and have a cigarette," she said moving toward the door. "You don't mind, do you?"

"Of course not. That's really what I wanted to do."

They left the hall and walked down the little tree-bordered walk to a stone bench set under a giant elm. They lit their cigarettes and silently absorbing the beauty of the night, they leaned against the tree.

A harvest moon sent questing streams of liquid, silver light through the leaves of the trees and set into motion dancing glints where it played in the lovely hair of the girl.

Perhaps it was the night, or the moon, but Jack had ceased to think. He could only feel. He was conscious of her arms about his neck. He sensed rather than smelled the fragrance of her hair. He could feel her warm, velvety lips crushed to his own as his arms tightened about her and she returned his kiss.

The tap, tap, tap of approaching footsteps entered into their consciousness and each drew back breathless. The magic of the moment was gone. High above, Venus, goddess of love, flame-steadily but just a tiny bit less bright for the marks of her brilliance lingered in the eyes of the man and the woman below who smiled understandingly at one another.

"We'd better go back," she whispered softly, "they might miss us."

"I guess we'd better," Jack husked.

Slowly they strolled back toward the hall, her arm linked through his, her head resting on his shoulder.

"Darling," said Jack as they neared the hall, "as soon as we get in there all the boys will try to take you away from me. I shan't be able to get much of a chance to talk to you." He held the door for her to enter.

"What about after the dance? You can talk to me then can't you?"

"You'll have to go right upstairs, won't you?" He was startled by her laughter.

"You silly, I'm not a student. You flatter me. Do I look that young?"

"But, then who"

"There you are, my dear, I've been looking

all over for you." It was the president's wife. "I want you to meet our faculty resident. Helen, this is Susan Wingate. Susan this is"

Jack didn't wait to hear more. He bolted through the door and disappeared into the night.

When Harold returned to the apartment he found a very despondent, pathetic figure.

Jack sat huddled in the arm chair, arms and legs asprawl, staring vacantly at a non-existent spot on the floor.

"Good Lord, man, what's happened to you?" was the surprised interrogation from Harold.

"I'm in love," came the reply in a low monotone.

"If you're a good example of a man in love, may I be spared such a fate."

"You don't understand. I fell in love so quick I didn't have time to learn her name until it was too late. I'm in love with Susan Wingate."

"No! you don't mean it." Harold laughed. "In love with your boss and afraid it won't work out."

"I wouldn't care about that," Jack snapped. "You forget her full name is Mrs. Susan Wingate."

"Gosh, that's right. She's married and to an explorer and game hunter at that. He's probably mighty handy with a gun. Watch your step."

"Go to hell!"

Jack spent the following day behind drawn blinds to avoid meeting Susan but at last he was forced to dress for dinner and present himself at the home of the president. He saw her at once and tried to avoid her, but he was unsuccessful.

"There you are," she said as she cornered him. "I've been trying to find you all day. Why did you run out on me last night and why have you been hiding all day?"

"I haven't been hiding," he protested weakly.

"Then why didn't you come out for lunch today. What did I do?"

"You didn't do anything, I did. I fell in love with a married woman."

"Married woman! What do you mean?"

"I mean I didn't know you were Mrs. Susan Wingate, wife of the eminent explorer. I made a fool of myself."

"I guess you did, young man, but not in the way you think." Susan and Jack turned to face the newcomer. "I happen to be Mrs. Susan Wingate, your new department head. This girl is my secretary and niece, and if that gleam in your eye means what I think it does, I'll be gaining a nephew."

WINGED BISON

By Richard Glass

Since March 1, there has been a definite trend toward higher learning in the minds of eleven Bethany students. It was on that date that the Civilian Pilot Training Program actually got under way on our campus.

It is the hope of every student enrolled in the course that by June 1st he will be wearing the silver wings of a CPTP graduate. When he is presented with these cherished wings it indicates that he is a private pilot, he may fly any plane of the weight and engine classification he is rated for at any time and any place, he may carry anyone he chooses as a passenger as long as there is no charge to the passenger and the pilot is not paid to pilot the plane.

Before a student flyer can qualify for his license he must have logged 35 hours flying time, including several hours of cross country flying on trips of not less than 50 miles. No doubt more than one student trying his wings for the first time on a long distance trip will call back to the airport "Hello, Joe, guess where I am."

When all the necessary hours have been added to the students log

book and his instructor thinks him ready he will be given a flying test by an inspector of the Civil Aeronautics Administration consisting of various precision maneuvers.

There is also a written examination covering the material studied in the 90 hours of ground instruction which includes Navigation, Meteorology, Civil Air Regulations and Theory of Flight and Aircraft Construction.

Enrolled in the course are Nellie McIlvane, Milton Esty, Paul Bowlers, Fred Swearingen, Darrell Wolfe, Harry Wilson, Bill Neuman, Wilbur Cramblet, Dave Huntsberger, and Richard Glass. Robert Fritz, due to a mixup at the start is enrolled with the West Liberty group.

Bad weather during March kept the ships on the ground a large part of the time, but since true spring has at last arrived these students will be flying nearly every day. At the time of this writing eight of the students have already soloed and the others are expected to follow shortly.

Nor are the students the only ones in Bethany interested in aviation. It is rumored about that President Cramblet will soon be taking flying lessons. It seems Bethany is a flying institution.

IN MEMORY OF

RITA CLEARY

Class of 1942

CLARENCE JOY

Class of 1944



Sky Pilot Wolfe and
Instructor Aroney

NEWS BRIEFS

True to the President's word, excavation for the commons began in March—March 31 to be exact. On Tuesday the Sidewalk Engineer Society was officially founded to direct the work with the greater confusion.



Most fascinating was the bulldozer, able to push around more dirt in an hour than Finesse could find in a year. Next in popularity was the steam shovel, shown above under the supervision of Prexy.

The first meeting of the Sidewalk Engineers Society met in Room 59 on Wednesday following the initial breaking of the sod. Moved and passed was the petition to the college to dig one hole one year and fill it in the next. The society felt that the entertainment provided by the digging activities greatly broadened and deepened Bethany's extra-curricular activities.

Immediately following the excavation by the diesel bulldozer and the steam shovel came the masons who laid the foundation of the commons. Bethanians have noted the progress made by these sturdy workmen over the Easter vacation. But Bethanian will say no more this issue, for this late news, only a month late—is being written even before the holidays.



The Inn is the resort of men "after hours" and when the dance is over. Here they have the evening cup of coffee, talk over their dates, gather for a bull session, and buy "cats" for an early morning feed.





THE COLLEGE INN



Important in Bethany student life is the College Inn. The *Bethanian*, recognizing the integral part Mrs. Gibson's student center plays in the college day, has on these pages attempted to show some of the many aspects of the Inn.

The Inn phone booth is the real Bethany telephone exchange. By expertly dialing sorority or fraternity houses which now know to ring the Inn back, students avoid the telephone toll when they call for their dates. Estimates are not available, but a good guess would suggest that more dates are made over this phone than any other single Bethany phone.

Not only students but faculty alike meet in the Inn for a bite to eat or to congenially gossip with students. The Inn probably encourages more and better student-faculty relationships than any other agency on the campus. On the upper right of page sixteen is seen Professor McKenzie perplexed over seasoning his food and Miss Sparks properly skeptical over his ability to do it right.

Behind the scenes of Inn efficiency are four girls: Alma, Flo, Mary Frances and Ethel. Most Inn customers rarely see Ethel, who holds rule over the kitchen. In the lower right hand corner she is seen cooking one of the popular Inn hamburgers. After hours and during slack periods the girls tidy the Inn up a bit. Lower left is Alma shining up the glassware.

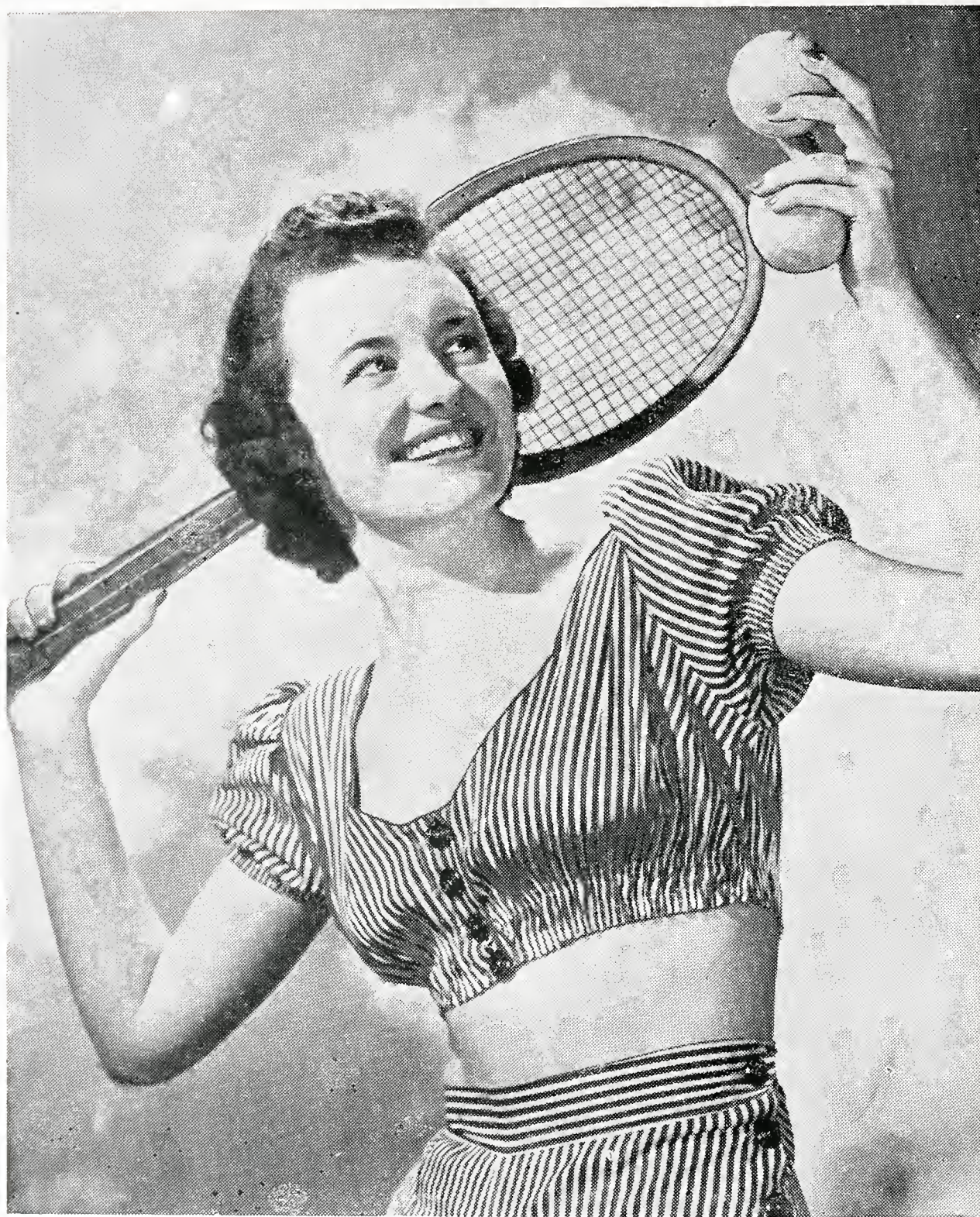
Top picture on this page shows the most popular Inn sport. Morrison Ratcliff, Jack Simeral, Ed Harris and Irv Glassman are having a hand during the afternoon peak. The peak business, incidentally, comes at 11 on Mondays, around three every afternoon, after movies, dances and of course at meal times.

The next picture down shows Gordon Seidel, Bill Rutter, Richard Wallace, Marg Finney and Nory Hetherington at lunch. The Inn boards many students and some of the faculty. Its regular boarders are known by their deep appreciation of Ethel's cooking.

In one corner of the Inn is the juke box. This music machine is the inspiration of half the jitterbugs in school and few students have not dropped their last nickels into its slots. The third picture on this page shows it "giving forth," and the bottom shows what it inspires on the Inn floor boards.

Dancing, talking, cards, dating, eating, loafing, relaxing—all these are part of the social side of campus living. Bethanians have long found these at the Inn, undoubtedly the most popular student gathering place at Bethany, and the *Bethanian* pays its tribute to the Inn here.





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healthy and beautiful, if you
use your brains and let elec-
tricity do your work.

MONONGAHELA SYSTEM

CONFESSIONS OF THE SBOG PREXY

(Continued from Page 11)

dictatorship over here, those kids will regret the fact that they didn't work a little bit harder for "free speech", freedom of thought", "men free and equal." They'll wished that they had practiced democracy when they had a chance. Yeh, but come on, Mayne, what's the trouble?

That's it. Go ahead, admit it. You're just a little kid that has opened his eyes for the first time. The world's too big, and you're just big enough to open your mouth and cry about it, but not big enough to do anything about it. All you can do is shake your finger with vengeance and yell, "That's wrong." Sure it's wrong, but what's right? What can you do about it? Give them enough inspiration and they'll work. Give them a special program and they'll work. Show them what they should do, and they'll do it. But, Mayne, come on, confess. You're just not big enough, not man enough, not smart enough to be able to give them what they need. You've done your best but you're licked. It isn't the constitution. It isn't the Board, It isn't the Administration. It is just the fact that you have been like a big wave that floods over the shore causing a lot of damage and creating a lot of fuss, then fades back into oblivion into the ocean without staying long enough to clean the sand.

And there the confession ends. There is something lacking here in Bethany. We should have the Student Board of Governors, especially with Europe, Asia, Africa as it is today, a practical laboratory of democracy. We don't have it, and I'm not big enough to give it to you. The confession of a Student Board Prexy closes with the hope that next year or next year or next year, you will find someone in the student body with vision, strength, courage and guts enough to show you what the Student Board of Bethany really lacks. And, brother, learn that lesson well, for you're going to need it.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued from Page 5)

the existence of these problems, but they do not trouble themselves, or worse still, they may not even know what the issues are. Many such youth are either non-cooperative in a society from which individualism is necessarily passing, or they are ignorant at a time when ignorance cannot be excused.

I have talked with dozens of students on this subject. Most of them are going through college with no other concern than getting a job or a husband when they finish. They want to make a living. How? Anyway—without necessarily injuring others, of course. And in adding that final qualification they inevitably feel they are generously fulfilling their obligations to society. When I suggested that we ought to be concerned about helping solve these problems, a college freshman called me "naive."

Now I cannot see how a better civilization can arise from such an approach. Young people are afraid to be altruistic; it isn't sophisticated. But few of them realize that altruism is not an ascetic self-abnegation but simply an active concern for the well-being of all; that it does not consist of denying oneself happiness, but in finding real satis-

(Continued on Page 20)

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OUR RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued from Page 19)

faction in service of the group. This is the attitude which must be revived. No one is demanding that we ignore personal pleasure. The injunction is that we let ourselves find some of that pleasure in work that will also bring joy to all. It is not an emotional self-sacrifice that we need; it is an intellectual recognition of social responsibility, or the moral imperative to co-operation.

Devising instrumentalities to form this attitude in great numbers of youth will require thought and effort. Children will have to be educated from the kindergarten *not as individuals* but as members of a group with *positive* responsibilities to that group. Educational philosophy has long held this view, and progressive schools are finally beginning to apply it. In high school and college there must be more emphasis on social and economic problems. Vocational education must be tempered to give everyone a thorough comprehension of social issues. And other means must be found.

If the thinking youth of this generation can crush an ideal of individualism that is the relic of a decadent order of industrial expansion and can substitute for it an enthusiastic sense of social responsibility and cooperation, subsequent college men will find the answers to those problems which are forever baffling us.

WALTER P. COOMBS, Montana

You ask me what I think of youth and its responsibilities and ideals for the future. As far as I am personally concerned, I am much constrained to be pessimistic both about the chances for youth to accomplish the ideals for which they are striving and also for the world around us to accomplish anything constructive. I have participated for many years with young men and women of my generation in seeking to find the answers to our many problems. We have studied, discussed and argued economic, social, and political problems. To our governmental leaders we have suggested possible solutions, only to see these solutions disregarded in large measure. America has failed miserably to provide its youth with economic

stability, let alone give it that vision which is so necessary to the attainment of any ideal.

Now we are asked to embark on a great foreign war—a war which youth is none too sure will settle the problems facing us, but a war which



WALTER P. COOMBS

will take its terrible toll from among our ranks. Can we assume for one instant that the better way of life to which we look forward can be brought about by a conflict led by the same leaders who have so consistently failed to provide any workable solution for our domestic affairs? Can we feel for one moment that freedom and justice will be fostered through such a war, or can we imagine that the Peace following any such conflict will be dictated by principles of justice, honesty and sacrifice by the victors? Can we expect our leaders to urge upon the world a system of peaceful exchange with equal access to the raw material wealth of the world and freedom of world markets? Or will the American and British politicians, urged on by a people filled with hatred, fear and revenge, seek to gain as a reward for their endeavors vast colonial empires with huge populations ready to be exploited?

Youth has the responsibility today of seeking to acquaint itself, now more than ever before, with the national and international aims of their government. Youth can serve no better service than that of interpreting vast movements to the people of their community and in seeking to provide for mutual understanding.

As a long term policy, I am con-

(Continued on Page 21)

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OUR RESPONSIBILITY

(Continued from Page 21)

vinced that we are necessarily going to take more part in the affairs of our government, whether local or national. In this increased participation will come our only salvation, for it seems to me that the sooner American youth realizes the tremendous part it can play in moulding opinion for a better world and a more equitable social and economic system, the sooner those ends will be attained.

We, the youth of America, have a glorious heritage of progressive thought and action stemming from the colonist and the pioneer. Here, in Montana, the Frontier region of America, we are just as proud of that birthright of Liberty and Freedom as any other American. We feel that youth's primary job is to help preserve Liberty at home by helping make this land not the arsenal but the exemplification of Democracy.

* * *

The Contributors—

CHARLES O. PORTER—Entered Harvard College in 1937 on a Freshman scholarship from Eugene, Oregon, where he attended high school. Dean's list sophomore and junior years. One of two members of the class of 1941 to enter the law school under the new Landis plan, providing for joint study of legal and liberal subjects.

ANONYMOUS — A Bethanian, knows Bethany forward and backwards and has understanding of contemporary affairs. Her main trouble, she says, since being a freshman has been a tendency to turn every essay into a research paper complete with footnotes, a la Cabell, on "How to Watch a Football Game."

JOHN D. BLACK—Senior at Northwestern University, interested in teaching as a vocation and a means of keeping in touch with youth. Black entered Northwestern in 1937 on a Freshman Scholarship awarded for excellent work in Medill School of Journalism's summer high school course.

WALTER P. COOMBS—Senior in the University of Montana Law School; president of the Law School Association; member board of editors of Montana *Law Review*.

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THIS JUNIOR CLASS

Hon. Gordon Seidel was invited to write an article on his class. After some persuasion and even a spot of coercion, he half-promised to hand an article in. We had a difficult time keeping him from handing in an article on streetcars. Now street cars are interesting, there are few things half as interesting as streetcars. You know, life is like a streetcar—man is like a streetcar—my aunt is like a streetcar—and so on. But we seem off our trolley here. We pointed out to Mr. Seidel that if he didn't write an article extolling the virtues of the Junior Class, all these young men and women would get inferiority complexes. The complexes would cut down the efficiency of their work. Thousands of men and women would be out of work because of the loss of the efficiency of this brilliant class. People would starve. War would bring greater decadence upon the land. There would be one flower left. Bravely looking at us through his tears after we pointed out the dependence of the world, and the Bethanian (synonymous terms), F.G.S. said he might have the article for us by Tuesday, April 1. He was to leave this virtual powerhouse at the Inn for us. Thursday we wandered into the Inn, got a coke and asked for the article. There was none. Seidel was in Baltimore.

Staring into our coke, we meditated upon diabolical tortures and heinous crimes. We conjectured about how large an obituary the Sun papers would give an erring Seidel.

We wept. Bitterly.

And we took our candid camera and went out for vengeance upon the Juniors.





e Class of 1942

Top row—Sue Betba Archer, Gladys Armor, Phyllis Balch, Harold Blank, Guendolyn Borden, Paul Bouers.
 Second row—George Brady, Albert Cerveris, Rita Cleary, Wilbur Cranblet, George Davis, Frances Diorak.
 Third row—Eduard Elsasser, Mildred Erskine, Janice Evans, Eduard Golden, William Griffiths, Ruth Halter.
 Fourth row—Eduard Machamer, John McCord, Ruth Moser, Betty Murphy, Dorothy Reynolds, Rosemary Roberts.
 Fifth row—Ivan Roche, Joanne Schott, Barbara Schutt, Ruth Schwartz, Gordon Seibel, John Simeral.
 Sixth row—Flora Jane Smith, Margaret Stein, William Stopfel, Eleanor Waterhouse, Mary Jane Weir, Elizabeth White.



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